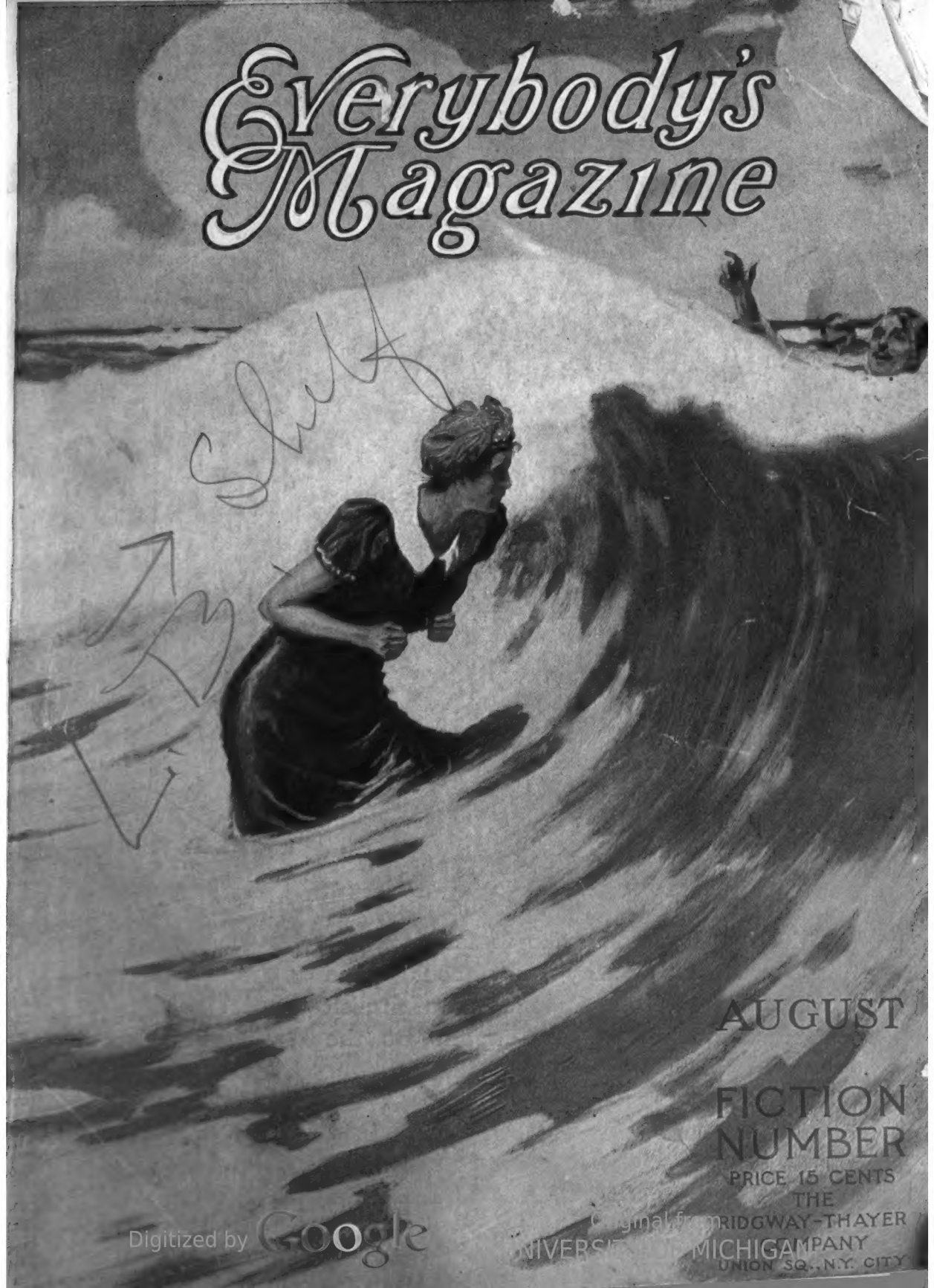
Everybody's Magazine



AUGUST

FICTION NUMBER

PRICE 15 CENTS
THE
RIDGWAY-THAYER
COMPANY
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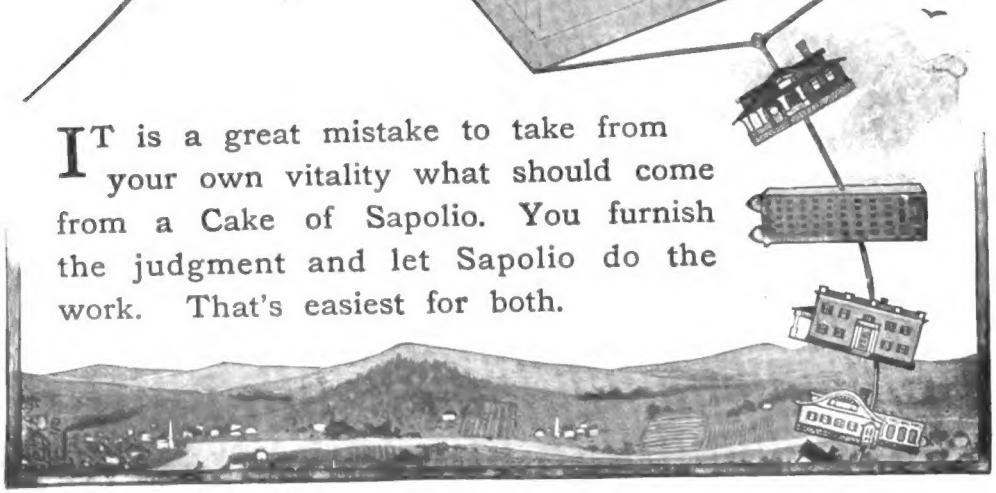
Higher than a Kite!

SAPOLIO

lifts the labor and drudgery of housecleaning time and carries the burden of year-round housework.



IT is a great mistake to take from your own vitality what should come from a Cake of Sapolio. You furnish the judgment and let Sapolio do the work. That's easiest for both.

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HE WAS AS EXASPERATINGLY SLOW ABOUT IT AS THOUGH HE HAD SPECIALLY ARRIVED FROM A GARAGE IN A TROUBLE-WAGON.

—See "*Three Speeds Forward*," *page 108.*

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XV. AUGUST, 1906. No. 2.

BROWN WOLF

By JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The Sea Wolf," etc.

Illustrations by Philip R. Goodwin

SHE had delayed because of the dew-wet grass, in order to put on her rubbers, and when she emerged from the house found her waiting husband absorbed in the wonder of a bursting almond-bud. She sent a questing glance across the tall grass and in and out among the orchard trees.

"Where's Wolf?" she asked.

"He was here a moment ago." Walt Irvine drew himself away with a jerk from the metaphysics and poetry of the organic miracle of blossom, and surveyed the landscape. "He was running a rabbit the last I saw of him."

"Wolf! Wolf! Here, Wolf!" she called, as they left the clearing and took the trail that led down through the waxen-belled manzanita jungle to the country road.

Irvine thrust between his lips the little finger of each hand and lent to her efforts a shrill whistling.

She covered her ears hastily, and made a wry grimace.

"My! for a poet, delicately attuned and all the rest of it, you can make unlovely noises. My ear-drums are pierced. You outwhistle——"

"Orpheus."

"I was about to say a street arab," she concluded severely.

"Poesy does not prevent one from being practical—at least it doesn't prevent *me*. Mine is no futility of genius that can't sell gems to the magazines."

He assumed a mock extravagance, and went on:

"I am no attic singer, no ballroom warbler. And why? Because I am practical. Mine is no squalor of song that cannot transmute itself, with proper exchange value, into a flower-crowned cottage, a sweet mountain meadow, a grove of redwoods, an orchard of thirty-seven trees, one long row of blackberries, and two short rows of strawberries, to say nothing of a quarter of a mile of gurgling brook. I am a beauty merchant, a trader in song, and I pursue utility, dear Madge. I sing a song, and, thanks to the magazine editors, I transmute my song into a waft of the west wind sighing through our redwoods, into a murmur of waters over mossy stones that sings back to me another song than the one I sang and yet the same song wonderfully —er—transmuted."

"Oh, that all your song transmutations were as successful!" she laughed.

"Name one that wasn't."

"Those two beautiful sonnets that you transmuted into the cow that was accounted the worst milker in the township."

"She was beautiful—" he began.

"But she didn't give milk," Madge interrupted.

"But she *was* beautiful, now, wasn't she?" he insisted.

"And here's where beauty and utility fall out," was her reply. "And there's the Wolf!"

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From the thicket-covered hillside came a crashing of underbrush, and then, forty feet above them, on the edge of the sheer wall of rock, appeared a wolf's head and shoulders. His braced fore paws dislodged a pebble, and with sharp-pricked ears and peering gaze he watched the fall of the pebble till it struck at their feet. Then he transferred his gaze and with open mouth laughed down at them.

"You Wolf, you!" and "You blessed Wolf!" the man and woman called out to him.

The ears flattened back and down at the sound, and the head seemed to snuggle under the caress of an invisible hand.

They watched him scramble backward into the thicket, then proceeded on their way. Several minutes later, rounding a turn in the trail, where the descent was less precipitous, he joined them in the midst of a miniature avalanche of pebbles and loose soil. He was not demonstrative. A pat and a rub around the ears from the man, and a more prolonged caressing from the woman, and he was away down the trail in front of them, gliding effortlessly over the ground in true wolf fashion.

WITH OPEN MOUTH LAUGHED DOWN AT THEM.

In build and coat and brush he was a huge timber-wolf; but the lie was given to his wolfhood by his color and marking. There the dog unmistakably advertised itself. No wolf was ever colored like him. He was brown, deep brown, red brown, an orgy of browns. Back and shoulders were a warm brown that paled on the sides and underneath to a yellow that was dingy because of the brown that lingered in it. The white of the throat and paws and the spots over the eyes were dirty because of the persistent and ineradicable brown, while the eyes themselves were twin topazes, golden and brown.

The man and woman loved the dog very much; perhaps this was because it had been such a task to win his love. It had been no easy matter, when he first drifted in mysteriously out of nowhere to their little mountain cottage. Footsore and famished, he had killed a rabbit under their very noses and under their very windows, and then crawled away and slept by the spring at the foot of the blackberry bushes. When Walt Irvine went down to inspect the intruder, he was snarled at for his pains, and Madge likewise was snarled at when she went down to present, as a peace-offering, a large pan of bread and milk.

A most unsociable dog he proved to be, resenting all their advances, refusing to let them lay hands on him, menacing them with bared fangs and bristling hair. Nevertheless, he remained, sleeping and resting by the spring, and eating the food they gave him after they had set it down at a safe distance and retreated. His wretched physical condition explained why he lingered; and when he had recuperated, after several days' sojourn, he disappeared.

And this would have been the end of him so far as Irvine and his wife were concerned, had not Irvine at that particular time been called away into the northern part of the State. Riding along on the train, near to the line between California and Oregon, he chanced to look out of the window and saw his unsociable guest sliding along the wagon road, brown and wolfish, tired yet tireless, dust-covered and soiled with two hundred miles of travel.

Now, Irvine was a man of impulse, a poet. He got off the train at the next station, bought a piece of meat at a butcher shop, and captured the vagrant on the outskirts of the town. The return trip was made in the baggage-car, and so Wolf came a second time to the mountain cottage. Here he was tied up for a week and made love to by the man and woman. But it was very circumspect love-making. Remote and alien as a traveler from another planet, he snarled down their soft-spoken love-words. He never barked. In all the time they had him he was never known to bark.

To win him became a problem. Irvine liked problems. He had a metal plate made on which was stamped: "Return to Walt Irvine, Glen Ellen, Sonoma County, California." This was riveted to a collar and strapped about the dog's neck. Then he was turned loose, and promptly he disappeared. A day later came a telegram from Mendocino County. In twenty hours he had made over a hundred miles to the north, and was still going when captured.

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He came back by Wells-Fargo Express, was tied up three days, and was loosed on the fourth and lost. This time he gained southern Oregon before he was caught and returned. Always, as soon as he received his liberty, he fled away, and always he fled north. He was possessed of an obsession that drove him north. The homing instinct, Irvine called it, after he had expended the selling price of a sonnet in getting the animal back from northern Oregon.

Another time the brown wanderer succeeded in traversing half the length of California, all of Oregon, and most of Washington before he was picked up and returned collect. A remarkable thing was the speed with which he traveled. Fed up and rested, as soon as he was loosed he devoted all his energy to getting over the ground. On the first day's run he was known to cover as high as a hundred and fifty miles, and after that he would average a hundred miles a day until caught. He always arrived back lean and hungry and savage, and always departed fresh and vigorous, cleaving his way northward in response to some prompting of his being that no one could understand.

But at last, after a futile year of flight, he accepted the inevitable and elected to remain at the cottage where first he had killed the rabbit and slept by the spring. Even after that, a long time elapsed before the man and woman succeeded in patting him. It was a great victory, for they alone were allowed to put hands on him. He was fastidiously exclusive, and no guest at the cottage ever succeeded in making up to him. A low growl greeted a stranger's approach; if he had the hardihood to come nearer, the lips lifted, the naked fangs appeared, and the growl became a snarl—a snarl so terrible and malignant that it awed the stoutest of them, as it likewise awed the farmers' dogs, that knew ordinary dog-snarling but had never heard wolf-snarling before.

A SNARL SO TERRIBLE AND MALIGNANT THAT IT AWED THE STOUTEST OF THEM.

He was without antecedents. His history began with Walt and Madge. He had come up from the south, but never a clue did they get of the owner from whom he had evidently fled. Mrs. Johnson, their nearest neighbor and the one who supplied them with milk, proclaimed him a Klondike dog. Her brother was burrowing for frozen pay-streaks in that far country, and so she constituted herself an authority on the subject.

But they did not dispute her. There were the tips of Wolf's ears, obviously so severely frozen at some time that they would never quite heal again. Besides, he looked like the photographs of the Alaskan dogs they saw published in magazines and newspapers. They often speculated over his past, and tried to conjure up (from what they had read and heard) what his Northland life had been. That the Northland still drew him they knew; for at night they sometimes heard him crying softly; and when the north wind blew and the bite of frost was in the air, a great restlessness would come upon him and he would lift a mournful lament which they knew to be the long wolf-howl. Yet he never barked. No provocation was great enough to draw from him that canine cry.

Long discussion they had, during the time of winning him, as to whose dog he was. Each claimed him, and each proclaimed loudly any expression of affection made by him. But the man had the best of it at first, chiefly because he was a man. It was patent that Wolf had had no experience with women. He did not understand women. Madge's skirts were something he never quite accepted. The rustle of them was enough to set him a-bristle with suspicion, and on a windy day she could not approach him at all.

On the other hand, it was Madge who fed him; also it was she who ruled the kitchen, and it was by her favor, and her favor alone, that he was permitted to come within that sacred precinct. It was because of these things that

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she bade fair to overcome the handicap of her garments. Then it was that Walt put forth special effort, making it a practise to have Wolf lie at his feet while he wrote, and, between petting and talking, losing much time from his work. Walt won in the end, and his victory was most probably due to the fact that he was a man, though Madge averred that they would have had another quarter of a mile of gurgling brook, and at least two west winds sighing through their redwoods, had Walt properly devoted his energies to song-transmutation and left Wolf alone to exercise a natural taste and an unbiased judgment.

"It's about time I heard from those triolets," Walt said, after a silence of five minutes, during which they had swung steadily down the trail. "There'll be a check at the post-office, I know, and we'll transmute it into beautiful buckwheat flour, a gallon of maple syrup, and a new pair of rubbers for you."

"And into beautiful milk from Mrs. Johnson's beautiful cow," Madge added. "To-morrow's the first of the month, you know."

Walt scowled unconsciously, then his face brightened and he clapped his hand to his breast pocket.

"Never mind. I have here a nice beautiful new cow, the best milker in California."

"When did you write it?" she demanded eagerly. Then, reproachfully, "And you never showed it to me."

"I saved it to read to you on the way to the post-office, in a spot remarkably like this one," he answered, indicating with a wave of his hand a dry log on which to sit.

A tiny stream flowed out of a dense fern-brake, slipped down a mossy-lipped stone, and ran across the path at their feet. From the valley arose the mellow song of meadow-larks, while about them, in and out, through sunshine and shadow, fluttered great yellow butterflies.

Up from below came another sound that broke in upon Walt reading softly from his manuscript. It was a crunching of heavy feet, punctuated now and again by the clattering of a displaced stone. As Walt finished and looked to his wife for approval, a man came into view around the turn of the trail. He was bareheaded and sweaty. With a handkerchief in one hand he mopped his face, while in the other hand he carried a new hat and a wilted starched collar which he had removed from his neck. He was a well-built man, and his muscles seemed on the point of bursting out of the painfully new and ready-made black clothes he wore.

"Warm day," Walt greeted him. Walt believed in country democracy, and never missed an opportunity to practise it.

The man paused and nodded.

"I guess I ain't used much to the warm," he vouchsafed half-apologetically. "I'm more accustomed to zero weather."

"You don't find any of that in this country," Walt laughed.

"Should say not," the man answered. "An' I ain't here a-lookin' for it, neither. I'm tryin' to find my sister. Mebbe you know where she lives. Her name's Johnson, Mrs. William Johnson."

"You're not her Klondike brother," Madge cried, her eyes bright with interest, "about whom we've heard so much?"

"Yes'm, that's me," he answered modestly. "My name's Miller, Skiff Miller. I just thought I'd s'prise her."

"You are on the right track, then. Only you've come by the foot-path." Madge stood up to direct him, pointing up the canyon a quarter of a mile. "You see that blasted redwood? Take the little trail turning off to the right. It's the short cut to her house. You can't miss it."

"Yes'm, thank you, ma'am," he said.

He made tentative efforts to go, but seemed awkwardly rooted to the spot. He was gazing at her with an open admiration of which he was quite unconscious, and which was drowning, along with him, in the rising sea of embarrassment in which he floundered.

"We'd like to hear you tell about the Klondike," Madge said. "Mayn't we come over some day while you are at your sister's? Or, better yet, won't you come over and have dinner with us?"

"Yes'm; thank you, ma'am," he mumbled mechanically. Then he caught himself up and added, "I ain't stoppin' long. I got to be pullin' north again. I go out on to-night's train. You see, I've got a mail contract with the Government."

When Madge had said that it was too bad, he made another futile effort to go. But he could not take his eyes from her face. He forgot his embarrassment in his admiration, and it was her turn to flush and feel uncomfortable.

It was at this juncture, when Walt had just decided it was time for him to be saying something to relieve the strain, that Wolf, who had been away nosing through the brush, trotted wolf-like into view.

Skiff Miller's abstraction disappeared. The

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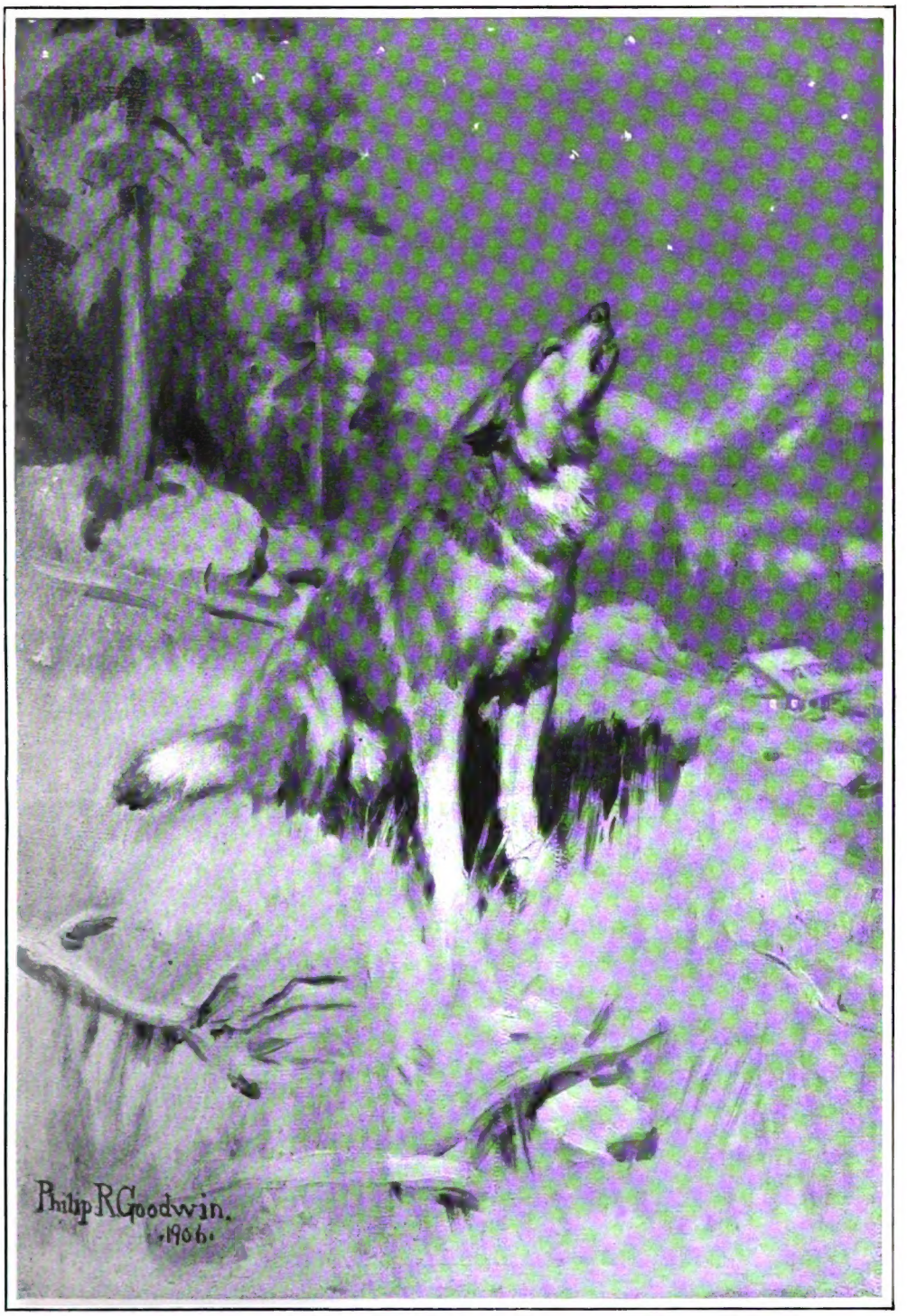

HE WOULD LIFT A MOURNFUL LAMENT WHICH THEY KNEW TO BE THE LONG WOLF-HOWL.

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pretty woman before him passed out of his field of vision. He had eyes only for the dog, and a great wonder came into his face.

"Well, I'll be durned!" he enunciated slowly and solemnly.

He sat down ponderingly on the log, leaving Madge standing. At the sound of his voice, Wolf's ears had flattened down, and his mouth had opened in a laugh. He trotted slowly up to the stranger and first smelled his hands, then licked them with his tongue.

Skiff Miller patted the dog's head, and

WOLF SPRANG AFTER HIM AND STROVE GENTLY TO MAKE HIM PAUSE.

slowly and solemnly repeated, "Well, I'll be durned!"

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said the next moment; "I was just s'prised some, that was all."

"We're surprised too," she answered lightly. "We never saw Wolf make up to a stranger before."

"Is that what you call him—Wolf?" the man asked.

Madge nodded. "But I can't understand his friendliness toward you—unless it's because you're from the Klondike. He's a Klondike dog, you know."

"Yes'm," Miller said absently. He lifted one of Wolf's fore legs and examined the footpads, pressing them and denting them with his thumb. "Kind of soft," he remarked. "He ain't been on trail for a long time."

"I say," Walt broke in, "it is remarkable the way he lets you handle him."

Skiff Miller arose, no longer awkward with admiration of Madge, and in a sharp, businesslike manner asked, "How long have you had him?"

But just then the dog, squirming and rubbing against the newcomer's legs, opened his mouth and barked. It was an explosive bark, brief and joyous, but a bark.

"That's a new one on me," Skiff Miller remarked.

Walt and Madge stared at each other. The miracle had happened. Wolf had barked.

"It's the first time he ever barked," Madge said.

"First time I ever heard him, too," Miller volunteered.

Madge smiled at him. The man was evidently a humorist.

"Of course," she said, "since you have only seen him for five minutes."

Skiff Miller looked at her sharply, seeking in her face the guile her words had led him to suspect.

"I thought you understood," he said slowly. "I thought you tumbled to it from his makin' up to me. He's my dog. His name ain't Wolf. It's Brown."

"Oh, Walt!" was Madge's instinctive cry to her husband.

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Walt was on the defensive at once.

"How do you know he's your dog?" he demanded.

"Because he is," was the reply.

"Mere assertion," Walt said sharply.

In his slow and pondering way Skiff Miller looked at him, then asked, with a nod of his head toward Madge:

"How d'you know she's your wife? You just say, 'Because she is,' and I'll say it's mere assertion. The dog's mine. I bred 'm an' raised 'm, an' I guess I ought to know. Look here, I'll prove it to you."

Skiff Miller turned to the dog. "Brown!" His voice rang out sharply, and at the sound the dog's ears flattened down as to a caress. "Gee!" The dog made a swinging turn to the right. "Now mush on!" And the dog ceased his swing abruptly and started straight ahead, halting obediently at command.

"I can do it with whistles," Skiff Miller said proudly. "He was my lead dog."

"But you are not going to take him away with you?" Madge asked tremulously.

The man nodded.

"Back into that awful Klondike world of suffering?"

He nodded and added, "Oh, it ain't so bad as all that. Look at me. Pretty healthy specimen, ain't I?"

"But the dog! The terrible hardship, the heart-breaking toil, the starvation, the frost! Oh, I've read about it and I know."

"I nearly ate him once, over on Little Fish River," Miller volunteered grimly. "Gettin' a moose that day was all that saved 'm."

"I'd have died first!" Madge cried.

"Things is different down here," Miller explained. "You don't have to eat dogs. You think differently just about the time you're all in. You've never been all in, so you don't know anything about it."

"That's the very point," she argued warmly. "Dogs are not eaten in California. Why not leave him here? He is happy. He'll never want for food—you know that. He'll never suffer from cold and hardship. Here all is softness and gentleness. Neither the human nor nature is savage. He will never know a whip-lash again. And as for the weather—why, it never snows here."

"But it's all-fired hot in summer, beggin' your pardon," Skiff Miller laughed.

"But you do not answer," Madge continued passionately. "What have you to offer him in that Northland life?"

"Grub, when I've got it, and that's most of the time," came the answer.

"And the rest of the time?"

"No grub."

"And the work?"

"Yes, plenty of work," Miller blurted out impatiently. "Work without end, an' famine, an' frost, an' all the rest of the miseries—that's what he'll get when he comes with me. But he likes it. He is used to it. He knows that life. He was born to it an' brought up to it. An' you don't know anything about it. You don't know what you're talking about. That's where the dog belongs, and that's where he'll be happiest."

"The dog doesn't go," Walt announced in a determined voice. "So there is no need of further discussion."

"What's that?" Skiff Miller demanded, his brows lowering and an obstinate flush of blood reddening his forehead.

"I said the dog doesn't go, and that settles it. I don't believe he's your dog. You may have seen him sometime. You may even sometime have driven him for his owner. But his obeying the ordinary driving-commands of the Alaskan trail is no demonstration that he is yours. Any dog in Alaska would obey you as he obeyed. Besides, he is undoubtedly a valuable dog, as dogs go in Alaska, and that is sufficient explanation of your desire to get possession of him. Anyway, you've got to prove property."

Skiff Miller, cool and collected, the obstinate flush a trifle deeper on his forehead, his huge muscles bulging under the black cloth of his coat, carefully looked the poet up and down as though measuring the strength of his slenderness.

The Klondiker's face took on a contemptuous expression as he said finally, "I reckon there's nothing in sight to prevent me takin' the dog right here an' now."

Walt's face reddened, and the striking-muscles of his arms and shoulders seemed to stiffen and grow tense. His wife fluttered apprehensively into the breach.

"Maybe Mr. Miller is right," she said. "I am afraid that he is. Wolf does seem to know him, and certainly he answers to the name of 'Brown.' He made friends with him instantly, and you know that's something he never did with anybody before. Besides, look at the way he barked. He was just bursting with joy. Joy over what? Without doubt at finding Mr. Miller."

Walt's striking-muscles relaxed, and his

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shoulders seemed to droop with hopelessness.

"I guess you're right, Madge," he said. "Wolf isn't Wolf, but Brown, and he must belong to Mr. Miller."

"Perhaps Mr. Miller will sell him," she suggested. "We can buy him."

Skiff Miller shook his head, no longer belligerent, but kindly, quick to be generous in response to generousness.

"I had five dogs," he said, casting about for the easiest way to temper his refusal. "He was the leader. They was the crack team of Alaska. Nothin' could touch 'em. In 1898 I refused five thousand dollars for the bunch. Dogs was high then, anyway; but that wasn't what made the fancy price. It was the team itself. Brown was the best in the team. That winter I refused twelve hundred for 'm. I didn't sell 'm then, an' I ain't a-sellin' 'm now. Besides, I think a mighty lot of that dog. I've been lookin' for 'm for three years. It made me fair sick when I found he'd been stole—not the value of him, but the—well, I liked 'm like hell, that's all, beggin' your pardon. I couldn't believe my eyes when I seen 'm just now. I thought I was dreamin'. It was too good to be true. Why, I was his wet-nurse. I put 'm to bed snug every night. His mother died, an' I brought 'm up on condensed milk at two dollars a can when I couldn't afford it in my own coffee. He never knew any mother but me. He used to suck my finger regular, the darn little cuss—that finger right there!"

And Skiff Miller, too overwrought for speech, held up a forefinger for them to see.

"That very finger," he managed to articulate, as though somehow it clinched the proof of ownership and the bond of affection.

He was still gazing at his extended finger, when Madge began to speak.

"But the dog," she said. "You haven't considered the dog."

Skiff Miller looked puzzled.

"Have you thought about him?" she asked.

"Don't know what you're drivin' at," was the response.

"Maybe the dog has some choice in the matter," Madge went on. "Maybe he has his likes and desires. You have not considered him. You give him no choice. It has never entered your mind that possibly he might prefer California to Alaska. You consider only what you like. You do with him as you would with a sack of potatoes or a bale of hay."

This was a new way of looking at it, and Miller was visibly impressed as he debated it in his mind. Madge took advantage of his indecision.

"If you really love him, what would be happiness to him would be your happiness also," she urged.

Skiff Miller continued to debate with himself, and Madge stole a glance of exultation to her husband, who looked back warm approval.

"What do you think?" the Klondiker suddenly demanded.

It was her turn to be puzzled. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"D'ye think he'd sooner stay in California?"

She nodded her head with positiveness. "I am sure of it."

Skiff Miller again debated with himself, though this time aloud, at the same time running his gaze in a judicial way over the mooted animal.

"He was a good worker. He's done a heap of work for me. He never loafed on me, an' he was a joe-dandy at hammerin' a raw team into shape. He's got a head on him. He can do everything but talk. He knows what you say to him. Look at 'm now. He knows we're talkin' about him."

The dog was lying at Skiff Miller's feet, head close down on paws, ears erect and listening, and eyes that were quick and eager to follow the sound of speech as it fell from the lips of first one and then the other.

"An' there's a lot of work in 'm yet. He's good for years to come. An' I do like him. I do like him!"

Once or twice after that Skiff Miller opened his mouth and closed it again without speaking. Finally he said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. Your remarks, ma'am, has some weight in them. The dog's worked hard, and maybe he's earned a soft berth an' has got a right to choose. Anyway, we'll leave it up to him. Whatever he says goes. You people stay right here settin' down. I'll say good-by and walk off casual like. If he wants to stay he can stay. If he wants to come with me, let 'm come. I won't call 'm to come and don't you call 'm to come back."

He looked with sudden suspicion at Madge, and added, "Only you must play fair. No persuadin' after my back is turned."

"We'll play fair," Madge began, but Skiff Miller broke in on her assurances.

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STRUGGLING WITH ALL HIS BODY TO EXPRESS THE THOUGHT THAT WAS IN HIM.

"I know the ways of women," he announced. "Their hearts is soft. When their hearts is touched they're likely to stack the cards, look at the bottom of the deck, and lie like the devil—beggin' your pardon, ma'am. I'm only discoursin' about women in general."

"I don't know how to thank you," Madge quavered.

"I don't see as you've got any call to thank me," he replied. "Brown ain't decided yet. Now, you won't mind if I go away slow? It's no more'n fair, seein' I'll be out of sight inside a hundred yards."

Madge agreed, and added, "And I promise you faithfully that we won't do anything to influence him."

"Well, then, I might as well be gettin' along," Skiff Miller said in the ordinary tones of one departing.

At this change in his voice Wolf lifted his head quickly, and still more quickly got to his feet when the man and woman shook hands. He sprang up on his hind legs, resting his fore paws on her hip, and at the same time licking Skiff Miller's hand. When the latter shook hands with Walt, Wolf repeated his act, resting his weight on Walt and licking both men's hands.

"It ain't no picnic, I can tell you that," were the Klondiker's last words, as he turned and went slowly up the trail.

For the distance of twenty feet Wolf watched him go, himself all eagerness and expectancy, as though waiting for the man to turn and retrace his steps. Then, with a quick, low whine, Wolf sprang after him, overtook him, caught his hand between his teeth with reluctant tenderness, and strove gently to make him pause.

Failing in this, Wolf raced back to where Walt Irvine sat, catching his coat-sleeve in his teeth and trying vainly to drag him after the retreating man.

Wolf's perturbation began to wax. He desired ubiquity. He wanted to be in two places at the same time, with the old master and the new, and steadily the distance between them was increasing. He sprang about

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excitedly, making short, nervous leaps and twists, now toward one, now toward the other, in painful indecision, not knowing his own mind, desiring both and unable to choose, uttering quick, sharp whines, and beginning to pant.

He sat down abruptly on his haunches, thrusting his nose upward, the mouth opening and closing with jerking movements, each time opening wider. These jerking movements were in unison with the recurrent spasms that attacked the throat, each spasm severer and more intense than the preceding one. And in accord with jerks and spasms the larynx began to vibrate, at first silently, accompanied by the rush of air expelled from the lungs, then sounding a low, deep note, the lowest in the register of the human ear. All this was the nervous and muscular preliminary to howling.

But just as the howl was on the verge of bursting from the full throat, the wide-opened mouth was closed, the paroxysms ceased, and he looked long and steadily at the retreating man. Suddenly Wolf turned his head and over his shoulder just as steadily regarded Walt. The appeal was unanswered. Not a word nor a sign did the dog receive, no suggestion and no clue as to what his conduct should be.

A glance ahead to where the old master was nearing the curve of the trail excited him again. He sprang to his feet with a whine, and then, struck by a new idea, turned his attention to Madge. Hitherto he had ignored her, but now, both masters failing him, she alone was left. He went over to her and snuggled his head in her lap, nudging her arm with his nose—an old trick of his when begging for favors. He backed away from her and began writhing and twisting playfully, curveting and prancing, half rearing and striking his fore paws to the earth, struggling with all his body, from the wheedling eyes and flattening ears to the wagging tail, to express the thought that was in him and that was denied him utterance.

This, too, he soon abandoned. He was depressed by the coldness of these humans who had never been cold before. No response could he draw from them, no help could he get. They did not consider him. They were as dead.

He turned and silently gazed after the old master. Skiff Miller was rounding the curve. In a moment he would be gone from view. Yet he never turned his head, plodding straight onward, slowly and methodically, as though possessed of no interest in what was occurring behind his back.

And in this fashion he went out of view. Wolf waited for him to reappear. He waited a long moment, silently, quietly, without movement, as though turned to stone—withal stone quick with eagerness and desire. He barked once, and waited. Then he turned and trotted back to Walt Irvine. He sniffed his hand and dropped down heavily at his feet, watching the trail where it curved emptily from view.

The tiny stream slipping down the mossy-lipped stone seemed suddenly to increase the volume of its gurgling noise. Save for the meadow-larks, there was no other sound. The great yellow butterflies drifted silently through the sunshine and lost themselves in the drowsy shadows. Madge gazed triumphantly at her husband.

A few minutes later Wolf got upon his feet. Decision and deliberation marked his movements. He did not glance at the man and woman. His eyes were fixed up the trail. He had made up his mind. They knew it. And they knew, so far as they were concerned, that the ordeal had just begun.

He broke into a trot, and Madge's lips pursed, forming an avenue for the caressing sound that it was the will of her to send forth. But the caressing sound was not made. She was impelled to look at her husband, and she saw the sternness with which he watched her. The pursed lips relaxed, and she sighed inaudibly.

Wolf's trot broke into a run. Wider and wider were the leaps he made. Not once did he turn his head, his wolf's brush standing out straight behind him, his speed not once lessened. He cut sharply across the curve of the trail and was gone.

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"THE O'CONNORS WERE BORN TO RULE."

A Ruler of Men

By O. HENRY

Author of "Cabbages and Kings," "The Four Million," etc.

Illustrations by Martin Justice

I WALKED the streets of the City of Insolence, thirsting for the sight of a stranger face. For the City is a desert of familiar types as thick and alike as the grains in a sand-storm; and you grow to hate them as you do a friend who is always by you, or one of your own kin.

And my desire was granted, for I saw, near a corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, a little flaxen-haired man with a face like a scaly-bark hickory-nut, selling to a fast-gathering crowd a tool that omnigeneously proclaimed itself a can-opener, a screw-driver, a button-hook, a nail-file, a shoe-horn, a watch-guard, a potato-peeler, and an ornament to any gentleman's key-ring.

And then a stall-fed cop shoved himself through the congregation of customers. The vender, plainly used to having his seasons of trade thus abruptly curtailed, closed his satchel and slipped like a weasel through the opposite segment of the circle. The crowd scurried aimlessly away like ants from a disturbed crumb. The cop, suddenly becoming oblivious of the earth and its inhabitants, stood still, swelling his bulk and putting his club through an intricate drill of twirls. I hurried after Kansas Bill Bowers, and caught him by an arm.

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Without his looking at me or slowing his pace, I found a five-dollar bill crumpled neatly into my hand.

"I wouldn't have thought, Kansas Bill," I said, "that you'd hold an old friend that cheap."

Then he turned his head, and the hickory-nut cracked into a wide smile.

"Give back the money," said he, "or I'll have the cop after you for false pretenses. I thought you was the cop."

"I want to talk to you, Bill," I said. "When did you leave Oklahoma? Where is Reddy McGill now? Why are you selling those impossible contraptions on the street? How did your Big Horn gold-mine pan out? How did you get so badly sunburned? What will you drink?"

"A year ago," answered Kansas Bill systematically. "Putting up windmills in Arizona. For pin money to buy etceteras with. Salted. Been down in the tropics. Beer."

We foregathered in a propitious place and became Elijahs, while a waiter of dark plumage played the raven to perfection. Reminiscence needs must be had before I could steer Bill into his epic mood.

"Yes," said he, "I mind the time Timoteo's rope broke on that cow's horns while the calf was chasing you. You and that cow! I'd never forget it."

"The tropics," said I, "are a broad territory. What part of Cancer or Capricorn have you been honoring with a visit?"

"Down along China or Peru—or maybe the Argentine Confederacy," said Kansas Bill. "Anyway 'twas among a great race of people, off-colored but progressive. I was there three months."

"No doubt you are glad to be back among the truly great race," I surmised. "Especially among New Yorkers, the most progressive and independent citizens of any country in the world," I continued, with the fatuity of the provincial who has eaten the Broadway lotus.

"Do you want to start an argument?" asked Bill.

"Can there be one?" I answered.

"Has an Irishman humor, do you think?" asked he.

"I have an hour or two to spare," said I, looking at the café clock.

"Not that the Americans aren't a great commercial nation," conceded Bill. "But the fault laid with the people who wrote lies for fiction."

"What was this Irishman's name?" I asked.

"Was that last beer cold enough?" said he.

"I see there is talk of further outbreaks among the Russian peasants," I remarked.

"His name was Barney O'Connor," said Bill.

Thus, because of our ancient prescience of each other's trail of thought, we traveled ambiguously to the point where Kansas Bill's story began:

"I met O'Connor in a boarding-house on the West Side. He invited me to his hall-room to have drink, and we became like a dog and a cat that had been raised together. There he sat, a tall, fine, handsome man, with his feet against one wall and his back against the other, looking over a map. On the bed and sticking three feet out of it was a beautiful gold sword with tassels on it and rhinestones in the handle.

"'What is this?' says I (for by that time we were well acquainted). 'The annual parade in vilification of the ex-snakes of Ireland? And what's the line of march? Up Broadway to Forty-second; thence east to McCarty's café; thence——'

"'Sit down on the wash-stand,' says O'Connor, "and listen. And cast no perversions on the sword. 'Twas me father's in old Munster. And this map, Bowers, is no diagram of a holiday procession. If ye look again ye'll see that it's the continent known as South America, comprising fourteen green, blue, red, and yellow countries, all crying out from time to time to be liberated from the yoke of the oppressor.'

"'I know,' says I to O'Connor. 'The idea is a literary one. The ten-cent magazines stole it from "Ridpath's History of the World from the Sandstone Period to the Equator." You'll find it in every one of 'em. It's a continued story of a soldier of fortune, generally named O'Keefe, who gets to be dictator while the Spanish-American populace cries "*Cospetto!*" and other Italian maledictions. I misdoubt if it's ever been done. You're not thinking of trying that, are you, Barney?' I asks.

"'Bowers,' says he, 'you're a man of education and courage.'

"'How can I deny it?' says I. 'Education runs in my family; and I have acquired courage by a hard struggle with life.'

"'The O'Connors,' says he, 'are a warlike race. There is me father's sword; and here

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"HE AND THE GENERAL GAVE AN EXHIBITION THAT PUT KYRLE BELLEW AND PHIL ARMOUR IN THE SHADE."

is the map. A life of inaction is not for me. The O'Connors were born to rule. 'Tis a ruler of men I must be.'

" 'Barney,' I says to him, 'why don't you get on the force and settle down to a quiet life of carnage and corruption instead of roaming off to foreign parts? In what better way can you indulge your desire to subdue and maltreat the oppressed?'

" 'Look again at the map,' says he, 'at the country I have the point of me knife on. 'Tis that one I have selected to aid and overthrow with me father's sword.'

" 'I see,' says I. 'It's the green one; and that does credit to your patriotism. And it's the smallest one; and that does credit to your judgment.'

" 'Do ye accuse me of cowardice?' says Barney, turning pink.

" 'No man,' says I, 'who attacks and confiscates a country single-handed could be called a coward. The worst you can be charged with is plagiarism or imitation. If Anthony Hope and Roosevelt let you get away with it, nobody else will have any right to kick.'

" 'I'm not joking,' says O'Connor. 'And I've got $1,500 cash to work the scheme with. I've taken a liking to you. Do you want in, or not?'

" 'I'm not working,' I told him; 'but how is it to be? Do I eat during the fomentation of the insurrection, or am I only to be Secretary of War after the country is conquered? Is it to be a pay envelope or only a portfolio?'

" 'I'll pay all expenses,' says O'Connor. 'I want a man I can trust. If we succeed you may pick out any appointment you want in the gift of the government.'

" 'All right, then,' says I. 'You can get me a bunch of draying contracts and then a quick-action consignment to a seat on the Supreme Court bench so I won't be in line

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for the presidency. I wouldn't mind Uncle Joe, but the kind of cannon they chasten their presidents with in that country hurt too much. You can consider me on the pay-roll.'

"Two weeks afterward O'Connor and me took a steamer for the small, green, doomed country. We were three weeks on the trip. O'Connor said he had his plans all figured out in advance; but being the commanding general, it consorted with his dignity to keep the details concealed from his army and cabinet, commonly known as William T. Bowers. Three dollars a day was the price for which I joined the cause of liberating an undiscovered country from the ills that threatened or sustained it. Every Saturday night on the steamer I stood in line at parade rest, and O'Connor handed over the twenty-one dollars.

"The town we landed at was named Guayaquerita, so they told me. 'Not for me,' says I. 'It'll be little old Hilldale or Tompkinsville or Cherry Tree Corners when I speak of it. It's a clear case where Brander Matthews and Andy ought to butt in and disenvowel it.'

"But the town looked fine from the bay when we sailed in. It was white, with green ruching, and lace ruffles on the skirt when the surf slashed up on the sand. It looked as tropical and *dolce far ultra* as the pictures of Lake Ronkonkoma in the brochure of the passenger department of the Long Island Railroad.

"We went through the quarantine and custom-house indignities; and then O'Connor leads me to a 'dobe house on a street called 'The Avenue of the Dolorous Butterflies of the Individual and Collective Saints.' Ten feet wide it was, and knee-deep in alfalfa and cigar stumps.

" 'Hooligan Alley,' says I, rechristening it.

" ''Twill be our headquarters,' says O'Connor. 'My agent here, Don Fernando Pacheco, secured it for us.'

"So in that house O'Connor and me established the revolutionary center. In the front room we had ostensible things such as fruit, a guitar, and a table with a conch shell on it. In the back room O'Connor had his desk and a large looking-glass and his sword hid in a roll of straw matting. We slept on hammocks that we hung to hooks in the wall; and took our meals at the Hotel Ingles, a beanery run on the American plan by a German proprietor with Chinese cooking served *à la* Kansas City, Clinton & Springfield Railroad lunch-counter *table d'hôte*.

"It seems that O'Connor really did have some sort of system planned out beforehand. He wrote plenty of letters; and every day or two some native gent would stroll around to headquarters and be shut up in the back room for half an hour with O'Connor and the interpreter. I noticed that when they went in they were always smoking eight-inch cigars and at peace with the world; but when they came out they would be folding up a ten-or twenty-dollar bill and cursing the government horribly.

"One evening after we had been in Guaya—in this town of Smellville-by-the-Sea—about a month, and me and O'Connor were sitting outside the door helping along old *tempus fugit* with rum and ice and limes, I says to him:

" 'If you'll excuse a patriot that don't exactly know what he's patronizing, for the question—what is your scheme for subjugating this country? Do you intend to plunge it into bloodshed, or do you mean to buy its votes peacefully and honorably at the polls?'

" 'Bowers,' says he, 'ye're a fine little man; and I intend to make great use of ye after the conflict. But ye do not understand statecraft. Already by now we have a network of strategy clutching with invisible fingers at the throat of the tyrant Calderas. We have agents at work in every town in the republic. The Liberal party is bound to win. On our secret lists we have the names of enough sympathizers to crush the administration forces at a single blow.'

" 'A straw vote,' says I, 'only shows which way the hot air blows.'

" 'Who has accomplished this?' goes on O'Connor. 'I have. I have directed everything. The time was ripe when we came, so my agents inform me. The people are groaning under their burden of taxes and levies. Who will be their natural leader when they rise? Could it be any one but meself? 'Twas only yesterday that Zaldas, our representative in the province of Durasnas, tells me that the people, in secret, already call me "El Library Door," which is the Spanish manner of saying "the Liberator.'"

" 'Was Zaldas that maroon-colored old Aztec with a paper collar on and unbleached domestic shoes?' I asked.

" 'He was,' says O'Connor.

" 'I saw him tucking a yellow-back into

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"FIVE BAREFOOTED POLICEMEN CLIMBED OVER O'CONNOR AND SUBJUGATED HIM."

his vest pocket as he came out,' says I. 'It may be,' says I, 'that they call you a library door, but they treat you more like the side door of a bank. But let us hope for the worst.'

"'It has cost money, of course,' says O'Connor; 'but we'll have the country in our hands inside of a month.'

"In the evenings we walked about in the plaza and listened to the band playing and mingled with the populace at its distressing and obnoxious pleasures. There were thirteen vehicles belonging to the upper classes, mostly rockaways and old-style barouches, such as the mayor rides in at the unveiling of the new poorhouse at Milledgeville, Alabama. Round and round the desiccated fountain in the middle of the plaza they drove, and lifted their high silk hats to their friends. The common people walked around in barefooted bunches, puffing stogies that a Pittsburg millionaire wouldn't have chewed for a dry smoke on Ladies' Day at his club. And the grandest figure in the whole turnout was Barney O'Connor. Six foot two he stood in his Fifth Avenue clothes, with his eagle eye and his black mustache that tickled his ears. He was a born dictator and czar and hero and harrier of the human race. It looked to me that all eyes were turned upon O'Connor, and that every woman there loved him and every man feared him. Once or twice I looked at him and thought of funnier things that had happened than his winning out in his game; and I began to feel like a Hidalgo de Officio de Grafto de South America myself. And then I would come down again to solid bottom and let my imagination gloat, as usual, upon the twenty-one American dollars due me on Saturday night.

"'Take note,' says O'Connor to me as

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thus we walked, 'of the mass of the people. Observe their oppressed and melancholy air. Can ye not see that they are ripe for revolt? Do ye not perceive that they are disaffected?'

"'I do not,' says I. 'Nor disinfected either. I'm beginning to understand these people. When they look unhappy they're enjoying themselves. When they feel unhappy they go to sleep. They're not the kind of people to take an interest in revolutions.'

"'They'll flock to our standard,' says O'Connor. 'Three thousand men in this town alone will spring to arms when the signal is given. I am assured of that. But everything is in secret. There is no chance for us to fail.'

"On Hooligan Alley, as I prefer to call the street our headquarters was on, there was a row of flat 'dobe houses with red tile roofs, some straw shacks full of Indians and dogs, and one two-story wooden house with balconies a little farther down. That was where General Tumbalo, the comandante and commander of the military forces, lived. Right across the street was a private residence built like a combination bake-oven and folding-bed. One day O'Connor and me were passing it, single file, on the flange they called a sidewalk, when out of the window flies a big red rose. O'Connor, who is ahead, picks it up, presses it to his fifth rib, and bows to the ground. By *carrambos!* that man certainly had the Irish drama chaunceyized. I looked around expecting to see the little boy and girl in white sateen ready to jump on his shoulder while he jolted their spinal columns and ribs together through a breakdown and sang: 'Sleep, Little One, Sleep.'

"As I passed the window I glanced inside and caught a glimpse of a white dress and a pair of big, flashing black eyes and gleaming teeth under a dark lace mantilla.

"When we got back to our house O'Connor began to walk up and down the floor and twist his mustaches.

"'Did ye see her eyes, Bowers?' he asks me.

"'I did,' says I, 'and I can see more than that. It's all coming out according to the story-books. I knew there was something missing. 'Twas the love interest. What is it that comes in Chapter VII to cheer the gallant Irish adventurer? Why, Love, of course—Love that makes the hat go round. At last we have the eyes of midnight hue and the rose flung from the barred window. Now, what comes next? The underground passage—the intercepted letter—the traitor in camp—the hero thrown into a dungeon—the mysterious message from the señorita—then the outburst—the fighting on the plaza—the——'

"'Don't be a fool,' says O'Connor, interrupting. 'But that's the only woman in the world for me, Bowers. The O'Connors are as quick to love as they are to fight. I shall wear that rose over me heart when I lead me men into action. For a good battle to be fought there must be some woman to give it power.'

"'Every time,' I agreed. 'If you want to have a good, lively scrap. There's only one thing bothering me. In the novels the light-haired friend of the hero always gets killed. Think 'em all over that you've read, and you'll see that I'm right. I think I'll step down to the Botica Española and lay in a bottle of walnut stain before war is declared.'

"'How will I find out her name?' says O'Connor, laying his chin in his hand.

"'Why don't you go across the street and ask her?' says I.

"'Will ye never regard anything in life seriously?' says O'Connor, looking down at me like a schoolmaster.

"'Maybe she meant the rose for me,' I said, whistling the Spanish Fandango.

"For the first time since I'd known O'Connor, he laughed. He got up and roared and clapped his knees, and leaned against the wall till the tiles on the roof clattered to the noise of his lungs. He went into the back room and looked at himself in the glass and began and laughed all over from the beginning again. Then he looked at me and repeated himself. That's why I asked you if you thought an Irishman had any humor. He'd been doing farce comedy from the day I saw him without knowing it; and the first time he had an idea advanced to him with any intelligence in it he acted like two-twelfths of the sextet in a 'Florodora' road company.

"The next afternoon he comes in with a triumphant smile, and begins to pull something like ticker tape out of his pocket.

"'Great!' says I. 'This is something like home. How is Amalgamated Copper to-day?'

"'I've got her name,' says O'Connor, and he reads off something like this: 'Doña Isabel Antonia Inez Lolita Carreras y Buencaminos y Monteleon.' 'She lives with her mother,' explains O'Connor. 'Her father was killed in the last revolution. She is sure to be in sympathy with our cause.'

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"And sure enough the next day she flung a little bunch of roses clear across the street into our door. O'Connor dived for it and found a piece of paper curled around a stem with a line in Spanish on it. He dragged the interpreter out of his corner and got him busy. The interpreter scratched his head, and gave us as a translation three best bets: 'Fortune has got a face like the man fighting'; 'Fortune looks like a brave man'; and 'Fortune favors the brave.' We put our money on the last one.

"'Do ye see?' said O'Connor. 'She intends to encourage me sword to save her country.'

"'It looks to me like an invitation to supper,' says I.

"So, every day this señorita sits behind the barred windows and exhausts a conservatory or two, one posy at a time. And O'Connor walks like a Dominecker rooster and swells his chest and swears to me he will win her by feats of arms and big deeds on the gory field of battle.

"By and by the revolution began to get ripe. One day O'Connor takes me into the back room and tells me all.

"'Bowers,' says he, 'at twelve o'clock one week from to-day the struggle will take place. It has pleased ye to find amusement and diversion in this project because ye have not sense enough to perceive that it is easily accomplished by a man of courage, intelligence, and historical superiority, such as meself. The whole world over,' says he, 'the O'Connors have ruled men, women, and nations. To subdue a small and indifferent country like this is a trifle. Ye see what little, barefooted manikins the men of it are. I could lick four of 'em, single-handed.'

"'No doubt,' says I. 'But could you lick six? And suppose they hurled an army of seventeen against you?'

"'Listen,' says O'Connor, 'to what will occur. At noon next Tuesday 25,000 patriots will rise up in the towns of the republic. The government will be absolutely unprepared. The public buildings will be taken, the regular army made prisoners, and the new administration set up. In the capital it will not be so easy on account of most of the army being stationed there. They will occupy the president's palace and the strongly fortified government buildings and stand a siege. But on the very day of the outbreak a body of our troops will begin a march to the capital from every town as soon as the local victory has been won. The thing is so well planned that it is an impossibility for us to fail. I meself will lead the troops from here. The new president will be Señor Espadas, now Minister of Finance in the present cabinet.'

"'What do you get?' I asked.

"''Twill be strange,' said O'Connor, smiling, 'if I don't have all the jobs handed to me on a silver salver to pick what I choose. I've been the brains of the scheme, and when the fighting opens I guess I won't be in the rear rank. Who managed it so our troops could get arms smuggled into this country? Didn't I arrange it with a New York firm before I left there? Our financial agents inform me that 20,000 stands of Winchester rifles have been delivered a month ago at a secret place up coast and distributed among the towns. I tell you, Bowers, the game is already won.'

"Well, that kind of talk kind of shook my disbelief in the infallibility of the serious Irish gentleman soldier of fortune. It certainly seemed that the patriotic grafters had gone about the thing in a business way. I looked upon O'Connor with more respect, and began to figure on what kind of uniform I might wear as Secretary of War.

"Tuesday, the day set for the revolution, came around according to schedule. O'Connor said that a signal had been agreed upon for the uprising. There was an old cannon on the beach near the national warehouse. That had been secretly loaded, and promptly at twelve o'clock was to be fired off. Immediately the revolutionists would seize their concealed arms, attack the comandante's troops in the *cuartel*, and capture the custom-house and all government property and supplies.

"I was nervous all the morning. And about eleven o'clock O'Connor became infused with the excitement and martial spirit of murder. He geared his father's sword around him, and walked up and down in the back room like a lion in the Zoo suffering from corns. I smoked a couple of dozen cigars, and decided on yellow stripes down the trousers legs of my uniform.

"At half-past eleven O'Connor asks me to take a short stroll through the streets to see if I could notice any signs of the uprising. I was back in fifteen minutes.

"'Did you hear anything?' he asks.

"'I did,' says I. 'At first I thought it was drums. But it wasn't; it was snoring. Everybody in town's asleep.'

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"O'Connor tears out his watch.

"'Fools!' says he. 'They've set the time right at the siesta hour when everybody takes a nap. But the cannon will wake 'em up. Everything will be all right, depend upon it.'

"Just at twelve o'clock we heard the sound of a cannon—BOOM!—shaking the whole town.

"O'Connor loosens his sword in its scabbard and jumps for the door. I went as far as the door and stood in it.

"People were sticking their heads out of doors and windows. But there was one grand sight that made the landscape look tame.

"General Tumbalo, the comandante, was rolling down the steps of his residential dugout, waving a five-foot saber in his hand. He wore his cocked and plumed hat and his dress-parade coat covered with gold braid and buttons. Sky-blue pajamas, one rubber boot, and one red-plush slipper completed his make-up.

"The general had heard the cannon, and he puffed down the sidewalk toward the soldiers' barracks as fast as his rudely awakened two hundred pounds could travel.

"O'Connor sees him and lets out a battle-cry, and draws his father's sword and rushes across the street and tackles the enemy.

"Right there in the street he and the general gave an exhibition of blacksmithing and butchery that put Kyrle Bellew and Phil Armour in the shade. Sparks flew from their blades, the general roared, and O'Connor gave the slogan of his race and proclivities.

"Then the general's saber broke in two; and he took to his ginger-colored heels crying out '*Policios*' at every jump. O'Connor chased him a block, imbued with the sentiment of manslaughter, and slicing buttons off the general's coat tails with the paternal weapon. At the corner five barefooted policemen in cotton undershirts and straw hats climbed over O'Connor and subjugated him according to the municipal statutes.

"They brought him past the late revolutionary headquarters on the way to jail. I stood in the door. A policeman had him by each hand and foot, and they dragged him on his back through the grass like a turtle. Twice they stopped, and the odd policeman took another's place while he rolled a cigarette. The great soldier of fortune turned his head and looked at me as they passed. I blushed, and lit another cigar. The procession passed on, and at ten minutes past twelve everybody had gone back to sleep again.

"In the afternoon the interpreter came around, and smiled as he laid his hand on the big red jar we usually kept ice-water in.

" 'The ice man didn't call to-day,' says I. 'What's the matter with everything, Sancho?'

" 'Ah, yes,' says the liver-colored linguist. 'They just tell me in the town. Verree bad act that Señor O'Connor make fight with General Tumbola. Yes. General Tumbola great soldier and big mans.'

" 'What'll they do to Mr. O'Connor?' I asks.

" 'I talk little while presently with the *Juez de la Paz*—what you call Justice-with-the-peace,' says Sancho. 'He tell me it verree bad crime that one señor Americano try kill General Tumbola. He say they keep Señor O'Connor in jail six month; then have trial and shoot him with guns. Verree sorree.'

" 'How about this revolution that was to be pulled off?' I asks.

" 'Oh,' says this Sancho, 'I think too hot weather for revolution. Revolution better in winter-time. Maybe so next winter. *Quien sabe?*'

" 'But the cannon went off,' says I. 'The signal was given.'

" 'That big sound?' says Sancho, grinning. 'The boiler in ice factory he blow up—BOOM! Wake everybody up from siesta. Verree sorree. No ice. *Mucho* hot day.'

"About sunset I went over to the jail, and they let me talk to O'Connor through the bars.

" 'What's the news, Bowers?' says he. 'Have we taken the town? I've been expecting a rescue party all the afternoon. I haven't heard any firing. Has any word been received from the capital?'

" 'Take it easy, Barney,' says I. 'I think there's been a change of plans. There's something more important to talk about. Have you any money?'

" 'I have not,' says O'Connor. 'The last dollar went to pay our hotel bill yesterday. Did our troops capture the custom-house? There ought to be plenty of government money there.'

" 'Segregate your mind from battles,' says I. 'I've been making inquiries. You're to be shot six months from date for assault and battery. I'm expecting to receive fifty years at hard labor for vagrancy. All they furnish you while you're a prisoner is water. You depend on your friends for food. I'll see what I can do.'

"I went away and found a silver Chile

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"I BEGAN TO HUNGER FOR THE SIGHT OF A REAL LADY."

dollar in an old vest of O'Connor's. I took him some fried fish and rice for his supper. In the morning I went down to a lagoon and had a drink of water, and then went back to the jail. O'Connor had a porterhouse-steak look in his eye.

"'Barney,' says I, 'I've found a pond full of the finest kind of water. It's the grandest, sweetest, purest water in the world. Say the word and I'll go fetch you a bucket of it, and you can throw this vile government stuff out the window. I'll do anything I can for a friend.'

"'Has it come to this?' says O'Connor, raging up and down his cell. 'Am I to be starved to death and then shot? I'll make those traitors feel the weight of an O'Connor's hand when I get out of this.' And then he comes to the bars and speaks softer. 'Has nothing been heard from Doña Isabel?' he asks. 'Though every one else in the world fail,' says he, 'I trust those eyes of hers. She will find a way to effect me release. Do ye think ye could communicate with her? One word from her—even a rose would make me sorrows light. But don't let her know except with the utmost delicacy, Bowers. These high-bred Castilians are sensitive and proud.'

"'Well said, Barney,' says I. 'You've given me an idea. I'll report later. Something's got to be pulled off quick, or we'll both starve.'

"I walked out, and down to Hooligan Alley, and then on the other side of the street. As I went past the window of Doña Isabel Antonia Concha Regalia, out flies the rose as usual and hits me on the ear.

"The door was open, and I took off my hat and walked in. It wasn't very light inside, but there she sat in a rocking-chair by the window smoking a black cheroot. And

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when I got closer I saw that she was about thirty-nine, and had never seen a straight front in her life. I sat down on the arm of her chair, and took the cheroot out of her mouth and stole a kiss.

"'Hullo, Izzy,' I says. 'Excuse my unconventionality, but I feel like I have known you for a month. Whose Izzy is oo?'

"The lady ducked her head under her mantilla, and drew in a long breath. I thought she was going to scream, but with all that intake of air she only came out with: 'Me likee Americanos.'

"As soon as she said that I knew that O'Connor and me would be doing things with a knife and fork before the day was over. I drew a chair beside her, and inside of half an hour we were engaged. Then I took my hat and said I must go out for a while.

"'You come back?' says Izzy, in alarm.

"'Me go bring preacher,' says I. 'Come back twenty minutes. We marry now. How you likee?'

"'Marry to-day?' says Izzy. 'Good!'

"I went down on the beach to the United States consul's shack. He was a grizzly man, eighty-two pounds, smoked glasses, five foot eleven, pickled. He was playing chess with an india-rubber man in white clothes.

"'Excuse me for interrupting,' says I, 'but can you tell me how a man could get married quick?'

"The consul gets up and fingers in a pigeonhole.

"'I believe I had a license to perform the ceremony myself, a year or two ago,' he said. 'I'll look, and——'

"I caught hold of his arm.

"'Don't look it up,' says I. 'Marriage is a lottery anyway. I'm willing to take the risk about the license if you are.'

"The consul went back to Hooligan Alley with me. Izzy called her ma to come in, but the old lady was picking a chicken in the patio and begged to be excused. So we stood up, and the consul performed the ceremony.

"That evening Mrs. Bowers cooked a great supper of stewed goat, tamales, baked bananas, fricasseed red peppers, and coffee. Afterward I sat in the rocking-chair by the front window, and she sat on the floor plunking at a guitar and happy, as she should be, as Mrs. William T. B.

"All at once I sprang up in a hurry. I'd forgotten all about O'Connor. I asked Izzy to fix up a lot of truck for him to eat.

"'That big, oogly man?' says Izzy. 'But all right—he your friend.'

"I pulled a rose out of a bunch in a jar, and took the grub-basket around to the jail. O'Connor ate like a wolf. Then he wiped his face with a banana peel and said: 'Have you heard nothing from Doña Isabel yet?'

"'Hist!' says I, slipping the rose between the bars. 'She sends you this. She bids you take courage. At nightfall two masked men brought it to the ruined château in the orange grove. How did you like that goat hash, Barney?'

"O'Connor pressed the rose to his lips.

"'This is more to me than all the food in the world,' says he. 'But the supper was fine. Where did you raise it?'

"'I've negotiated a stand-off at a delicatessen hut down-town,' I tells him. 'Rest easy. If there's anything to be done I'll do it.'

"So things went along that way for some weeks. Izzy was a great cook; and if she had had a little more poise of character and smoked a little better brand of tobacco we might have drifted into some sense of responsibility for the honor I'd conferred on her. But as time went on I began to hunger for the sight of a real lady standing before me in a street-car. All I was staying in that land of bilk and money for was because I couldn't get away, and I thought it no more than decent to stay and see O'Connor shot.

"One day our old interpreter drops around and after smoking an hour says that the judge of the peace sent him to request me to call on him. I went to his office in a lemon grove on a hill at the edge of town; and there I had a surprise. I expected to see one of the usual cinnamon-colored natives in congress gaiters and one of Pizarro's cast-off hats. What I saw was an elegant gentleman of a slightly claybank complexion sitting in an upholstered leather chair, sipping a highball and reading Mrs. Humphry Ward. I had smuggled into my brain a few words of Spanish by the help of Izzy, and I began to remark in a rich Andalusian brogue:

"'*Buenas dias, señor. Yo tengo—yo tengo—*'

"'Oh, sit down, Mr. Bowers,' says he. 'I spent eight years in your country in colleges and law schools. Let me mix you a highball. Lemon peel, or not?'

"Thus we got along. In about half an hour I was beginning to tell him about the scandal in our family when Aunt Elvira

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ran away with a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. Then he says to me:

" 'I sent for you, Mr. Bowers, to let you know that you can have your friend Mr. O'Connor now. Of course we had to make a show of punishing him on account of his attack on General Tumbalo. It is arranged that he shall be released to-morrow night. You and he will be conveyed on board the fruit steamer Voyager, bound for New York, which lies in the harbor. Your passage will be arranged for.'

" 'One moment, judge,' says I; 'that revolution——'

"The judge lays back in his chair and howls.

"'Why,' says he presently, 'that was all a little joke fixed up by the boys around the court-room, and one or two of our cut-ups, and a few clerks in the stores. The town is bursting its sides with laughing. The boys made themselves up to be conspirators, and they—what you call it?—stick Señor O'Connor for his money. It is very funny.'

" 'It was,' says I. 'I saw the joke all along. I'll take another highball, if your Honor don't mind.'

"The next evening, just at dark, a couple of soldiers brought O'Connor down to the beach where I was waiting under a cocoanut-tree.

" 'Hist!' says I in his ear; 'Doña Isabel has arranged our escape. Not a word!'

"They rowed us in a boat out to a little steamer that smelled of *table d'hôte* salad oil and bone phosphate.

"The great, mellow, tropical moon was rising as we steamed away. O'Connor leaned on the taffrail or rear balcony of the ship and gazed silently at Guaya—at Buncoville-on-the-Beach. He had the red rose in his hand.

" 'She will wait,' I heard him say. 'Eyes like hers never deceive. But I shall see her again. Traitors cannot keep an O'Connor down forever.'

"'You talk like a sequel,' says I. 'But in Volume II please omit the light-haired friend who totes the grub to the hero in his dungeon cell.'

"And thus reminiscing, we came back to New York."

There was a little silence broken only by the familiar roar of the streets after Kansas Bill Bowers ceased talking.

"Did O'Connor ever go back?" I asked.

"He attained his heart's desire," said Bill. "Can you walk two blocks? I'll show you."

He led me eastward and down a flight of stairs that was covered by a curious-shaped, glowing, pagoda-like structure. Signs and figures on the tiled walls and supporting columns attested that we were in the Grand Central station of the subway. Hundreds of people were on the midway platform.

An up-town express dashed up and halted. It was crowded. There was a rush for it by a still larger crowd.

Towering above every one there a magnificent, broad-shouldered, athletic man leaped into the center of the struggle. Men and women he seized in either hand and hurled them like manikins toward the open gates of the train.

Now and then some passenger with a shred of soul and self-respect left to him turned to offer remonstrance; but the blue uniform on the towering figure, the fierce and conquering glare of his eye, and the ready impact of his ham-like hands glued together the lips that would have spoken complaint.

When the train was full, then he exhibited to all who might observe and admire his irresistible genius as a ruler of men. With his knees, with his elbows, with his shoulders, with his resistless feet he shoved, crushed, slammed, heaved, kicked, flung, pounded the overplus of passengers aboard. Then with the sounds of its wheels drowned by the moans, shrieks, prayers, and curses of its unfortunate crew, the express dashed away.

"That's him. Ain't he a wonder?" said Kansas Bill admiringly. "That tropical country wasn't the place for him. I wish the distinguished traveler, writer, war correspondent, and playwright, Richmond Hobson Davis, could see him now. O'Connor ought to be dramatized."

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IT WASN'T HIS FAULT THAT HE WAS SUCH AN AUTOMOBILE FRAIDY-CALF.
—"*Three Speeds Forward.*"

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Three Speeds Forward

An Automobile Love Story With One Reverse

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

Author of "Baby Bullet," "Motormaniacs," "Wild Justice," etc.

Illustrations by Karl Anderson

I HADN'T been engaged to Charlie Lepperts a week before I began to suspect my mistake. I spent a second week making allowances, and doing my best to see his "good side." At the end of the third week I decided he hadn't any—and by the fourth, we were at daggers drawn. I don't know how I ever got myself into such a silly tangle. It wasn't altogether my fault, and you must remember, besides, I was only nineteen, and a good deal of a kid. It all came about through his being boomed in advance, and all of us having made up our minds that he was the biggest prize in the young-man line that was ever likely to come our way.

Then, too, his father and mother were quite the nicest people in Studdingham, and they shed a tone over us all that papa said enhanced the value of real estate from here to Wiskigee. They were not only rich—for we were all that more or less—Tonyham and Richville being the slang names for Studdingham outside—but they were tremendously cultured and refined, and good form to us always meant what the Lepperts said and did. The State was a pretty new State, and this idea of being "smart" had only struck us yesterday; and so it was natural for the rest of us to venerate people who had used fingerbowls for three generations, and had struggled with butlers and liveried footmen when people like papa were eating out of tin plates, and pioneering railroads through the alkali.

Of course, I don't blame the Lepperts for having boomed Charlie in the way they did. He was their only son, and who can wonder that they thought him a paragon? They were forever talking about him, and bragging about him, and making us all crinkle with suspense and anticipation. Whenever there were four or five of us girls together, Mrs. Lepperts would say in that arch and gracious manner that always reminded passing Englishmen of Queen Victoria: "Ah! who of you little buds is going to capture Prince Charlie?" And a tiny voice inside me always answered—to myself, of course—"Why, I am, to be sure!" And so the situation was ripe for what actually happened when he did come. I went into the scramble head down, and didn't really have a good look at the prize till after I had grabbed it.

Then the disillusion came, and the rupture and the fuss and the gossip and the heartbreak generally. He was nice enough to look at, though rather pale, and aggravatingly languid and superior. Much more of a gentleman outside than in, and, therefore, deceptive. Sixteen coats of piano varnish—but the chassis of a cad. Indeed, when he tried, he could be very charming; and he caught our eye by his showy horsemanship, his unmistakable elegance and fashion, and a deprecatory fastidiousness, as of a prince in exile, condemned to make the best of a social Siberia. He had a knack for insinuation; and while it was impossible to pin him down to any straight-out lies, he was the worst slanderer and mischief-maker that ever lived.

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That's where I came in, you know, for, after we had broken it off, he deliberately set himself to get even—starting those little snowballs that grow as they run—till you find yourself dodging mountains.

Not that I knew anything of this till later—very soon later, I can assure you. All I did was to tell him, quite simply, that I had made an awful mistake, and didn't seem to like him nearly as much as I thought I had—and then I went off and proceeded to break my heart. No, not for him. The idea! But from shame and misery at having made such a little fool of myself and given rise to such hurricanes of chatter. And, more than anything, at Charlie's misrepresenting the affair, as though it had been his doing instead of the other way about. And as I was too proud and shy and hurt to contradict it, I was exposed to the worst thing of all—people being sorry for me, and old cats saying: "What a narrow squeak that poor, dear boy had!"

Then I began to have headaches and die away till the doctors said I'd have to go on a sea-voyage, or East on a visit to my aunt's. I wasn't so terribly, awfully, dreadfully, horribly sick, but I didn't eat much, and lay a lot on the sofa, and thought how nice it would be to have a runabout. This was an old fight between me and papa. I had wanted one for years, and he had objected to one for years—and now, at last, like Sinbad in the tunnel, I began to see gleams of daylight. What was the use of always rubbing in our big four-cylinder Dauntless? The manufacturers had told papa that if he had a coachman that was all the care it needed—and so it was given over to Albert, whose one idea was to shine it up beautifully and keep it tight in the barn. In the morning he took papa to the railway station three miles off, and called back for him every afternoon at five—and this baby-carriage performance was supposed to leave it exhausted for all the intervening hours. On Sundays, Albert would take us all for a solemn drive on the second speed, and if we covered forty miles he acted as though we had crossed the continent. Between papa, who was mortally afraid of Albert, and Albert, who was mortally afraid of the car, our bubbling was a good deal of the hearsey-hearse order, and not as satisfying as a ride on the trolley.

What I wanted was a little car of my own, in a little house of my own, with my own grease, my own cotton waste, my own gasoline supply—and all this as far away from Albert as it could possibly be put. And the sicker I got the more I wanted it, till finally papa, in sheer desperation, handed down the moon, and an expert came from the factory to teach me how to run it. It was a Jenks-Piscoe, ten-horse, horizontal double-opposed, speeding up to twenty-eight miles on the level, everything encased, and the cooling thermo-siphon. I took bounds of recovery from that moment, and a fresh bound every time I managed to coax an extra out of papa. A bound for my baskets, a bound for my speedometer, a bound for my Latham spirals, a bound for my search-lights—and two more for a yellow cape top and a new coil found me so pink and well that I was forced to buy two wet cells out of my poor little allowance. (Don't you prefer voltage batteries? *I* do.)

I was in the mood when people were a torment to me, and I wanted to get away from everything and everybody. Studdingham was so small that there wasn't room in it for a pair that hated each other as much as I and Charlie Lepperts. Had he been any way a gentleman, he would have gone away, but he stayed instead, and so it fell to me to get out into the tall grass. At dinners, dances, picnics—everywhere—there was always Charlie Lepperts with his pale face and sneering smile; and, though I bore up well enough when I had to, these meetings humiliated me, and I grew more and more to avoid them.

At last I drew out entirely and people learned it was no use inviting me. I preferred to whisk about all day in my Jenks-Piscoe, with seldom any other company than my dog Olaff and a spare tire. But when a girl is badly hurt—heart-hurt—she instinctively turns to doing good. When you are happy I suppose it is too big a bore, and it's an old saying that misery loves company. Studdingham was a very poor field for philanthropy, but I chased up a pimply orphan, took Mrs. Agnew's trained nurse for a few rides, and discovered an exasperating nursery governess who was convalescing from typhoid. Not that I spent my whole time doing good—but at long intervals, when I felt unusually discouraged or sad. As a rule I wasn't either,

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and then couldn't be bothered—spinning all day through the prettiest country imaginable, with my honest old Olaff on the seat beside me, and my tireless little engine going chi-chi-chi-chi under its hood. How soothing and sweet that sound is to any one who has the ear for it—the unfailing explosion, the consciousness of perfect mixture, the humming of the coils, and the rhythm of a beautifully balanced reciprocity. Chi-chi-chi-chi, till you are lulled into dreams, and the wind against your cheek seems to fan away all the little cares and heartaches of a dreary world. You see, I invariably strained my gasoline through chamois leather, and thus eliminated carbureter troubles entirely. If people would always take the trouble to do this *religiously*, and keep their terminals *tight*, and not grudge a few dollars for a *voltometer*—they'd eliminate most of the troubles connected with a chug-cart.

It was a strange life for a girl to lead—one, I mean, who had been so popular and had gone everywhere, and had counted for so much in the gaieties of Studdingham. Some of the boys didn't seem able to get used to it at all, and pretended to be awfully cut up—which was nice of them, and a compliment—though it wasn't enough to get the canary back into the cage. I was out of humor with the things I used to like, and kind of man-hating and moody; and I wouldn't have traded Dandy Dick (which was the name I called the Jenks-Piscoe) for a full-fledged prince, with an ancestral castle and curly hair. No, I wanted to be alone, and free to bubble-bubble-bubble from morn till night, and recover in the open air and trees something that I seemed to have lost.

Of course, I was alive to the romantic side of it, and didn't spare any pains to look as pretty as I could, and wear the most killing clothes. Dropping out absolutely, and yet remaining conspicuous—every day sizzling through the friends I had long ceased to have anything to do with, except to tootle them out of the road, and drown them in the exhaust. Morbid, if you like, but tremendously soothing and soul-sustaining, for you can't really enjoy being a recluse unless there are stacks of people looking on. Perhaps you'll think I was posey and silly. It may be that I was. It is hard for a girl to be a hundred per cent. sincere, when ninety-eight per cent. of her is numb, like the poor wretches hypnotists run pins into—and I guess all my top skin was frozen.

I was still comfortably enjoying the sensation I was making, when Studdingham, with the fickleness of all audiences, suddenly concentrated its attention elsewhere. A person named George Marsden popped into public notice and shook the foundations of society by coming to live with us. I mean he bought the great big splendid Howard place, that had been shut up for years, and got ahead of the Vincents, who had been slowly negotiating for it for six months. Now everybody wanted the Vincents. Jim Vincent's sister had married the Duke of Porchester, and they were horribly important and swell, and we had watched them through all the stages of coming to Studdingham, liking Studdingham, falling in love with Studdingham, and finally announcing their determination to live and die in Studdingham. It seemed they couldn't do the last two unless they bought the Howard place, which was a dream of everything mossy, aristocratic, and beautiful, with terraced gardens, and stables a mile big. And they were not only horribly important, as I have already said, but so gay and young and unaffected and sociable that we adored them for themselves.

Imagine the feelings of Studdingham, therefore, when this Marsden creature walked up, planked down his check, and insolently slammed the door, so to speak, in the faces of the Vincents, whose furniture was on the way, and who were confidently waiting for the Howard trustees to snip thirty thousand off the price. And so Mr. Marsden arrived, quite unconscious that a frenzied community was thirsting for his blood, and modestly installed himself in the powder-magazine!

Studdingham was one of those swagger little places that had been taken care of before it was born. You couldn't build a house that cost less than ten thousand; you couldn't sell liquor, open a shop or hotel, manufacture anything, teach music, keep pigs, burn soft coal, expose advertisements, dig wells or cesspools, mine, or generate acetylene gas. Forty lawyers had spent years in tying the infant Studdingham into bow-knots, and concocting what papa called "a deed of don'ts." Their

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success had been a matter of general congratulation and, after sixteen years, it was left to this Marsden to find a crack in the legal wall. He was the manufacturer, proprietor, and inventor of the Bo-Peep Puzzle!

You surely remember it? Twelve little Noah's-ark sheep, and a dolly shepherdess, and a checker-board with three kinds of squares—with an unintelligible book of directions, and the look of its being childishly simple—till you took it up in a weak moment, and did nothing else for the next nine months! No doubt you went crazy over it like the rest of us, and bo-peeped and bo-peeped till your brains curdled! I know I did, and papa, and everybody—and we used to see his picture in the ends of the magazines, with big letters under it, calling him: "The Man that has Maddened a Continent!" A nice recruit, wasn't he, for poor little Studdingham, with red-hot aspirations for refinement and good form, and only just beginning to attract people like the Vincents.

Of course, we had had undesirables before, but we had chased them out very easily. They were usually simple-minded parvenus, who thought they had only to buy a house in order to tuck in socially. When they discovered they had invested their money in a mausoleum, they were as eager to go as we were to speed them—and the even tenor of our aristocratic way was not long disturbed. But the man that had maddened a continent gave us no such handle to expel him. He had come to bury himself in the great empty rooms of the Howard place, and think up fresh mind-rackers in its noble seclusion. Ostracizing him seemed rather an ineffectual weapon, and the situation, if it were to be relieved at all, plainly called for something more drastic. Anyway, Studdingham was simply boiling over with fury; and when the Vincents packed up and left, they were in the humor to tear him limb from limb.

Papa was the angriest of the lot, which was all the more to his credit, as he was by no means a high-flier, and rather pooh-poohed the snobbishness of the place. In fact, he had only settled there originally because, as he said, "they all looked so clean and happy." He was a born suburbanite, and would have lapsed to shirt-sleeves and a watering-pot if we hadn't sternly headed him off—one of those men who spend all day in ruling a large corporation with a rod of iron, and then return home in the evening to domestic servitude. In the newspaper caricatures he was usually engaged in throttling the State, or cramming his pockets full of legislators—and you wouldn't have thought he was afraid to say "boo" to the cook.

I don't know why he had taken such an impulsive liking to the Vincents. As a rule, he had a lazy indifference for newcomers, and let mama and me do all the pioneer work of making their acquaintance and sizing them up. Even in our little convulsions he was always the last one to get excited, and preferred to lie back and blow smoke-rings while everybody else was screaming. But he had fallen in love with the Vincents right off, and had made tremendous efforts to please and keep them. It was he who had put it into their heads to buy the Howard place, and that at a price that even two swell little innocents could see was a bargain. They were devoted to papa, too, and blindly trusted all the negotiations to him, so he was really to blame for letting Marsden jump in and get the property, while he waited and dillydallied and dickered to save them that thirty thousand. Poor papa, I was awfully sorry for him. He couldn't have been more depressed if a limited had smashed up, and let in the line for a million.

Well, so the Vincents left, and Mr. Marsden sneaked in, and papa went on like a she-bear robbed of its cubs. You only had to say Marsden for him to explode, and he spent most of his spare time thinking of ways to run him out. But the puzzle-man was terribly unassailable. He didn't put up his name at the country club; didn't try to make any friends; didn't put his head out of his shell for anybody to take a crack at it. The only apparent method of hurting him was to attack him from the outside—bust the puzzle business, and drive him into bankruptcy. But he hadn't been with us a month before he launched "Dobbin, Dobbin, Oh, Where's Dobbin," and successfully maddened a continent for a second time. I gave papa one of the dollar sizes as a birthday present—but he didn't see any joke in it, and got blacker than a thunder-cloud. He was sorer than ever about losing the Vincents, and never

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passed the Howard place without gritting his teeth.

We all waited for Marsden to come out and startle us. We didn't know exactly what he was going to do—but we were sure that, sooner or later, he would do it. Then, as nothing happened, a sort of mystery grew up about him. He hid away in a corner of that vast old house with two German servants, an old man and an old woman; and as far as any splurge was concerned, he might have been the hired caretaker. I mean, except for his G.R.A.T. car, a forty-horse Austrian giant that used to slip out, mostly at night, and sizzle around like the wind. Papa said he was only trying to pique our curiosity, and that the surest way of getting people to know you, who don't want to know you, is to make them believe you don't want to know them.

Well, it went along like this for ever so long, till one day he actually did make an acquaintance—and would you believe it?—that acquaintance was *me*. I was hung up on the road when I heard a big car purring up the hill and, when I turned round, I saw it was the G. R. A. T. It swerved for a moment in an undecided manner, passed me, slowed down, and stopped. I looked up from the bonnet, and there was Mr. Marsden getting out. I knew him in a minute from his picture, and besides, the G. R. A. T. identified him like a passport. He was a startlingly handsome man of about thirty, with heaps of reddish-brown hair, and wild gray eyes—tall and spare, with a musician look, and an aquiline nose. I watched him out of the corner of my eye, and held my breath.

"Might I not assist you?" he asked, in a delightfully pleasant voice, raising his leather cap.

"Oh, thank you very much—it is nothing," I replied, with what I considered the right degree of warmth to offset his courtesy, and yet give him no opening for a talk; and then, as he still stood there smiling, I added, in a please-go-away tone, "a broken porcelain—I'll have it right in a minute."

I was unprepared for his taking the plug out of my hand, which he did in the most matter-of-fact way, like a paid mechanic, and pulled out his knife to widen the points. He was as exasperatingly slow about it as though he had specially arrived from a garage in a trouble-wagon.

"Why do all you people dislike me so much?" he asked abruptly, raising his eyes and meeting mine. "Good Heavens, what is the matter? What have I done? What crime have I committed?"

I couldn't help flushing at being asked such a point-blank question. Under the circumstances it struck me as hardly short of an impertinence.

"I do not know what you mean," I said; "and even if I did, I should not care to discuss it with you. Indeed, I'd be obliged if you'd let me fix my car for myself."

"I beg your pardon," he returned, still holding tight to the plug, and gazing down at me in the most disconcerting way. "It isn't that I mind being let alone. In fact, that's why I came here. The house has an atmosphere—and you can hardly imagine how important atmosphere is to a *savant*. But, while I was prepared to be regarded as a recluse—as a crank, even—it didn't occur to me that I was qualifying to become the pariah of Studdingham!"

He looked so sad and reproachful that it seemed only common humanity to say that he wasn't.

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that," I remarked, with all the gumption I could put into such an awful fib.

"I don't know why I should particularly care," he went on, "but it has kind of got on my nerves, you know. I feel myself boiling in a caldron of resentment while your friends are cheerfully skimming the grease off the top. It—it's humiliating. I wish I could do what a friend of mine did in London when a Lord Somebody cut him on the street. Followed him, you know, calling out and raising such a hullabaloo that finally the lord, in self-defense, was compelled to turn around and ask him angrily what was the matter. 'I just wanted to tell you,' said my friend, 'that if you don't want to know me, *you needn't!*' If it wouldn't be asking too much of you, I wish you'd give the same message from me to Studdingham."

He said this so whimsically that I burst out laughing.

"What fools people are," he continued confidentially. "Here am I complaining because the curate hasn't called, and none of the village bores and busybodies have descended

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on me. For years I've been looking for a place where I could be stark alone—and now, when I have found it, I can't help feeling slighted and insulted."

"You ought to go off somewhere where you are more appreciated," I said. "Frankly, here you are not a success, and your profession seems to jar on our susceptibilities."

"Profession!" he cried. "Do you mean my puzzles? Good Heavens, I hope you don't think that's the only thing I do! I had to gain an independence somehow, and to a man of a mathematical turn that was the easiest way. I got the idea of Bo-Peep from an algebraical formula I happened at the time to be using in some experiments. But apart from all that, is it such a crime to amuse the public?"

"But you tortured them," I said. "Your advertisement is only too true; and really and truly, how can you expect us to be chummy with a man that has maddened a continent!"

He groaned at this, and put out his hand as though to implore me to stop.

"I suppose," he remarked at last, very bitingly, "I suppose that if Sir Isaac Newton had sold peanuts, or Darwin had eked out his income by peddling the 'Life of General Grant,' you'd be quite blind to the trifling additions they made to the store of human knowledge."

"Oh, *I* wouldn't," I said. "But I wouldn't like to answer for Studdingham. Besides—I don't want to be rude, you know—but we see only the peanut side of your career—and, up to now, nobody had even guessed that there was another."

I waited for him to tell me what it was—but he didn't. I couldn't help feeling curious about it because he was so handsome, and had such nice eyes—and the way he held back seemed to make it more mysterious and exciting.

"I am a digger," he said at last. "A poor, miserable, lonely digger. I dig and dig, and the deeper I get the less I appear to accomplish. To put it into common English, I am engaged in electrical research—not of the profitable, ingenious, touch-the-button kind—but in the study of some great basic, perhaps insoluble, phenomena that we have been content to name and then ignore—a scientific procedure more universal than you'd think."

He paused; and it seemed only polite on my part to ask him how he was getting on.

"Wait twenty years, and then, perhaps, I'll answer you," he returned. "Have you ever been a victim of those schoolboy jokes—when you open your parcel and then find another parcel inside of that, and another inside of that and so on and so on? Well, that's what science is—only, in our case, there are a million more wrappers, and it often takes months to remove a single one!"

"And then you find it's a carrot after all, or a slate-pencil," I said. "Oh, yes, I know that joke—though, even as a little girl, I never thought it a particularly good one!"

He smilingly agreed with me. "But Nature has her practical jokes, too, you know, and occasionally revenges herself for all we've robbed her of."

I suppose he caught me glancing at the spark-plug, for he suddenly pulled himself up, and his face changed.

"I fear I have taken a great liberty in telling you all this," he went on, in an earnest, anxious tone. "You must make allowances for a man who sees no one—a scientific Crusoe on a desert island—who, in the absorption of one great dominating idea, has forgotten all the petty rules and, worse still, even runs the risk of proving himself a bore. This meeting—this little talk here in the woods—that means nothing to you, that will be forgotten in an hour—will remain with me for months to come, the most radiant of memories."

It was rather hard to know what to reply to this. He was so naïve in his admiration, so innocent of any presumption or offense that it would have been brutal to snub him. Yet, I couldn't very well stand there, and let him run along on this line. Heaven only knows where he would have got to, because— Oh, well, because—! A girl doesn't need a sixth sense to tell her when a man— It seemed a happy thought to turn his electrical abilities to account by asking him to look at my buzzer—and thus side-track any more embarrassing confidences. It was lucky I did so, for he found that one of the vibrators was sticking slightly, and had quite a fight to get it into proper shape. Then, when he had screwed

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down the plug, wired up, and put back the hood covers, he was simply forced to crank up and let me go.

"I suppose it is good-by forever?" he said, looking at me in the most appealing manner, and holding to the car as though it might suddenly jump up and fly away.

"I am afraid it is, Mr. Marsden," I said, glad to make the matter quite plain. "And much obliged for your kindness," and with that I speeded up, and left him disconsolately in the road. I peeped back through my little window, and felt quite sorry for him.

It was hard to be a pariah, and he was really a charming fellow and wonderfully handsome and nice. If he hadn't been the Puzzle King—hadn't maddened a continent—I should have indulged in a little sentiment about him, and wiped away a tear. But a sense of the ridiculous forbade, and I had to smile at myself. Perhaps it helped as a protection. Isn't it strange when a person's eyes can haunt you, and you can hear the tones of their voice? I suppose it was just because he was so out of the ordinary, and unlike anybody I had ever met before—and he was fair, and I was dark—and, oh—really, how can anybody explain those things, anyway?

I suppose chewing up that low-gear was the luckiest thing that ever happened. I didn't think so at the time, naturally, as I was eighteen miles from home, and the Bolinas road was so wild and unfrequented that you almost never meet a team. As luck would have it, the stage had passed hardly ten minutes before it dawned on me that I was in trouble. They talk about being alone in a great city, but getting stranded in the woods with a sick car is forty times worse. Of course, I had Olaff along, and I can't tell you what a comfort and consolation he was to me. He is a Great Dane, and everybody is afraid of him because he is so big and fierce, and he crowds up a car like a trunk, and has a large, meaty tail there never seems any room for. But, in a tight place, I'd rather have Olaff than any person, for he takes being a dog seriously, and would positively have liked to meet a mountain lion, just to show what he could do to it.

So Olaff sat and wagged his tail in the dirt, while I stripped off the transmission cover and felt inside. The metal band around the low-gear drum had fractured, and it didn't take two looks to see that this part of the outfit had gone out of business. It was made of a special imported unfracturable bronze, slotted for lubrication, and I guess the manufacturers must have overdone the slots. Anyway it was cracked. Even Olaff could see that as he put up his paws and gazed down at it, his head against mine, with a humorous expression, as though the joke was on us.

The reverse band was all right, and tightened nicely, and my first panic gave way as I saw I was sure to get home. The worst of that Bolinas road was its frightful hilliness, and there was bound to be a lot of working one's passage. So I screwed down the cover again, put on my switch, cranked up, and, getting Olaff on board, proceeded to back Dandy Dick in the direction of Studdingham. It was slow work and needed care, and there was the bothering apprehension of overheating. But I got up one hill all right, and smartly whisking her around on the decline of the next, I managed to throw in my high-speed clutch and scoot. It was like getting a pair of wings, and if the road in front hadn't been all grades, I should have sizzled home in no time.

The next hill wasn't such a terror, and I managed to nurse Dandy to the top by ignoring her little pounds for mercy, and doing wonders with the spark. But hill number two killed us before we had much more than started, and so I locked my brake, and got out to cool. There was no sense in burning up the transmission, and this was plainly a case of making haste slowly. There was such a smell of fried engine, and such an irritable bubbling in the radiator that to force matters would be to stick the pistons. Autoists are often accused of having no time to admire the scenery they pass through, but I think, what with our breakdowns, and our enforced stoppages for adjustments, it would be found that we've absorbed more scenery than most of the horse people. The landscape of a place where you have once been stuck lives with you for years afterward, and is absolutely ineffaceable. I can see that road now, with Olaff rolling out his tongue, and the stream tinkling at the bottom of the cañon, and every one of the hundred thousand million trees.

Well, after about twenty minutes of scenery,

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we started to back up some more, and backed and backed and backed till I thought my head would twist off. I was still hard at it when, high above me, I heard the boo of a horn, and the ponderous slish of a big car rounding the curve. I squeaked Dandy's tooter to save our lives, and straightened up and tried to look dignified, and as though I *preferred* to climb hills on the reverse, and wouldn't have used a first speed if I had had it. In another instant I saw the immense square bonnet of the G. R. A. T. darting into sight, with Mr. Marsden at the wheel and his face so surprised and gratified at the unexpected sight of me that he almost forgot to ram home his brakes.

I don't know how it happened, but I found myself shaking his hand as though he was my long-lost brother. After all, Olaff mightn't have been equal to a mountain lion, and if ever there was a friend in need it was Mr. Marsden. Have you ever studied anything very hard, and then, after a long rest, discovered that you had learned it? That's true of friendships also, and I could feel we had made a big jump forward since we had last met. Besides, I was in the humor to like anybody that happened along just then, and so Mr. Marsden was all to the good. I needn't say he was most remarkably nice and kind and obliging, and took right hold as though his only business in life was to tow his friends out of their difficulties. He was so delighted, poor fellow, and seemed to find a tremendous significance in all the train of events that led him to taking the Bolinas trail. I was so grateful and relieved that I was quite willing he should see the finger of fate in our meeting, and didn't mind his being so enthusiastic about it.

"I never dreamed I was to have the privilege of speaking to you again," he said. "In fact, I was just on the point of shutting up the house, and going away forever."

I suppose it was silly to ask why, but I asked it.

"I haven't the presumption to tell you," he returned, his handsome, sensitive face shadowing. "You might misjudge me — yes, you'd be sure to misjudge me. But what was the good of my staying on here, and being utterly wretched?"

I felt awfully sorry for him, because his voice was so sincere and trembling, and I could see he meant *me*.

"I suppose it is hard to be an outcast," I said sympathetically. "Once, at boarding-school, I was sent to Coventry for a week because they thought I had caricatured Miss Drayton on the blackboard, while it was really that little sneak, Jessie Tillman, who was afraid to own up—and it nearly killed me."

"Oh, it's not that!" he cried, waving away the suggestion with his hand. "These people are no more to me than so many ants. What hurts me is that I'm prevented from knowing *you*."

"You seem to have broken through the net, though," I remarked smiling.

"No, I haven't," he said savagely. "This is just a lucky accident—an accident that may never occur again. Don't you understand? I should like to come and see you like other people—bring you flowers and boxes of candy—and try to persuade you to like me. When a man's in earnest and really cares, it's a shame when he isn't even allowed a chance."

"Let's be sensible, Mr. Marsden," I said. "You know very well I cannot ask you to come and see me; and if you are going to talk like that I'm not sure I would if I could. We're very conventional people here, and these short cuts of yours across the social grass are alarming."

"I love you," he said, with an awfully genuine flash of his eyes. "That's what I meant all the time—that's the cruelest part of it—and these people here have ostracized me so successfully that they've made it an impertinence for me to say it!"

In my first moment of stupefaction I confess I did not know what to do. A mountain lion seemed almost preferable, and though I ought to have felt awfully angry and insulted, I somehow couldn't do it. I suppose it was because he really meant it, and wasn't pretending. So I simply told him the truth—that he was making me embarrassed and uncomfortable, and that if his regard amounted to anything, he would stop right there talking about it.

"Don't make it impossible for me to accept a favor from you," I went on. "Things like that sandbag a conversation, and make one self-conscious, and put one on one's guard.

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You will force me to adopt a freezing manner, and protect myself as best I can. Don't you think that would be rather humiliating for both of us?"

Then, of course, being an awfully nice man, he groveled, and acted as though he was awfully grateful at not being killed dead. He begged my pardon over and over again, and got into the transmission to see if it actually *was* a fracture.

"I'll only ask you one thing before I drop the subject," he said very gravely, "and that is to do me the honor to believe me."

It made me tingle all over to admit I did, but what was the use of fibbing about it? Besides, to have answered otherwise would have provoked a discussion. I was rather flustered, anyway, and kind of glad, too, and thought what beautiful thick wavy hair he had as he bent over the case. It hadn't been love at first sight—on my part, I mean—but it had got very close to the worrying line, and he certainly was tormentingly good-looking, and unusually attractive and charming. It made me sigh that he had maddened a continent. Girls are awfully susceptible to the ridiculous, and a Puzzle King—oh, no!

"You'd better let me take you home," he said, "and then I can come back with a man, and tow Dandy to the shop."

But I wouldn't hear of it. In the first place I didn't want to be under such an obligation; and, in the second, what is the good of saying die when you have a healthy reverse?

"But it will take you hours and hours," he said.

"You oughtn't to mind that," I told him. "Not after all you said, and all that I didn't let you say."

You ought to have seen how pleased he looked! Perhaps it was rather forward of me, but I couldn't help it. He was too nice not to tease a little and, after his promise about the tabooed subject, I wasn't afraid to skate all around it. Not that the stern facts of existence were neglected, however. The road was so narrow that he had to back, too, having a hundred and fourteen wheel base, and we both backed and backed and backed, till it would have made a cat laugh. Then we'd cool off, and talk, and back some more. He had some crackers in his kit, and a bottle of fizz water, and we had a sort of lunch, and grew chummier and chummier; even Olaff licking the crumbs off his hand and growing quite friendly—which I thought was a good sign, as Olaff is a regular Bernard Shaw on character, and sees right through people. I told Mr. Marsden he ought to be tremendously complimented—and he said he was—and anybody could see he loved dogs, and really appreciated Great Danes. Nothing would discourage me more about a man than if he didn't, and there's a heap in that old saying about love me, love my dog. Only sometimes the dog won't reciprocate, which in this case fortunately didn't happen, and everything was delightful.

It was about noon when we first began to back, and I know that nobody will believe me when I say it took us six hours to reach the county road. Mr. Marsden was very cautious about overheating, and was a great stickler for being on the safe side. Anyway, we'd back and stop, back and stop, back and stop till we felt we'd been years together, and were declining into middle age. We must have stopped fifty times and, as we had a separate talk each time, you can see for yourself that we were bound to get more and more confidential, and steadily advance the spark of friendship.

His whole past life gradually came out, and it was most strange and exciting and pathetic. His father had been the inventor of an extraordinary automatic machine cannon, and wherever there was trouble there was Mr. Marsden's father crazy to show it off. *My* Mr. Marsden, from the time he was nine to fifteen, went along, too, helping to chase up war ministers and wars and revolutions. The pair had the most awful ups and downs, riding one day in gold carriages with kings and dictators, and the next half-starving and ignored. His father drew a considerable income from a ship telegraph patent, and this allowed him to keep his liberty and his gun, and refuse what offers he got for it. And the worst of it was that it wasn't a good gun, and the only people who could make it work properly were Mr. Marsden and his father. But if nobody was very eager to buy it, they were always willing enough to give Mr. Marsden a front seat on the chance of his making good, and thus it was they were

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always to the fore, and shooting off their wonderful gun.

They averaged a war a year—not big ones of course, because they don't occur so often—but little ones in unheard-of places—Herzegovina, Macedonia, Georgia, Morocco—no revolution was complete without Mr. Marsden and his gun, and he always saved the thing from being cold-blooded by siding ferociously with the party he was with. The detested enemy was always in front of Mr. Marsden's wonderful gun, and the people behind it were invariably the downtrodden patriots who were throwing off the despot's yoke. *My* Mr. Marsden told it all with a delicious humor, and an underlying tenderness for his cracked-brained father, that was most sweet and charming. Indeed, he had a real gift of description, and made my heart beat with the stories of battles and routs, and narrow squeaks, and corpses rotting in the sun—leading up to the time when his father died of fever, and he himself managed to get back to America with nothing more than the clothes he stood in. The ship telegraph had been superseded by a better invention, and he found himself without a penny in the world, and no more education than what he had picked up on the march.

"But I was out of the gun business for good," he said, "and thank God for it."

One instinctively sides with the hero in any story—not that Mr. Marsden was that exactly—but in his struggles and hardships and disappointments and the gritty fight he made to get through college and make something of himself and his abilities. Think of the Bo-Peep puzzle, for instance. He made it for his landlady's little girl, who was sick in bed, and he too poor to buy her a Christmas present! His big things were all failures, while this unconsidered trifle, whittled out with his jack-knife late one night, and inspired simply by kindness, brought him an unexpected and heaven-sent independence. He sold it to a syndicate for thirty-five dollars, and only retained half profits because they wouldn't make it one hundred dollars outright.

"Now they are Marsden Incorporated," he said, "and I am under a ten years' iron-clad contract. Strange how things fall out, isn't it?"

Altogether we were awfully good friends by the time we reached the county road, where Mr. Marsden promised to push Dandy Dick till I could get in the high-speed clutch for what we hoped was the last time. It was good running from there home, you know, and he was to tail along behind, besides, to keep an eye on me. But of course, it meant saying good-by right there, because if Dandy once got moving there was no stopping her till I got into papa's barn. Mr. Marsden wasn't overwilling to begin, and got very miserable and downhearted, especially when I told him that it wouldn't do for us ever to meet again.

"They might say I was meeting you clandestinely," I said, "and then I'd just lie down and die of mortification. You don't know what a nest of gossips we live in, nor how they tear girls limb from limb. And that's without counting papa, for Heaven only knows what he'd do to me."

Then he groaned—positively groaned—and murmured something about a "way."

"Oh, there must be a way!"

"This is one of the places where there isn't any way," I remarked. "Of course, if you could save papa's life, or find him tied to the track and then cut him free, it might break the ice a bit. But it would be just like papa to be grumpy about it, and keep you at arm's length even then."

"Tell me frankly," he cried, "this isn't any subterfuge on your part? It isn't that I'm unpresentable, is it? Would you be ashamed to know me—be friends, I mean—in the ordinary way? I've been so long a pariah that I'm beginning to lose my nerve. Yet you haven't acted as though there was any real gulf between us."

"Only papa," I said. "But that's a mile wide and ten deep. Oh, no, Mr. Marsden, I like you ever so much, and I think you are nicer and lots more interesting than all the men here put together!" (I wanted to pile it on, because it was true, you know, and I felt most awfully sorry for him, and it seemed so unjust and wrong that I couldn't meet him properly—only through cracked porcelains and chewed up low-gears.)

"Then it just comes down to this: I have to meet your father, and simply force him to like me."

It seemed tame to remind him that this was easier said than done. Making papa like

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you wasn't an affair of touching a button. And, if anything, he was more ferocious than ever about losing the Vincents, and his dislike of Mr. Marsden had become a monomania. That's the trouble about a man who's been good-natured all his life, and never had an enemy except the legislature—when at last he finds one he won't let it go. I believe papa actually enjoyed being a Marsden-phobist.

"There is something in what you said just now," he went on meditatively. "I must get him into a tight place and save him."

"It can't be done," I said. "Papa's been saved only once in his life, and then it was the First National Bank, and it took three million dollars."

"A little plan has been running through my head for the last hour," he persisted. "Possibly you noticed my interest in the Lampmans' fancy-dress ball, and how I drew you out about it? I think I could use it to advantage if I could count on you to help me."

My face must have expressed my misgiving. I didn't want to promise him in the dark. A girl has always to be on her guard, and though he was very fascinating and all that, I still had a little sense. I wouldn't have any harm come to my father for a hundred thousand Marsdens. He was quick to see what was passing in my head, and gazed at me more and more despairingly.

"I suppose it is crazy for me to try," he said, "but I wouldn't be half-way a man if I didn't. You haven't gone back from what you told me?"

"What did I tell you?"

"That you liked me, I mean? That, under happier circumstances, you would give me the same chance that your other men friends have to—to——"

I rather hoped he'd go on, but he didn't. The way he broke off, and clenched his hands, was terribly eloquent, and anybody could see it was the real thing. It was almost in self-defense that I looked at my watch, gave a little scream, and begged him to push Dandy and not delay me another minute.

"All I want to ask you is this," he broke out. "Be sure you go to the ball, and make your father go, too—in the Dauntless, of course—and leave the Lampmans' exactly at two o'clock. Will you do this for me? May I count on it absolutely? The happiness of my whole life depends on it."

He caught my hand and held it, so appealingly, so devotedly, that it wasn't in flesh and blood to say no. Especially as I was going to the Lampmans', anyway—papa, Dauntless, and all—and the only real favor was the two o'clock part of it. So I made a great deal of saying yes, I would, and then he heaved away at Dandy, and with a lot of shoving, got me started. I gave him a double toot to cheer him up, while the G. R. A. T. pounded along behind, ready to help out if need be, and Olaff smiled at me quizzingly with his bloodshot eyes.

"Homeward bound, old dog," I said, and then I whispered, "Olaff, do you believe in love at first sight?" And what do you suppose that wonderful old dog did?

Nodded—positively *nodded*—and uttered a loud, enthusiastic bark.

It's such a comfort to have a dog you can always agree with! Who always knows the right thing to bark—and barks it. Papa says he has enough sense to run a Democratic State Committee.

Papa is a Republican.

The Lampmans lived in a castle about eighteen miles from Studdingham. They had found it in Lombardy—the castle, I mean—and reproduced it from kodak pictures they had taken over there. It was named Ydle Wyld, and was so big that, though they had lived in it comfortably for three years, it was only now actually getting finished, and the masquerade ball was to be the long-promised housewarming. Ydle Wyld was perched high up on a spur of Mt. Pacheco, and you had to follow twelve miles of private road to reach it. The Lampmans were very quiet people in spite of their castle, and would have stayed on very comfortably in the St. Francis Hotel had it not been for Sammy Lampman, their son. Sammy was a sickly boy of seventeen, very pale and imaginative, who was forced by the doctors to lead a secluded life. So, when he demanded a castle, a castle there had to be, and the good old senator had to put in a big part of his day traveling from Ydle Wyld to State Street, and from State Street to Ydle Wyld. Their visit to Europe had been to see specialists, who

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were very doubtful whether poor Sammy would ever round out twenty-one.

The papers were always making fun of Ydle Wyld, especially those on the other political side; and it was called a menace to Republican ideals, and was regarded as an insolent attempt to revive the feudal system. But the senator bore it uncomplainingly for his son's sake, and imported stacks of tapestry and armor and medieval junk to give it the appropriate look. He told papa once that if Sammy died, he intended making it over to the Baptists for a college, which shows how much menace there was, and how sad the motive that had inspired its building.

Well, the housewarming was to be a gigantic affair—eight hundred invitations—and a whole month to get ready in. And when I say that even papa was excited, you can imagine what the rest of Studdingham felt like! I guess poor Mr. Marsden was the only person in the place who wasn't having a fit about his costume. That isn't a pun—but because he wasn't asked. It may be that he was pretty busy, too, with his wonderful "plan," and needed less sympathy than I was giving him. He was a lot in my thoughts, anyhow, and sometimes I almost cried, and wondered if I'd ever see him again. It all seemed so hopeless and impossible, and I had got it into my head that his "plan" wasn't any good. You see, I sounded papa, and found him just as red-hot as ever, and if anything—red-hotter—raging against Mr. Marsden, and bringing up the Vincents, as though it had happened yesterday. When papa once gets a grouch on, Time's healing hand doesn't count for anything; and mama was hardly any better. In a small place, once a person's an outcast they make a kind of rubbish heap of him, and pile on all the crimes of the calendar, from morphine to manslaughter—all the tin cans and broken bottles of slander and innuendo—till it grows to be a mountain!

I tried to put in a good word or two, but it wasn't of the faintest use, since mama was now certain he was a vivisectionist, and papa said those morose, sullen fellows, who make hermits of themselves, invariably ended in homicidal mania. I hinted at electrical research, but papa said: "Oh, bosh!" and that it was more likely to be the whisky bottle. I didn't argue any further because I was too afraid, and too hurt—and what was the good? But I took a kind of morbid pleasure in thinking I had fought his battles and got licked—and hoped some day that I'd be able to tell him so. It is strange how liking a man grows and grows, till finally you can't think of anything else. It must have been because he was thinking of me, and breaking his poor, lonely heart. It's all very well to guy affinity, but I never felt like that about Charlie Lepperts, even when I used to believe I loved him.

I was to go as Mary Queen of Scots, and it seemed a good idea to tag papa along as Bothwell, and do up mama for Queen Elizabeth. She was willing enough—mama is a darling when my pleasure is at stake, but papa resisted and resisted till, finally, it came out he wanted to be a bandit. He had been to three fancy-dress balls in his whole life, and each time as a bandit, and he seemed to think it was original and striking. He said that anybody could tell a bandit was a bandit a mile off—and that, for an elderly man making a fool of himself, a bandit always seemed to him the least silly of the lot. But, when I talked of a shining cuirass, and what a stunning group we'd make, and found that he had mixed up Bothwell with the man who had invented printing—and had teased and flattered and bullied him—he gave in about being a bandit, and said: "Oh, hell, have it your own way, my dear!"

Well, there we were at eight-thirty that evening, papa smoking a cigar and gasping in his breastplate, mama really beautiful as Queen Elizabeth, and I very pleased with myself as Mary Queen of Scots—and all of us tremendously excited and gay, and the Dauntless standing on the front gravel with its gas lights lit, and full of rugs for a long ride—when the butler came running to say that Albert had been taken with cramps. Of all times to choose for cramps, think of him picking out that night of the ball.

Papa went off to make short work of the cramps, and came back looking very depressed.

"Tell them to send for the doctor," he said. "I don't know what's the matter with him, but he's groaning horribly, and needs looking after quick."

While mama went off to telephone, papa

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began to do fuss-cat about the Dauntless. Papa's a brave man in most things, and his courage was about the only capital he came West with; but it balked at running the touring car single-handed. There was never such an old woman on the bubble question. He can get more wear and tear out of one sooty spark-plug, more nervous worry, desperation, and despair, than most men from a whole lifetime of crime or politics—and that's where Albert had this awful hold on him. He had quite got it into his head—helped by Albert, of course—that, without this mechanical human wonder, it was hopeless to expect the Dauntless to run a yard. If she snaps a wire, or sticks anywhere, papa always looks on at Albert as though he was watching Edison invent the first phonograph. I hate to say it about my own father, but he's *afraid* of an automobile, and spoils anything like a trip by his remarks. He's always saying: "We must remember that shed — Albert and I could easily push her in there"; or, "That's a very handy-looking little machine shop—I wonder if it's on the telephone? Setzer and Hoffman"—and then he keeps repeating Setzer and Hoffman for the next half hour for fear he might forget it. And when it comes to a choice of routes he has a pathetic desire to follow the trolley! That's papa for you—as an automobilist! And, like all those people who borrow trouble, he has found it by the barrelful—and once had to sleep out all night in the woods.

So there was papa, looking perfectly superb in his brass cuirass and theatre boots, marching up and down, jingling like the fire-irons, and trying to find a million reasons why we shouldn't take the Dauntless. He wanted to get the horses out, and drive, and grew crosser and crosser as I told him he was a great big coward, and the disgrace of the family. What was the good of a four-thousand-dollar car, in tip-top shape, if it couldn't be trusted for an eighteen-mile run? Papa said that was all very well, but a pretty figure he'd cut trying to push it in shining armor, and stumbling over his broadsword in the dark. In fact, he was so morbid and apprehensive and harrowing that it was about as easy as persuading a French aristocrat in the Revolution to get aboard the tumbril that was to land him at the guillotine. Then, after he had been reduced to pulp, he said weakly that he would leave it to mama to decide, and threw himself on a hall chair and waited—to think up fresh reasons why it was impossible to take the Dauntless without Albert.

I fully thought she'd join with him and insist on the horses, but for once, in a family disagreement she came out splendidly on the right side—*my* side—and said: "Oh, my dear, it would be perfectly crazy not to take the car when it is standing there all ready!" So there was nothing left for papa to do, but sigh and say: "Oh, all right—only don't blame me if anything happens!" And we both cheered him up by saying how handsome he looked, and what a pity it was he couldn't dress like that every day, and how he was sure to be the hit of the evening. Indeed, it wasn't his fault that he was such an automobile fraidy-calf—but more that wily Albert's, who had deliberately discouraged him from the beginning so as to boom his own importance. And that night in the woods had cost papa all the little gumption he ever had had, and had inclined him to take a dark view of his own capacity, and what the Dauntless was likely to do if Albert wasn't there to overawe it.

We started off so nicely that papa began to chirp up, and after a mile or two, even bragged a little, and spun around corners in grand style; and when we caught up with the Lepperts and passed them, papa was as pleased as he could be, and never said Albert once, except to ask about the doctor, and how he hoped it wasn't serious. We made Ydle Wyld in rattling time, and even papa was thankful we hadn't brought the horses, as we broke into the crowd of cars and carriages and four-in-hands that were seething in the place that had been set apart for them. It was said the Lampmans had invited eight hundred, but it looked more like eight thousand when we struck that circus and bored our way through the crush to where we were told to park.

Of course, the ball itself was too wonderful for anything, and I never fully realized before what clothes could do for people. The change from business suits to cloth of gold and armor and velvet and lace and white satin, was astonishing; and as for the women, it only seemed to need powder and patches to

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make every one of them a raving beauty. It made me feel bad at first just to find myself one of a crowd, for I had expected— Oh, well—thought that they'd fall dead at the sight of me—and it cost me a pang when they didn't! But after a while, a few got excited about me, and the few swelled and swelled, and it all came out right. A ball is an awful ruthless affair, and a girl's pride is at stake, you know, to have a little court around her, and attract attention. Besides, I had to show Charlie Lepperts what a good thing he had lost, and just *had* to be a success. Well, I was—though I do say it myself—and you didn't have to look very far to see which was the most popular girl in that Gothic hall. Why shouldn't I say it? The old soldier brags of his battles, and balls are ours, you know, and why shouldn't we brag, too? And everybody fell over everybody and shoved and pushed to get in a dance with darling little me.

Occasionally I'd remember Mr. Marsden, and my Cinderella date at two o'clock, and tingle all over with the most delicious thrills. I didn't know what he meant to do, but I felt sure it was something tremendous, and hoped from the bottom of my heart it wouldn't all go wrong. It was exhilarating to be a heroine of wild romance, and to feel that out there in the dark was a mysterious stranger mysteriously plotting, and whispering my name to the stars, you know. At least I hope he did! At any rate I felt sure he was pretty busy doing something, and even in the maddest whirl I kept a sharp eye on my watch.

At a quarter of two, just as I had finished an extra with a delightful young troubadour, named Mr. Smith, I decided it was time to draw out, and find papa. So chasing up mama, and accepting the troubadour's escort, we three made a course for one of the supper rooms where a passing brigand told us he was playing poker. Sure enough he was, snugged cozily in a corner with a policeman, Alfred the Great, and Captain Kidd—and mighty hard work it was, too, to drag him out. Papa's like the pig that you had to pull his head off to get to a party, and his tail off to get him away. He didn't want to come a bit, and said, "Oh, bother!" and, "What's the hurry?"

I let him play out his game and lose eight dollars, and then yanked him off, saying I was a little faint and wanted to leave. There was more delay in saying good night to our host and hostess, and it was all of two when we packed into the Dauntless and choo-chooed away. It was the nicest part of the ball to lie back in the cushions and feel that the Marsden moment had arrived. If men get a lot of pleasure in doing things and taking the lead, I guess there's something to be said for the girl's side of it, too—being the lovely prize, you know, and just waiting for the Beautiful Prince to hatchet his way to her. So I rubbed on a little powder in the dark, shut my lovely eyes, and waited and wondered. I didn't know what was coming, of course, and was almost as much bluffed as anybody when the silly engine began to miss. Yes, slowed down, and finally stopped in the pitchiest, inkiest, hobgobliniest place on the map, about seven miles from Ydle Wyld, and ten from anywhere else!

Papa said a swear, unbuckled his sword, and then got out to crank. He cranked and cranked, and still nothing happened to speak of, except a poor little cough when once or twice she started. I suspected it meant too little gasoline, and told him so; a thin mixture always stops with a cough, and an over-rich one with a dull heavy sound. But papa, with the dreary thoroughness of a railroad president, tried out the primary circuit, then the secondary, then the buzzer—and by that time, anything you said to him he took as an insult. It was disturbing not to be certain whether this was part of Mr. Marsden's plan, or a horrible accident that might spoil everything. Anyway, we were stuck sure, and I was made to get out and hold a horrid lamp while papa fumed and swore.

The simplest adjustments are troublesome to make at night, and take ten times longer. You lose your tools, burn your fingers, and gradually work up to a state of fiendish exasperation. Papa took out the four plugs, connected them up, and then thought the batteries had given out because they didn't spark. It was as much as my life was worth to tell him he hadn't ground them properly, and at first he nearly snapped my head off. Don't think I'm blaming him. A gas engine would try a saint—and there he was, all trussed up in shining armor, and, as he said, feeling forty different kinds of a damn fool.

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But he was immensely impressed, when, with the aid of a big wrench, I had the four plugs sparking nicely. He was just recovering some of his usual geniality, when he laid a finger on that wrench, and got thirty thousand volts through him! What he said can't be repeated, though part of it was lost by his leaping in the air. But the shock did him good, and I went up ten points as a gas engineer. He said quite humbly to tell him what to do, and he'd do it, and rolled up his sleeves, and got out a wad of cotton waste as though he was in for an all-night job. I kept him there for an hour—the longest hour of his life as he said afterward—and he was so willing and patient and obedient that it almost brought the tears to my eyes.

I was right about that cough, and an examination of the carbureter showed that it wouldn't flood, and that consequently the engine was getting no gas. I made poor papa take it all to pieces, and run hairpins through the spray nozzle, and sandpaper the guides of the float. Then he put it back, and still there was nothing doing! The next stage was to order papa underneath the car, and make him break all the gasoline connections to see if there wasn't a stoppage somewhere in the line. He had to do this in the dark, of course, because it wasn't safe to hold a lighted lamp too close; and it was a most bumpy and depressing performance for a Bothwell at 3.30 A.M. Then he ran wires through the silly tubes, and blew through them, and screwed them back; and there, if you please, was the carbureter stone dry, and not a penny the better for his work. Then mama, who was shivering with a lap robe around her like an Indian, said she was sure that the tank was empty. And papa said: "By Jove, perhaps it is!" And I said: "What idiots we were never to have looked!"

But it wasn't empty. Papa put his finger in and drew it out, all wet. It was only down about four inches from the top, and there were gallons and gallons. Mama asked us why we didn't turn the handle some more, and I was just on the point of explaining that there was no good cranking when your carbureter was out of whack—when papa took her at her word, and the miserable old engine *started*. Yes, and ran beautifully, chump-chumping like an '06.

"I don't know anything about them," said mama complacently, "but I felt sure Albert would have turned that handle, and that's why I suggested it. Why, I've seen Albert turn it for an hour at a time till I waited for him to drop dead!"

It did not seem worth while to argue with her while the engine was so evidently on her side—and I didn't even try. Besides, I was too tired and sleepy to care very much. It was running—that was the great thing—and if it chose to defy all the laws of mechanics, why should I make a fuss about it? By this time poor papa was half-dead with worry and exhaustion, and it showed how chewed up he was that he asked me to take the wheel.

"I've had all the automobiling I can stand," he said. "For Heaven's sake, let me lie back and smoke a cigar, and get the taste of that filthy stuff out of my gullet."

So we all hopped in, and I speeded her up with an uneasy feeling that it was all too good to last. Sure enough, we hadn't gone fifty yards, when we began to miss and splutter and die all over again. Then the engine gave a dreadful cough, and went finally and completely out of business.

I was for getting out and having another fight with it, but papa laid his hand on my arm and said no, he'd be hanged if he'd monkey with the blankety-blank thing again, or allow me to do it, either. Said we'd just wait there till the ball broke up, and somebody happened along to tow us, or give us a lift. I never saw the bounce so taken out of papa, and even his voice was changed and dreary, as though he had suddenly grown twenty years older in an hour. So we all sat there in the most awful gloom, and said things about that engine that ought to have made it squirm. Papa swore he had never liked autos, had never approved of them, and had only bought one under an insane compulsion. Said he had known only one human being who could make a car go and that was Albert—and rubbed in horse, horse, horse—and gave a list of the things he'd eat, from his hat to a pair of gum boots, if he'd ever allow himself to be caught out again without Albert.

We were in these depths of misery and depression, when we heard the sound of a car coming along behind us. Papa jumped out, and swung the lantern in the middle of the

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road so as to stop it. There was a glare of lamps, a whir of gears, and then a man's voice asking through the dark: "What's the matter?" As far as we could judge, he seemed most friendly and accommodating, though at a ten yards' distance, and with his engine running idle, it was impossible to follow the conversation. But a moment after, we saw papa leading him up to us, and lo and behold, it was Mr. Marsden! Yes, in evening dress, and a fur coat with a big collar, and so concerned and helpful and kind that, if he had been Albert, papa would scarcely have been more delighted.

"Here's an angel from heaven," said papa, genially, by way of introduction, "and we are going to be tied on behind and towed home."

Mr. Marsden raised his hat, and begged permission to ask a few questions about our car.

"I've had a great deal of experience," he said; "and if she hasn't a fracture anywhere, perhaps I can find out what's the matter, and put it right."

Papa gazed at him with grateful incredulity, and then talked carbureter and gasoline line for a solid five minutes. He had learned an awful lot in that hour, and rattled it off like an expert.

"Permit me to look at the carbureter," said Mr. Marsden, as though he was asking the greatest favor. Papa graciously said he might, and held the lamp while Mr. Marsden jumped the plunger up and down, and thought and thought. Then he put his knife in the commutator, and sampled the buzz on each contact. Then, with his hands, he traced the gasoline line underneath the wagon.

"Would you mind getting out?" he said to me, as though he had never seen me in his whole life before, and looking wonderfully handsome and distinguished in his white waistcoat. "I'd like to see the tank—if you really don't mind, and if it is not too much trouble."

I didn't mind, and it wasn't too much trouble—and then he lifted off the seat, with the same quiet, resourceful doctor manner that he had shown all through. He undid the screw-top and, carrying it well away from the car, examined it carefully by the flicker of papa's lantern.

"Here's your trouble," he said.

"I don't see anything wrong with it," remarked papa, gazing at it as though it might suddenly jump up and bite him.

"No air aperture—that's all," said Mr. Marsden. "The air aperture is choked with dirt. Your tank feeds by gravity, doesn't it? Well, then, it can't flow without air, any more than a kerosene can, if you don't jab a hole in the corner. Same thing precisely."

"Great Scott!" cried papa.

"Why, if you'd only asked me I could have told you that myself," spoke up mama.

"Oh, how simple!" cried I. "And yet we might have stayed here a week and never found it out!"

"It cost me a lot of time myself, once," said Mr. Marsden deprecatorily, as though he didn't want to shame us by his superiority. "It's about the most effective way of choking a gas engine I can think of."

"Let's put it back and make sure you are right," said papa, still unable to believe the good news.

Well, of course, with a little tickling she went off like a shot—with a great big, honest chug-chug that warmed one's heart to hear it. After you have been stuck for hours, I don't know any sweeter music than an engine that has suddenly made up its mind to reform, and take you home. You are a horse person, I know, and this doesn't appeal to you. Well, suppose every now and then your horse fell dead, and it was up to you to revive it! Wouldn't it be a blessed moment when the corpse would stagger to its feet and neigh? Laugh if you like, but I guess you'd call it music, too, wouldn't you?

Papa was so grateful to Mr. Marsden that he hardly knew how to say it. He wrung his hand again and again and overflowed with gratitude; and anybody looking on would have thought he had just saved all our lives—Mr. Marsden, I mean. And so he had, of course, and more, too—for papa was morbidly conscious of his armor and pirate boots, and knew what a figure he had cut before a whole dragful of people coming home from the ball. Mr. Marsden had rescued him from a horrible mortification—because no one could have helped laughing, you know—what with his having a big lick of grease over one eye, and rattling when he walked, and covered with tin daggers!

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"I'M AFRAID TO GIVE IT TO YOU," SAID MR. MARSDEN, DRAWING A CARD FROM HIS POCKET.

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"May I not come part of the way with you?" asked Mr. Marsden. "It isn't right to expose these ladies to another breakdown, and possibly I might again be of assistance."

He hadn't got the words out of his mouth before papa had closed with his offer. It was snapped up like lightning. Papa had no shame left, and held on to him like a life-belt. He'd hardly let him go back to his own car to order his chauffeur to follow, and was on pins and needles lest he'd never come back. And the things he said in that interval! Mr. Marsden's ears must have tingled. I never saw papa so worked up over anybody in his life, and naturally I added my little mite, and mama threw in hers. It was a regular Marsden boom, with all of us trying to outdo the other, as though there was a prize for the one who could say the nicest things about him. Papa won easily by talking the loudest, and banging on the mud-guard to emphasize his remarks, indicating that he was going to spend the rest of his life in being good to Mr. Marsden.

"I didn't know there were men like that left!" he exclaimed. "It makes you feel that human nature has been misrepresented; and he's so unaffected and generous that you'd almost think the favor was on our side. A perfect stranger who will be good to you at four o'clock in the morning, and put himself to no end of trouble for people he doesn't know from Adam—I'd like to give him a house and lot!"

Then Mr. Marsden came back, so brisk and kind and jolly and full of fun, that the contagion of it seemed to spread, and we all began to laugh ourselves. Papa gave Mr. Marsden the driving seat, and said he could have the sword, too, if he wanted it, not to speak of the breastplate. Perhaps it doesn't sound very funny now, but we roared over it at the time, because we were all keyed up, and in the humor to make a joke of anything. And it was most exhilarating to whiz through the pitchy black roads, and think how only a few minutes before, we had been shivering like lost souls beside two tons of refractory iron.

Well, so we all got home, and as we stood there on the gravel, hardly knowing how to separate, nor very much wanting to—mama said she hoped our acquaintance wouldn't end there, and that her day was Friday. And papa said: "You bet, of course you must come," and demanded his card, explaining that he was Mr. Tillinghast of the K. and O.

"I'm afraid to give it to you," said Mr. Marsden, reluctantly drawing a card from his pocket, and smiling queerly as he held on to it tight, and wouldn't let papa take it. "I've been unfortunate enough to incur—Well, it has to come out sooner or later, Mr. Tillinghast, and why not now? I am George Marsden."

"George Marsden!"

There was a staggering pause.

"Mr. Marsden," said papa, when he had somehow got his breath; "I'm an old fellow, and I daresay I'm pretty pig-headed—but I'm not too old and too pig-headed to admit having made a mistake. You and I have got to be friends, and there's my hand on it!"

We all gave him our hands on it, and I added a little squeeze extra. Then he asked was he to run the car into the barn, and papa said yes, and would I show him the way. And—and—wasn't it foolish of him to risk everything by kissing me in the dark! Just when he had made such headway, and broken into society! I was awfully cross about it. and made a great favor of forgiving him. But he said he really couldn't help it, and so I let him off with a dreadful warning—while he held my hand, and listened like an angel, only interrupting to say he loved me, and that it was the happiest night of his life. And then I asked him was it truly? And he seemed to think the proper answer was to kiss me again—which perhaps it was.

Do you know what he had done—I mean besides paying Albert a hundred dollars for those cramps? Substituted another screw-top to the gasoline tank, with a watch-spring attachment that was timed to close the air aperture at the end of thirty minutes! And then, under the cover of the darkness, he gives us back the original nicely plugged with dirt. You couldn't get ahead of a man like that, could you? When he really proposed I saw there was no good putting up a fight—what was the use?—so I took him. Guess I had to, just to save trouble.

Glad I did it, now.

There have to be a few happy couples, you know, just to balance up.

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Soldiers of the Common Good

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Japan, the Economic Revolutionist. Second Article

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Japan is the mystery nation. Back of every modern Japanese movement there is an indefinite, uncanny power which all of us feel, which none of us fully understands. Mr. Russell amplifies his chronicle of the fortunes of the "Soldiers of the Common Good," the fighters for uplift around the world, by telling in this, the second article on the national spirit of the Japanese, things which every patriot, in every country, needs to know. Japan has begun her fight with corporation greed and cunning at a time when the corporations have only begun taking root in her soil. When the Trusts reached out greedy fingers for the commerce and industries of Japan, they met the cold answer: "Japan for the Japanese." The method of the Japanese Government in absorbing the corporations is full of suggestion for us who have awakened to our danger only after the enemy has almost perfected its lines of defense.

CHAPTER XX (*Continued*)

SIT in the gallery of the Lower House of the Japanese National Parliament and observe thence the new force that civilization and education have loosed upon the rest of the world.

The chamber is about as large as the House of Representatives at Washington, comfortable, convenient, and planned for business. The members sit at desks facing the Speaker's high dais midway of the long side of the room. Ten or twelve members wear the almost obsolete native costume; the others are garbed like Europeans. You will notice first of all that these men do not sleep, like members of the British House, nor read, nor write, nor transact at their desks their private business, like the Representatives at Washington. They listen to every word of every speech. They are liberal of applause and dissent. Everything that is said seems to mean something to them. There are no long, dreary harangues, and no permissions to print in the *Record*. Members that address the House mount a rostrum just below and in front of the presiding officer. Their speeches are short, sharp, direct, and full of point. Often they are witty and very often eloquent, but never are they entered for the endurance prize.

You observe the faces intent upon the speakers, the lines of long, strong, square-jawed, brown faces, and it startles you to reflect that the powerful, indomitable nation of which this grave deliberative assembly is the symbol has been created in fifty years from the least promising of materials; that in fifteen years it has been lifted to the front ranks among peoples; that all the world has been amazed by its performances. And then you will suddenly perceive that in your eyes every face before you is an impenetrable mask. From each you receive a definite impression of power—quiet, self-sufficing, conscious power; but beyond this—nothing. All you can see are eyes, nose, mouth, and the blank stone wall of an expression from which no amount of scrutiny will enable you to draw a hint of the thought within.

But of one thing you are quite certain: These men are clearly capable of achievements very different from the accustomed ways of the Occidental world, and after you have observed them well you begin to understand that ditch at Mukden and many other things in the dazzling Japanese records.

At Mukden, you will remember, the Russians made a last stand in a fortified position regarded as impregnable. About the high entrenchment ran a ditch of extraordinary depth and width, the bottom bristling with sharp stakes and barbed wire. Batteries of rapid-fire guns commanded every inch of the approach.

During the attack the time came when a

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BARON YAMAMOTO,
Minister of the Navy.

MARQUIS ITO,
The "father" of Japan's Constitution.

COUNT INONYE,
One of the Elder Statesmen.

charge was necessary. A column advanced at the double-quick. Rank after rank disappeared into the ditch to be shot, crushed, and mangled. When a sufficient number had been sacrificed to fill the ditch from side to side, fresh troops crossed the bridge of dead bodies and stormed the wall.

It is in these people to do such things, just as it is in them to startle the world with new tactics in commerce and political economy. To endure the worst situation without complaining, to better it by any possible expedient, however unprecedented, to devise constantly an improvement upon old methods, and to win for Japan in every undertaking — these are the Japanese ideas to which the rest of the world must needs pay heed. The little brown men with the stone-wall faces feel no sense of timidity or awe in facing governmental problems. Ancient formulas hold no terrors for them. The Emperor advises with the elder statesmen who compose his much-respected but constitutionally unrecognized Privy Council, the watchful commissions and experts make their careful reports, Parliament debates and decides. The result may be highly shocking to our own beautifully logical views, but it remains and it is effective.

I have told something of the new Japanese methods of banking and business. Here are a few more illustrations:

FRONT OF TEMPORARY PARLIAMENT HOUSE, TOKYO.

More than the world suspects, the Russian war strained Japanese resources; for the Japanese are the modern Spartans: no one knows when they are hurt. The interests of Japanese credit demanded that while the war was on, gold should not be largely exported, for heavy gold exports would be announced in every part of the world as the sure sign of trouble. Those shrewd, cool-headed men that among so many rocks and shoals steer the Japanese ship, watched narrowly the

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Photograph by Sutow, Tokyo.

GENERAL COUNT KATSURA,
Ex-Prime Minister of Japan.

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SURGEON-GENERAL OCHIAI,
Of the Third Imperial Army.

Photograph by Maruki, Tokyo.

COUNT MATSUKATA,
Ex-Minister of Finance.

safety gage of the exchange rate as it rose and rose. Very well they knew the point at which large exports would begin, and when the indicator was close to the danger line they acted in a way without precedent among governments. Three foreign banking corporations do most of the foreign banking business in Japan. The Specie Bank is a Japanese institution over which the government has a secret control. On a certain day the management of the Specie Bank opened with the three foreign banks negotiations concerning the rate of exchange, and the result was that the three banks agreed to take the daily rate as it should be announced by the Specie Bank. But it was also agreed that these banks should send to the Specie Bank memoranda of the amount they would have made by exporting gold if the rate of exchange had been allowed to take its normal course, and every day the Specie Bank paid to the foreign banks the amounts represented by these memoranda. Naturally the money thus paid came out of the Japanese treasury. And that is why little gold was exported from Japan in the worst days of the war stress.

Given a government willing to engage as trader and manufacturer in every-day commercial pursuits and equipped with extraordinary adroitness in managing and concealing its operations, and the problems it can make for other nations are not to be solved by text-books.

JAPANESE PEASANTS.

Once we had good export to Japan of bicycles, for the Japanese make much use of these things. After a time the Japanese, following an invariable custom, took our bicycles to pieces and squatted upon the parts. Soon they began to make bicycles of their own. Then the government helped to establish bicycle factories. Now the new tariff will impose an import duty of forty-five per cent. on foreign bicycles, and when that goes into effect our Jap-

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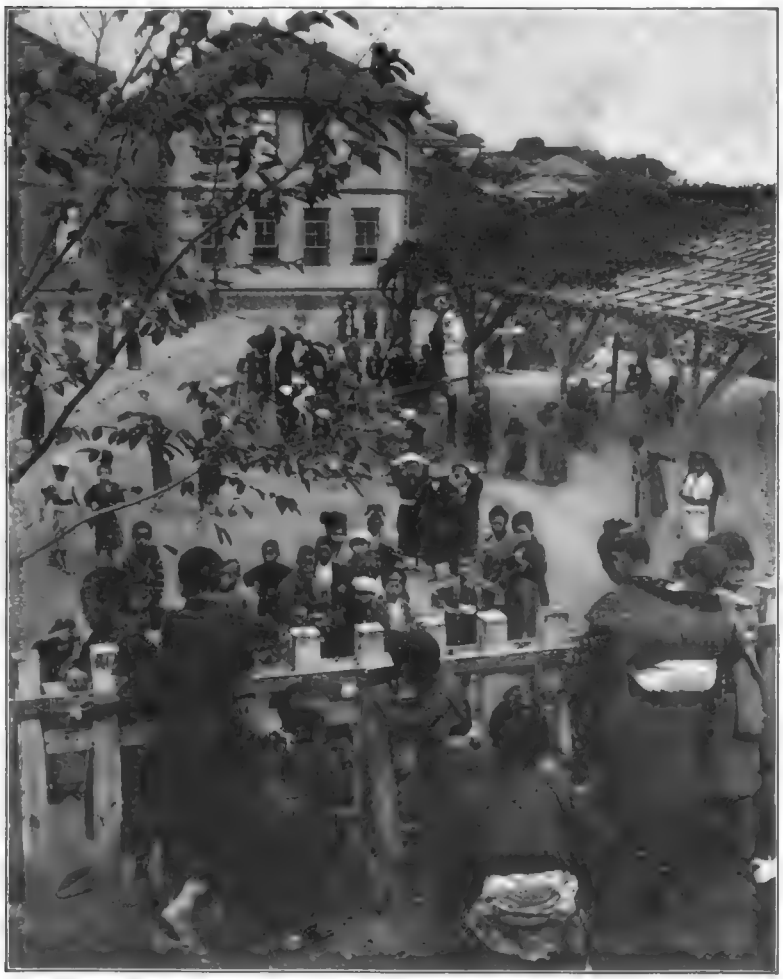
anese bicycle trade will be among our reminiscences. Not only that, but the Chinese are beginning to take kindly to bicycles, and Japan, having a working population, capable, intelligent, industrious, and with a low standard of living, will be able to supply the Chinese demand.

The Japanese are making their own cotton goods (under government encouragement), they are beginning to make their own woolen goods (under government encouragement), and they look forward to the time when, by methods similar to those used in the tobacco business, they will be making these goods for the Orient. German cotton spinners and English woolen weavers are beginning to glimpse the meaning of these developments. For the time being Japan is importing from us the raw cotton she uses; but the government's experiments in cotton-growing in Formosa and southern Japan foreshadow the pleasant surprise she has in store for our cotton exporters. Japan for the Japanese, commercially, and work and wages for those increasing populations—to these great ends wars are but incidents.



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SCHOOLHOUSE AND GROUNDS AT YOKOHAMA.

What shall be the limit to the performances of a nation that cares nothing about precedent, is not awed by vested interests, is possessed of a demon of patriotism, and cannot be bound by any convention or treaty that it is determined to break? For in treaty-making this is the great slippery eel of nations; you shall never know when you have it fast. With us Japan has covenanted at our earnest request that she will not subsidize certain industries—for instance, tea export. Some years ago she set apart an annual appropriation for the Japanese Tea Guild. Subsidy? Not at all, said the Japanese Government, nothing in the way of a subsidy. It was merely to advertise Japanese teas, advertisement having been made necessary by the serious and growing competition of Ceylon and Assam teas. I am told that about one per cent. of the money was actually used for advertising. The rest went to pay the expenses of branch tea-houses opened in New York, Boston, Montreal, Chicago, and elsewhere. Why were these branch houses

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FRONT OF THEATRE AT TOKYO.

desired? Because for years foreign firms, chiefly American, had possessed the tea exporting trade of Japan, and the government was determined to secure that trade for Japanese interests. Foreign governments protested at Tokyo. They wasted their time. With that faultless politeness that is one of the charming traits of the Japanese, the government officials gave assurance of their most distinguished consideration — and renewed the appropriation. It lapsed while the war was on, because Japan had need elsewhere for all her funds; but now the government has in hand an act that will finish the work begun by the appropriation and effectively put the foreign tea-houses out of business.

Of course it is very wrong for Japan to go into trade. It was very wrong for Germany to defy the economic authorities and show Japan the way to this sad misconduct. But the real question for us is not the economic ethics of this sort of thing, but what we are going to do about it. When your trade is failing and threatened with extinction, nothing is accomplished by denouncing the ill manners of the gentleman that is choking it. Japan ought not to go into trade. But that is what she has done, and now as surely as day follows night we shall have painful cause to note the consequences.

Sometimes the Japanese Government does not proceed along its chosen path without stubbing its toes. One of its cherished designs is to add to its lucrative business the exclusive manufacture of matches. This is quite in line with the rest, for the match industry is one of the sprouts of government culture, and speaking generally the governmental policy seems to be that as soon as an industry begins to make profits from sales abroad, that industry is to be added to the government's enterprises. Accordingly, a bill was prepared two years ago for the taking over of all the match factories. As I have tried to point out before, the battle between private gain and the Common Good is world-wide. In Japan the influences corresponding to our Rockefellers and Morgans are chiefly comprised in the great Mitsui family. The Mitsuis own banks, railroads, factories. They were heavily interested in the match business, and did not relish the prospective loss of its rich profits. Moreover, in common with other great families and interests, they regarded the government's intrusion into trade as revolutionary, fraught with peril to the better classes, and not to be endured by those to whom Providence in its wisdom had entrusted the property interests of the country. So they brought

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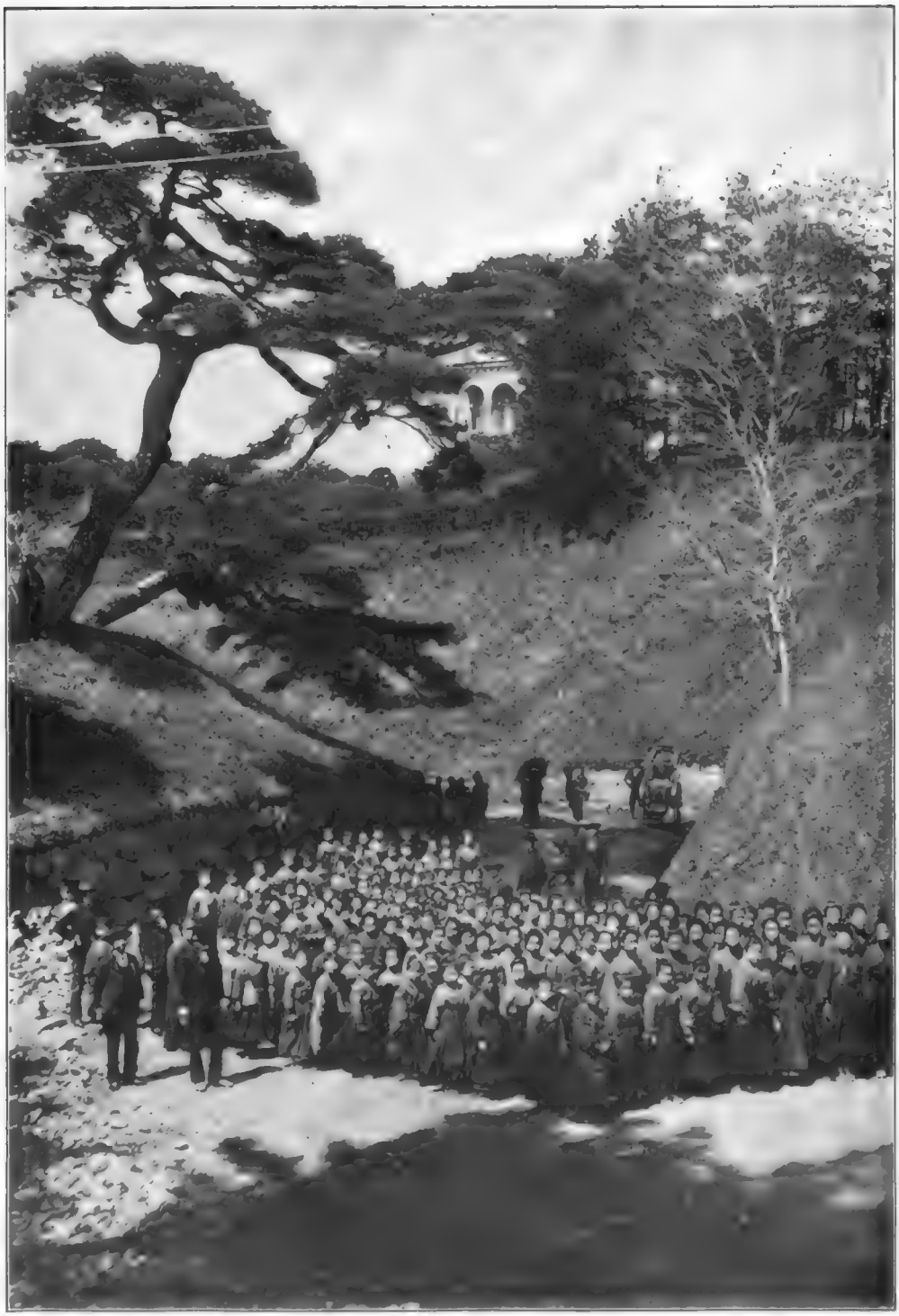

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THE RESIDENCE OF PRINCE FUSHIMI, NEAR TOKYO. THE CHILDREN ARE ON THEIR WAY TO A CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL.

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certain influences to bear upon the National House of Representatives and defeated the Match Bill. It was like America; experienced Americans watching the progress of the bill almost fancied they were at home.

The government was defeated, and the Match Bill was dropped. But the Japanese are patient; they can always wait. The Match Bill is coming up again before long, and this time it will pass. This is not a government that must needs twice learn its lessons. It had its lesson about matches and the Mitsuis. Consequently it is now proceeding in a way to eliminate the Mitsuis from its future problems.

I will tell about this later. For the present I want to relate the other instance wherein notably (for the time being) the stalwart government suffered defeat.

Silk is one of the greatest interests of Japan. Control of the silk industry is vested in the Silk Guild. Control of the Silk Guild is vested in the government. Much silk spinning and weaving is done in Japanese households. But no one may sell raw silk until it has been offered to the Silk Guild. That is law.

Many foreign houses are engaged in exporting Japanese silk. In years gone by their profits have been exceedingly fair to look upon. Japan is pleasant for residence. The houses did well and their representatives were happy. But the Japanese Government desires to have this agreeable business for the Japanese. So it drew a bill providing for government inspection (at the exporter's cost) of all silk intended for export. The exact operations of this bill are too intricate to explain here, but in a general way it would reveal to the government inspectors the secret of the foreign exporters' business. Some features of the bill seemed to bear harshly upon the small producers. An adverse agitation was begun and so managed that it secured the bill's defeat in the House. But no well-informed person seems to doubt that in some form it will come up again and will pass.

Japan for the Japanese, not through violence, nor hostility, nor forcible exclusion, but still Japan for the Japanese. Not less than other peoples they have grown weary of being exploited. From this time on they are to exploit themselves.

So the time seems to be past for sitting about and discussing the learned authorities and the theoretical phases of government ownership and government trading. These may be very bad, they may even be "the greatest calamity that can befall a nation," but that is not the question here. The question for us is what we are going to do about our commerce thus threatened with disaster in the Pacific. No doubt we can walk the old ways and let the Japanese locomotive run over our trade and destroy it, and we can still survive. But as to that, one little suggestion:

If it should be destroyed and we should become commercially extinct in the Pacific—how about the Philippines?

CHAPTER XXI

THE GOVERNMENT AS A RAILROAD COMPANY

A GOVERNMENT like this, ceaselessly watching economic developments around the world, could not long overlook the issue between private and public ownership of public utilities.

The first Japanese railroads were built by the government; but when the system was organized the government encouraged private companies to construct other lines until the privately owned railroads much overshadowed in number and importance the original government lines. The government lines continued to be public property, but were not notably extended; the private lines grew in all directions. At the close of 1904, 4,495 miles of railroad were open to traffic, of which 3,150 were owned by private companies and 1,345 by the government.

Many other matters besides the obvious trend of events in Europe drew Japanese attention to the public-ownership problem. The government found that control of the railroads was indispensable to its vast plans for industrial and commercial progress. Unless it could make the rates to the seaboard it could not put Japanese manufactures in the way to crowd competition from the foreign markets. Moreover, the revenues derived from the state operations in the tobacco and salt trades had become important items in the budget; the state was making money in its business ventures, it was securing an income that, without grievous tax burdens upon the people, it could not secure in any other way. The idea was impressed upon the statesmen that the state might as easily as the companies reap the golden harvest of railroad traffic. Some of the private companies had indeed fared of the best. The Nippon Company was making annual dividends of ten and eleven per cent.; the

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Kobu, of twelve and thirteen; the Sangu, of fourteen to eighteen; the Nankai, of eight to ten. Scarcely a private railroad in Japan was failing to return profit, and meantime there was the suggestive fact that the Tokaido line, the chief possession of the government, turned into the national treasury year by year fifteen to sixteen per cent. on the cost of construction. In 1904 the net earnings of this line were $4,385,299, the net earnings of all the state railroads were $5,106,107, of the private railroads, $9,548,854—and the government needed the money.

But in truth the government had long been turning over the project, turning it over and studying in the true Japanese manner every phase of it, absorbing the details, taking it to pieces as the man dissected the Mauser. Some of those noiseless-footed, soft-spoken, gimlet-eyed commissions went around the world examining the systems of all the great nations. They studied the state-owned railroads of Germany and the private-owned railroads of England. They saw what Hungary had done and what Austria was trying to do. They went over the French method of state control. They studied the lately adopted state system of Switzerland. They weighed one country against another like a man weighing precious stones. They looked down from the gallery of the United States Senate and read the names of great railroad companies on the collar of this puppet and that. They saw the strings that led to Wall Street and, being pulled, caused this senator and that to dance. They gathered the significance of "the System"; they saw the path beaten by august feet to the stock tickers; they learned how senator after senator owed his place only to the railroad or trust that owned him body and soul. They learned the story of the Louisville & Nashville; of Mr. Depew and the New York Central; of Platt and his methods; of the puppets of the Pennsylvania; of the means by which the Western railroads manage state conventions, choose candidates, elect legislatures, and buy city councils. They learned about campaign subscriptions and how political parties are maintained from railroad and trust treasuries. They learned the story of the millions raised by the railroad companies for the political campaign of 1896. They saw how "the System" worked, how it was absorbing one railroad after another, how its investments were like a rolling snowball, certain to become an avalanche. They learned how men really desirous to maintain the democratic form of government were overwhelmed and silenced by a power that owned or controlled newspapers, distorted the news in the eyes of the public, dominated Congress, debauched public men, maintained political machines, and subtly and secretly steered the national government wheresoever it would. They learned how the great corporations were substituting irresponsible autocracy supported by corruption for the only kind of government that can endure the shock of modern conflict. They saw and learned and absorbed all these things and went home; and perhaps in view of all they observed it was not so wonderful that even at the least propitious time the government determined to put an end to private railroad ownership in Japan.

The time seemed inopportune because the war was barely over and the country was all but crushed by the load the war had caused. Nobody but a few of the leaders is likely ever to know the terrific nature of the financial struggle that kept Japan on her feet while the war lasted. Japan is not a rich nation; her natural resources are not great. At all times she must make her way by skill and audacity more than by natural wealth. To a country three times as strong as Japan the war might have seemed monstrously expensive. To Japan it was a burden she must for years strain every muscle to support. And now to add to her debt the purchase of railroads of which the construction account is $116,252,552 would seem to the outsider an extremely hazardous step.

Yet no doubt it is deemed by the men at the helm a thing unavoidable if they are to carry out their plans for the future greatness of Japan, or if they are only to provide for that terrible and growing problem of population that at every turn confronts them.

The plan by which the private railroads are to be bought contains features calculated to shock the American mind. By the terms of the original charters the government was to have after certain years the option of purchase, but the period has in no case elapsed, and in most cases it is twenty or more years away. Yet it is now purposed that following the lines of the Berlin decision, noted some chapters back, the needs of the Common Good shall be held to be superior to individual rights or vested interests, and the government shall, if need be, seize the property of its citizens. Moreover, the compensation for this seizure seems arranged in a way that does violence to our ideas of propriety. No reference is made to the market price

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of any stocks, bonds, or other securities. The widows and orphans are wholly disregarded. Each road is to be purchased on the basis of its construction cost to date plus an additional sum computed on the average rate of profits for six half years between 1902 and 1905. The purchase is to be completed any time within five years, and the owners receive, not cash, but Japanese government bonds bearing five per cent. interest, calculated on the basis of the average market price of the bonds six months before the purchase, the bonds being deliverable within two years.

Like it or dislike it, the companies will have no recourse but to sell. They cannot ask a supreme court like ours to nullify the plans of government, because in Japan they have never thought it well to hamper their progress with a power superior to and independent of the national will. They cannot enter upon a long-drawn-out legal contest with tons of briefs and cargoes of precedents, with appeals and new trials and irreconcilable decisions, because Japan, being still barbarous, no doubt, is not equipped with these accessories of a benevolent and advanced civilization. Under this bill all they can do is to sell, and sell whenever the government wishes to buy and at the government's price, and keep still about it, although in the case of the Nippon Railroad alone the poor widows and orphans stand to lose $40,000,000 from the gambling value of their shares.

The appearance of the bill about the first of March caused an animated public discussion. Of all the people in the world the Japanese have the steeliest temper. To lose in anger or bitterness the serenity of one's self-control is in Japanese eyes unpardonable. Nobody got mad about the railroad bill, but I judge that the stock gamblers of Tokyo came as near to anger as Japanese ethics will allow. All the native newspapers debated the measure, and a majority unsparingly condemned it. Also much wisdom of a foreign origin kindly illuminated the situation for the Diet. In the larger Japanese ports are published many English newspapers. With few exceptions these strenuously opposed the measure. All the influences that believe they have a call to show the Japanese what to do and how to do it were a unit in opposition.

More to the purpose, the native writers objected vigorously to the proposed increase of the country's obligations, to the involved danger to the country's credit, and to the probability of impaired service. So far the privately owned railroads had done better than the government lines. No government could do anything so well as individuals could do it. To the public a loss of efficiency in service seemed certain. Government roads cost more to operate than private roads and rendered, it was said, an inferior service. Moreover, it was manifestly unfair to compel the owners of these railroads to sell their property at a price arbitrarily fixed by the government. In good faith persons had bought at current market rates the shares of the private companies. It was now proposed to inflict upon these innocent purchasers a loss that had not even palliation in a national necessity.

The state railroads with a mileage of 1,344 cost $79,313,135 to construct, forty-one private railroads with a mileage of 4,485 cost $116,252,552.

	State.	Private.
Average gross earnings a mile	$7,842	$5,783
Average expenses a mile	3,859	2,678
Average net earnings a mile	3,983	3,105
Percentage of expenses to receipts	49.2	46.2
Construction a mile	51,814	36,121*
Average monthly wages a mile	7.75	6.65

In the discussions of the bill stress was laid upon the facts that the private railroads had only twelve employees to a mile while the state railroads had seventeen; that, according to the total receipts, passenger and freight rates on the state railroads were slightly higher than on the private railroads, and more to the same purpose.

When the bill reached the Lower House of the National Diet all these reasons and many others were presented with great force by Opposition members. Japanese orators are commonly ready and eloquent. I was told that the oratory of the House had not often reached a higher level than on the debate on this bill. With great skill and learning the attack of the Opposition was led against it; the English newpaper reports of the speeches seemed to me to contain every known argument against public ownership. But the word was out that the government needed the bill to further and defend the greatness of Japan, and that the railroad companies had planned

* These are the figures given in the Fifth Financial and Economical Annual of Japan, 1905, issued by the Department of Finance. They are, however, only approximately accurate.

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to form a trust on American lines, and when on March 16 the vote came the bill was carried by 243 to 109.

Some chance was left to beat it in the House of Peers. An English newspaper earnestly appealed to the corporation and financial interests to avert the threatened blow to property and capital by raising a large fund and securing by modern methods the defeat of the bill. If this was done it seems to have been ineffective. After a thorough debate in the Peers the bill on March 27 passed by 205 to 62.

Hence Japan is now launched irrevocably upon the public-ownership road traveled by so many European nations, and the chorus of dismal prophecy redoubles. Revenge by offended capital as pictured by the fervent Opposition may be deemed too fantastic to be likely; but other pitfalls are less visionary. The real strain of the war debt is coming about eighteen months hence when the bills will fall due. The Domestic debts amount to $465,028,027, the Foreign debts to $460,205,154, making a total, exclusive of treasury notes, of $925,233,181. Taxes are heavy, the war increased the cost of living, wages (as invariably happens) have not kept pace with that advance, the recent prices of Japanese securities have been alarmingly low, all things seem shaped for trouble. But the men that conduct Japanese affairs are exceedingly clever and able; very reasonably we may believe they have in store a surprise for the financial world as great as that whereby they overwhelmed the military experts. No Occidental can pretend to fathom the Japanese mind, nor to gage its possibilities.

On the human side of these matters it is not to be denied that great numbers of Japanese people live in poverty and privation, that beggars are not unknown, that the plague is bad in Kobe, that the great cities are overcrowded and often they are unsanitary. Yet with Japanese tenacity the government grips all these problems for their solution, and evidence abounds that conditions improve; day by day and visibly, they improve. For the government forces sanitary systems, the epidemics decline, the public health is better, the beggars grow fewer, and notably from year to year the state of the man at the bottom of the pile is ameliorated.

Observe then the significance of this table:

THE RISE IN WAGES IN JAPAN—AVERAGE DAILY WAGE TABLE

(In American Money)

	1887	1897	1903
Blacksmith	$.10*	$.19	$.26
Plasterer	.11	.21	.30
Carpenter	.11	.21	.29
Day Laborer	.08	.14	.20
Weaver	.06	.11	.16
Farm Laborer (Male)	.06	.14	.15
Farm Laborer (Female)	.03	.07	.09
Typesetter	.11	.14	.20
Tailor	.09	.15	.23
Cabinetmaker	.10	.19	.26
Paper-Hanger	.10	.19	.28
Stonecutter	.12	.23	.34
Mat Worker	.10	.19	.25
Potter	.09	.15	.20
Shipbuilder	.11	.22	.30
Tile Roofer	.12	.23	.32
Sawyer	.10	.21	.28
Dyer	.08	.14	.16
Tobacco Worker	.08	.17	.26
Shingle Roofer	.10	.21	.28
Screen and Door Maker	.10	.18	.27
Oil Presser	.09	.16	.20
Confectioner	.06	.13	.17
Silk Spinner (Female)	.05	.09	.09
Shoemaker	...	.19	.26
Harnessmaker	...	.19	.30
Coatmaker	...	.17	.24

* Minute fractions are omitted in this table.

Of their strange experiments the Japanese may make absolute disaster. When the strain begins of their prodigious war expenditures their whole house may fall upon their heads. But at least nothing so far in their career indicates such a result as probable.

"We never turn back," say the little brown men.

One thing we should not overlook. With only a measure of democracy, with only a modicum of education, Japan has done things at which we are compelled to marvel. She is now to have universal education, before long she is to have advanced democracy.

What then?

For as caste waxes with us it wanes in Japan. As the democratic ideals fade with us they become stronger in Japan. The measure of any nation's strength is the measure of its democracy. The rise of Japan has kept exact pace with the rise of her plain people that work with their hands and have no rank and no station, the people that in all lands and all times are the sole source of power and progress.

In the September installment of "***Soldiers of the Common Good***" Mr. Russell will dwell upon the development of government ownership in that most advanced of all the communities which have been experimenting with new theories of political economy, New Zealand.

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WHISTLING SANDY

By ROY NORTON

Illustrations by Will Crawford

"ZIRA-A-A-A-O-OH!" sang the bullet as it passed on its way through the air over Sandy Smith's flaming head.

Sandy crouched down behind the boulders, nonchalantly peering through a crevice, searched in his pockets for a few more crumbs of tobacco, and made sundry comments in a cheerful tone of voice.

"Gittin' some closer, I reckon. Shootin' some better, anyhow. Guess you got to keep closer under cover, Sandy, if you want to stick it out till some feller comes along."

Then he sought a fresh loophole in his little breastwork of rocks and waited patiently for a target, whiling away the time with whistling. The fact that out in front of him were stretched the carcasses of his three pack-mules and the bodies of four Apache bucks who had shown more valor than discretion, appeared to have for him no disturbing suggestions. Indeed, he seemed mildly interested in looking at the nearest Indian victim and in speculating as to the location of the vital wound.

"Never have figured out how it took," said Sandy, talking aloud between whistles. "He fell straight, he didn't kick none when he went down. Reckon it was up to him to do some wigglin'; 'stead of that he just lays there with his ugly mug turned this way and naterally passes in his hand. If I had more than a dozen cartridges I expect I'd put another in him just to keep my hand in."

And in the meanwhile the savages continued to shoot at the little fortress on the hill, the sun beat down relentlessly on the tragedy, and one of the wounded mules ever and again groaned out its dying agonies with strange contortions. Little shimmers of heat twisted the shadows of the rocks out over the desert, and the sage-brush and cactus took on the look of forests. The trail down which in the morning hours Sandy with his outfit had whistled a way, to fall into an ambuscade at the end, glowed like a stream of dull silver. Sunshine and silence held the day save when the rifles cracked from behind some rock. The packer read as though outlined on paper the plan of campaign against him. He knew that his marksmanship had proved too much for the bravery of Geronimo's men early in the fight and that he would be held there by this desultory firing until nightfall, after which would come the long shadows, the weirdness of the moonlight, the in-firing, the tightening of the circle, and the final rush.

"But it's a great bluff you're workin' with your dozen shots, Sandy," he said to himself as he reviewed the day's work. "As long as they think you have plenty of water and some grub and a heap of shells, they ain't goin' to rush the game. Maybe some other fellers will come along and help. Maybe I can sneak away if it gets cloudy and I can hold 'em off. Maybe I'll have to let go, though, at the end. Humph!"

And at the conclusion of his reflections he recommenced a merry whistling. Apparently the waiting Apaches wondered what manner of man this cheerful, bright-haired one might be. For one brave grew too bold and stretched an inquisitive ear from behind the shelter of his rock. Stretched once too often and became a testimonial to the expert marksmanship of the whistler, who watched him leap into the air and fall, a distorted heap.

"Whe-ew, but that did start 'em goin' again," was Sandy's next comment as a fierce fusillade of bullets splashed and flattened against his little barricade or went singing and droning through the air over his head. "Eleven now," he said, tallying up his little store of ammunition, when the attack had ceased.

Sandy then smoked dreamily and ruminated over the prospect of relief, varying his

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scrutiny of the surrounding rocks by looking upward at intervals at several black specks that swung high in the air.

"Them buzzards," said Sandy, "is just like some folks. Always loafin' around a little war-paint of my own. Sun's mighty hot. Guess 'taint goin' down at all to-day. Been up there in the same place for nigh on to four hours. Poor old Jack!" he continued inconsequently. "You're doin' a heap of

"JACK, THERE AIN'T BUT SEVEN LEFT."

waitin' for some one else to get their grub ready for 'em, and then they don't have nothin' to do but come lazily floatin' down, sayin' to each other, 'We knowed we'd git it bimeby.' Maybe they're up there now sayin' to each other, 'Come on, dinner's most ready. We're goin' to eat old Sandy Smith purty soon, so git your bill whetted.'"

"Only nine cartridges left," he said a minute later, when he had answered a fresh attack. Then with a shade of annoyance, "Pshaw! I reckon them last two missed, 'cause there don't seem to be nothin' whatever doin'." The whistle began again, but a little plaintively.

Up in the air the specks multiplied and grew larger.

A splash of lead from a deflected bullet cut a quick red streak across Sandy's eyes. "Most provokin'," he said as he festooned a bandanna around it. "Reckon I'm gittin' sufferin' down there. You've been a mighty good pardner of mine. There you go again, tryin' to lift your head. Reckon they shot you through the shoulders or back somewhere.

"Never shall forget how you used to come up to the camp-fire at night and beg a biscuit out of my hand." Then as the wounded burro made another convulsive struggle, the lone voice again drawled, "Mighty unhuman of them Geronimo fellers not to put you out of your misery. They ought ter, because they've got more shells than me."

The whistle changed from "Come all ye Texas rangers" to a tune with forlorn wails, and finally stopped.

"There was twelve in the chamber. One got that feller lyin' farthest out and the next two didn't seem to do business. Three from twelve leaves nine."

Then the droning voice took up the count

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from sixteen to make sure, rehearsing the final history of each cartridge. The handkerchief became soggy and the blood ran into Sandy's eyes. The sun held its place in the sky, but seemed to concentrate its rays directly upon him. He uncomplainingly unbound the scarlet bandage from his head, wrung it out, and readjusted it. The whistle subsided save at intervals, when it gave but a bar or two of different tunes. Sometimes they were a trifle mixed. Two more ineffectual shots went out from the barricade, and Sandy vaguely wondered what was the matter with his aim. Monotonously he began a recount of the cartridges.

"Jack, there ain't but seven left. I can't afford it, damn it. Yet you was a good pardner. You ain't nothin' but a little mule, but you're down thar dependin' on me. I heard what you said. Says you, 'Sandy, you ain't goin' to let me lie here and suffer this way forever, are you? Don't you remember me? I'm little Jack who's packed your stuff across this desert for six years. And Sandy, I hain't never done nothin' to deserve all this misery. Can't you help me out, old pal?' I hears you sayin' that to me. Oyah! Jack!"

The Indians stopped firing and silence held for a minute as Sandy waited for an answer. The tiny burro heard the shout and resumed the pitiful struggle. Across the glare of the sand and the immovable clumps of desert growth his groanings came to Sandy.

"I reckon I have been selfish, little Jack," be called weirdly in reply. "I understood just what you said, that I was a mean old cuss, and a hell of a pardner to leave you out there; but you see there ain't but seven left."

The whistlings, vague and fitful, were more disconnected. "Seven cartridges," he counted. "It's selfish of me, jest as he said. If I give him one, there's six left; five for Mister Geronimo and one for me."

The lead began to splatter again, and Sandy's hand shook as he sighted at the wounded burro, his finger twitching on the trigger and his mind running over with expostulations because he saw many wounded animals instead of one. And they all looked alike and all writhed in torment. And to them all he bade "good-by" as he concentrated his attention and took a fresh grip on the rifle-stock.

"Must have shot the wrong one," he said after the first report, "and that only leaves six. Got to try again. Can't go back on a friend."

At the second report the burro twisted once, then lay still, while up behind the barricade Sandy wept unrestrainedly and babbled of the sad extremity that necessitated the merciful ending of a friend.

The black specks were now huge birds lazily watching the seemingly endless conflict. The sun's rays began to flicker. They no longer smote steadily. They would stop for a minute, then reach down and strike heavy blows on Sandy's head, mostly around his temples. Sandy expostulated with the sun in his drawling voice for this unkindness to a man who had so much other business to attend to out in front, and complainingly said it was "no square deal to a feller what hadn't never done nothin' to you, Mister Sun." His remarks to the floating, swooping black specks, too, became arguments, in which he explained that he had no objections to their settling down pretty soon on the Indians or two of the gray burros stretched out so wearily, but he did hate to have them touch Jack. "He ain't nothin' but what's left of a very dear friend of mine," he said, "but he was a good old pal and I kind of hates to see you goin' after him so reckless. Wait a leetle while and maybe you can have me," he concluded whimsically, and then laughed loudly again and again at his own joke. "Pretty good, that," he reiterated; "I said wait a little bit and maybe you can have me. He-he-he-he."

The whistle became more regular. The shooting from outside failed to disturb him as he lay sprawled carelessly on the ground, paying small heed to the sun.

"I recollect back in Missouri when I was a boy, I was a real whistler," he said, continuing the idle conversation with himself. "Maybe I could whistle to them birds up there the way I used ter to the little things down in granddad's medder, and get 'em to understand and leave Jack alone. Them other birds and the squirrels used to come peekin' out of the woods and when I sat real still, they used to know me and come and sit all around while I tried to teach 'em tunes. Them orioles always liked this tune best, the one that went this-a-way." And then the whistle changed to a soft monotone, long drawn and steady.

But the big black birds of ill omen heeded not; only swept in slower circles and waited.

Sandy lost his count of cartridges, and he

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grew hot and angry. He swore at the sun for striking him so regularly on the head. He damned the big black birds for their insolence. They were so insistent; so very insistent. And the Indians, too, what a pack of cowards they were! If he just had a box of cartridges, he could whip them all. Do it easily! Why, say—he did have a whole box of cartridges! Funny he forgot. Yes—he put one hundred shells in the chamber of his rifle that morning. Remembered, too, that it struck him as an oddity at the time that his rifle held a full hundred shells in the chamber instead of sixteen as always theretofore. His contempt of the bepainted ones out in front grew apace. Why, he could clean them all out with that number of shells. Yes, indeed! Why, say, they would all run if he just started for them in earnest. Run like greasers before a drunken cowpuncher. A drink of water would help some. God only knew how much he wanted water—had wanted it for ages now—and had wanted it most when he found that one of those stray splatters had come down from the back and cut out the side of his tin. What ever became of all the water when it laughed and gurgled out of the canteen on to the ground that way? Why, the ground got just as dry as any one else and drank it all. Of course. Mighty greedy of the ground, though, to take it all when he, Sandy Smith, who never harmed any one intentionally, who made friends with all men and all animals and all birds and all snakes, wanted a drink so much that his tongue had swollen and his lips had cracked open so they hurt when he tried to moisten them.

Well—he could go out and chase those Geronimo people away, anyhow. Why had they quit shooting? Why, there they were closer than ever and looking at him. He would show them how he could shoot. Funny that none of them doubled up in that grotesque way and fell when he fired. Nothing to do but go out and run them away with his fists.

The Indians were amazed when there suddenly leaped to the top of the boulders a big, red-headed man who yelled "Shoo!" as he charged down on them with an empty rifle which he snapped repeatedly. They chortled with Apache gutturals when they saw that he staggered as he ran, and dodged skilfully out of reach as he tried to seize them; closed in on him from all sides, heeding not his furious struggles; held down the sinewy arms that could strike so hard to right and left; overweighted the big, lithe body and threw it to the ground, and grunted with satisfaction when he lay there helplessly bound and no longer struggling.

The sun didn't want to see it. He pulled a cloud over his face, and now that it was too late began to cool off the glow, give signs of rain, and hurry over toward the western edge of the world where he could get his rest.

Geronimo understood Sandy's protruding tongue. It was too bad that the big red-headed one was wounded. There's not so much pleasure in handling a case when the victim doesn't have his right senses so that he can understand. Better give him a drink of water and bathe his head. That would give time, too, to get an assistant for the festivities. Yes, there came The Assistant, a little too big and fat, but wriggling spitefully, and jarring his big string of rattles unceasingly. A very able and well-qualified assistant.

So when the world looked right to Sandy again—heavens, how good that water tasted and how cool it felt on his head!—he suddenly realized that his opponents had not fled and that it was not a dream. He writhed in his bonds and swore at his captors, who grinned malevolently. It was not through consideration for his feelings that they let him assume a sitting posture, but so that he might better see The Assistant.

The Assistant was being held down with a forked stick while a brilliantly painted buck bound his tail with a hide thong to a driven picket. The Assistant was very indignant, and when released from the forked stick he struck repeated short, angry blows at the picket which held him and, despite the tying of his tail, tried to express his opinions with his rattles. His big diamond-shaped head seemed to swell and his eyes flared red.

Sandy understood. Now that the dreams were gone, he swore.

They stretched the riatas around his limbs and tightened them until he could not move; threw him on his belly and drove other pickets till he could no longer stir an inch; put a block of wood beneath his upraised chin and left his unprotected face turned toward the big snake, who continued his struggles with the picket holding his thonged tail.

Yes, Sandy understood. And Sandy shuddered as Geronimo's band rode away with much victorious shouting—rode away in a cloud of dust with their dead and left him alone with The Assistant.

Sandy remembered with great distinctness

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THE ASSISTANT WAS HELD DOWN WITH A FORKED STICK WHILE A BUCK BOUND HIS TAIL TO A DRIVEN PICKET.

how one time he had come upon the body of a white woman, a black, swollen, discolored thing when he found it; bound, too, exactly as he was; and with a companion—about such a reptile as The Assistant out there. Yes, she had been struck by an assistant many times and always in her unprotected face.

But it took rain. Well, there was rain coming for him. Heavy clouds those up there. Sure to rain soon.

The Assistant decided to turn his attention toward the big red-headed enemy.

Z-z-z-z-z-zip!

The thong held him too short. Again and again he struck at that white face opposite him out there. Always a little—just an inch or so—too far away. The Assistant didn't know that when the rain came, the thong at his tail would stretch with each blow so that he could strike and reach the mark. Reach it again and again. Strike it in the eyes if he wanted to, and get no resisting blow in return.

Sandy knew. And he wondered how long it took after the rain started; how fast the thong would stretch as it became springy and spongy and water-soaked. He regretted that he had not tried to see how many times that woman had been struck, but he just couldn't then, because the poor thing with her long, matted, golden hair had looked so terrible. Ah—so terrible!

A drop of rain fell on the back of his neck. He shuddered with terror.

Ah, there came another, and another! It wouldn't be long now. Would God be kind and let it rain fast and hard so that it wouldn't take so long? No. It stopped and the sun came out at intervals, but the clouds were still there, at once threatening hideous death and withholding the blessed deluge that would make it come quickly. But perhaps even occasional showers would be better than lying there to-morrow with the sun beating down on him and The Assistant.

Poor Assistant! He, too, would suffer. And he didn't understand. All he knew was that his tail was tied and that there before him lay one of the kind of animals that had wrought this insult upon him, this insult restraining him from his freedom. Yes, The Assistant

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would suffer as he, too, died there at his picket.

The Assistant struck at him again. Oh, so close that time! Why, Sandy thought he had struck him. Maybe The Assistant would understand if it were all explained to him. He would tell him. It was hard work to talk because the sun had turned against him again as it did back there on the hill and was striking him on the temples, striking repeatedly, and each time it hurt his head worse. But he would talk to The Assistant.

"You and I ain't no enemies. I never done nothin' to you and here you are just frantic and pretty nigh jumpin' clean out of your pretty skin to hit me in the face. Don't you know I never hurt nobody in all my life unless they hurt me first? Why, say, if I had met you curled up on a pile of rocks, I wouldn't have done nothin' to you, but just sit maybe a minute and watch you, and then laugh when you saw me and curled up and finally crawled off into your hole. When I was a little feller I used to whistle to lots of snakes like you, and they would just listen and then uncoil and bimeby crawl away easy when they got hungry. And I used to think some of 'em was like the birds and maybe if they could talk would say, 'Sandy, you're a hell of a feller, but you're a harmless sort of cuss, and we all likes you.' Oh, you're gettin' tired, are you, and are going to take a little rest? Well, I'll just whistle to you and show you what made all the boys call me Whistlin' Sandy when I was a small chap."

When the tired detachment from the Ninth Cavalry swung toward the setting sun, cursing dejectedly because Geronimo the Cruel had again escaped, they heard whistling.

Nor did it cease when they came upon its cause: Just a big red-headed man with his face toward a huge rattler that lay silently watching as though charmed by the dreamy, croony, liquid sound that unceasingly went on —went on after the man was lifted to his feet and gazed with insane eyes at his rescuers— went on until he saw a trooper strike off the head of the rattler with his saber. Then the red-headed one pitched madly forward and fell, and, as he stumbled to his knees and feet again, cried, "For God's sake, why did you kill him? He never done nothin' to you, and I had explained it all to him and told him how if he let me alone and just listened to my whistle maybe we'd both live somehow. Why, even the birds here in granddad's medder," and he waved his arms upward in a sweeping gesture toward the imaginary trees, "is ashamed of you."

And then as they led him away, babbling, he sobbed and cried with the long wails of delirium because The Assistant had been killed.

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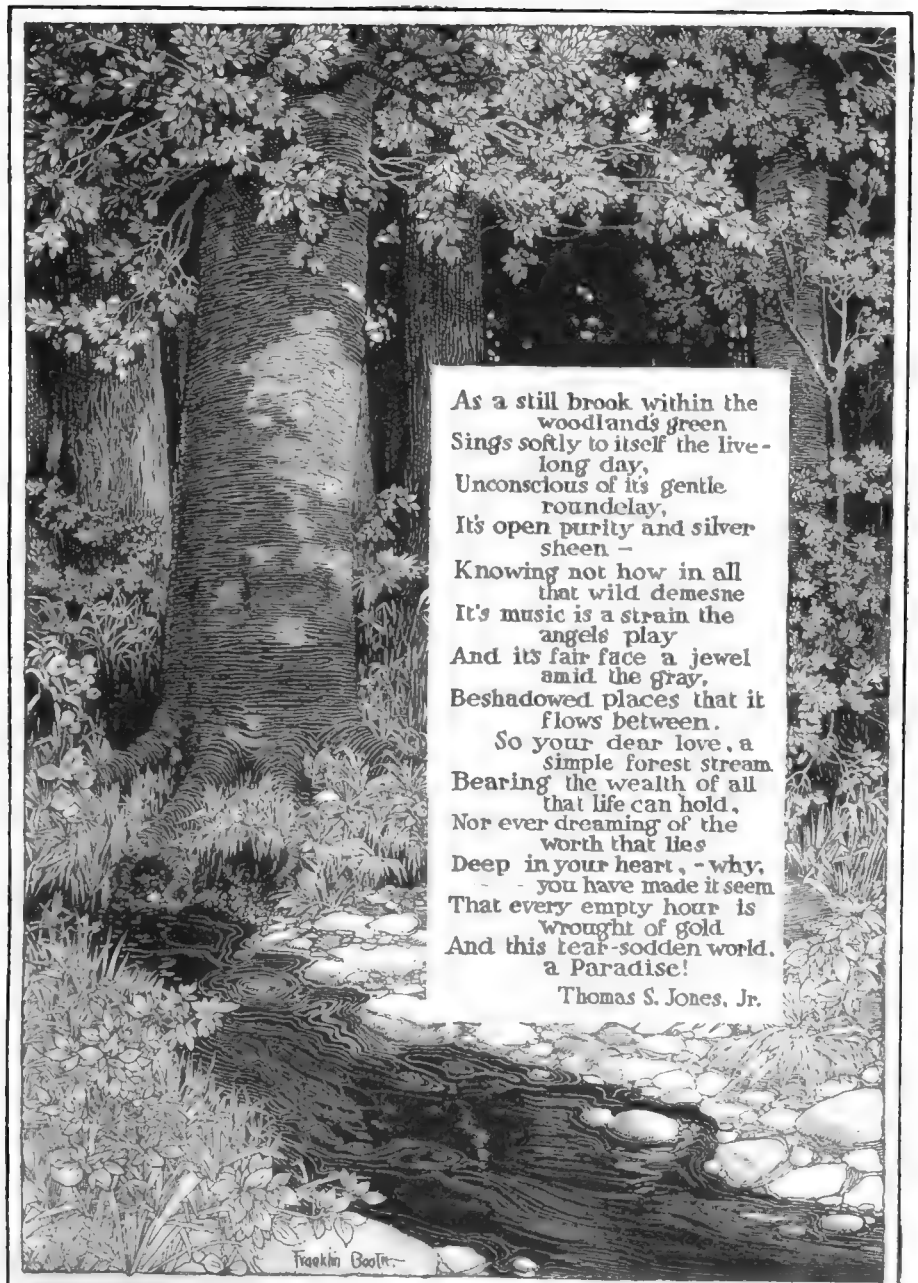
As a still brook within the
woodland's green
Sings softly to itself the live-
long day,
Unconscious of its gentle
roundelay,
Its open purity and silver
sheen –
Knowing not how in all
that wild demesne
It's music is a strain the
angels play
And its fair face a jewel
amid the gray,
Beshadowed places that it
flows between.
So your dear love, a
simple forest stream
Bearing the wealth of all
that life can hold,
Nor ever dreaming of the
worth that lies
Deep in your heart, – why,
you have made it seem
That every empty hour is
wrought of gold
And this tear-sodden world,
a Paradise!
Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
Franklin Booth
AS · A · STILL · BROOK · WITHIN · THE ·
WOODLAND'S · GREEN ·

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THE PRESIDENT'S STUDY. MIDNIGHT, APRIL 13TH.

The Muck-Raker

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

THE press says I invented muck-raking. The "System" shrieks it. Throughout the land and Marsward echoes "He's the muck-raker."

Why should I burden time with my protest while dangling from time's tail-board are a yearning scribble-pad and a live pencil quivering to record the answer to a nation's query, "What is a muck-raker?"

The "System's" screamers are flailing the land with their frantic "Muck-raker he! Muck-rakers they!" Men folk knit their brows and mothers draw their children to their skirts as in the days when the burgomaster staff-rapped the Flemish village proclaiming a sortie of the Giant Blunderboré from the nearest forest. But of the muck-raker the people know only the name, the shadow-handle of the substance, and substance is what the American people clutch at now.

As a boy I remember standing in the public square with hundreds of older and wiser fools, timing the chills which hurdled my spinal joints as a fierce-faced fakir announced from a canopied booth the coming of The Killer—The Terrible, Tigerish, Eat-'em-up Killer. My childish mind debated the wisdom of harnessing discretion to my curiosity and speeding to a place of safety, and I can remember as though it were yesterday my indignant gasp of relief when the Killer was revealed as a new brand of soap, warranted to strangle bedbugs, massacre roaches, smother lice on hens, and slaughter fleas on dogs.

From that day in the now far-off, wondrous world of childhood until President Roosevelt birthed his "muck-raker," names have had no terrors for my thus prematurely pickled credulity. From that day to this I have believed it a duty which every man owes to his wisdom sterilizer to couple a show-me-or-shut-up tag to every strange, running-wild name he captures in his mental underbrush.

Our President, impelled by a desire to do his homage-bit to live, tireless, rough-riding word-ranchers, bugled to the world on April

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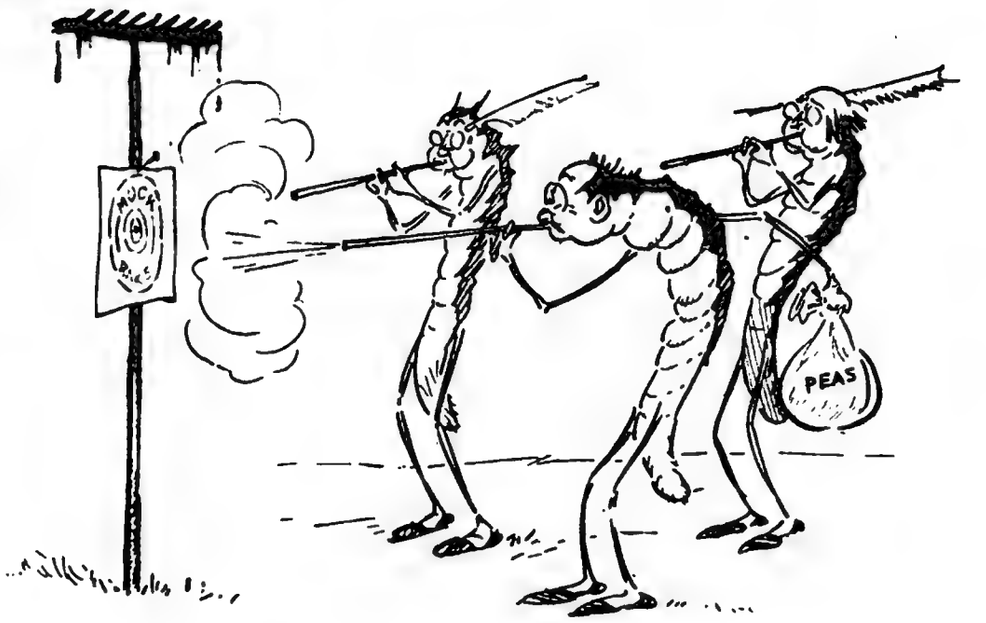
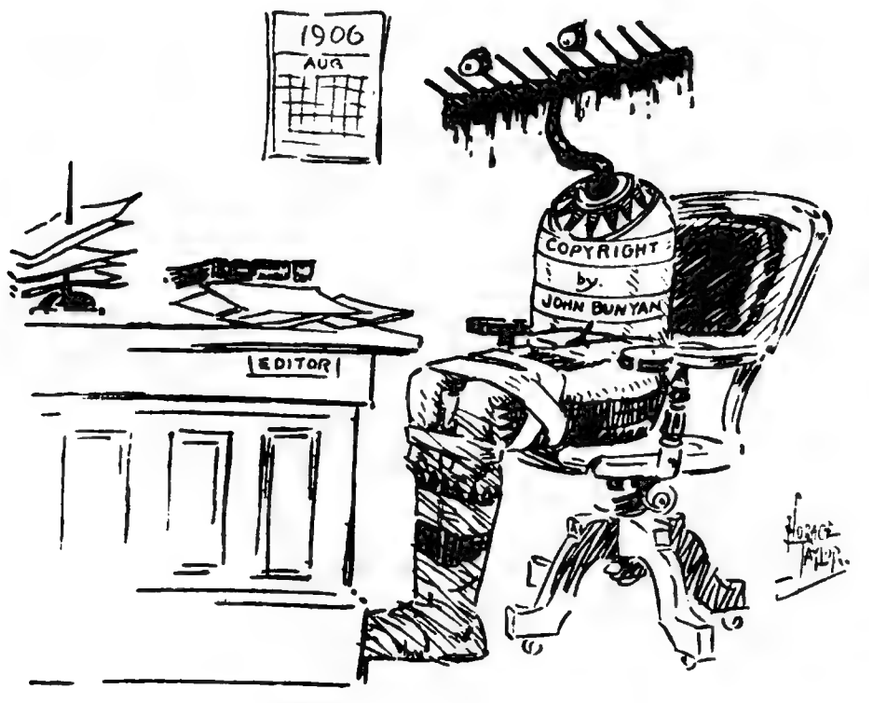


A PEA-SHOOTER CORPS OF BOOKWORMS.

14th at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Congressional Office Building, "Henceforth and on into everlasting eternity ye shall know these men, of whom I am one, as 'muck-rakers.'"

Our President, while a student, an earnest, enthusiastic, ambitious student of anything and everything, particularly book things, is of necessity, like all great thing-doers, a twenty-fifth- and twenty-sixth-hour book-thumber, or, to poach again from my old Bowery friend, Lippy McGush, "a short-cutter."

I have not sieved out this muck-rake baptism with President Roosevelt, and therefore cannot diagram the exact route by which he traveled to his find, but it's Czar's crowns to Rockefeller wigs that it would blue-print about this way:



A VERBALIZED THOUGHT-MUMMY.

"PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY,
"Midnight, April 13th.

"I am down for a world-shaking, nine-echo-and-reecho speech to-morrow morning on things done, doing, and to be done. For my climax I'll circle round those who have done, are doing, and will do. I must have a bomb-exploding center. Ergo, a name for these thing-doers.

"The nation is deluged with a slimy, malodorous sea of fraud. This fraud will in time engulf—body, heart, and soul—all the people of the nation. It is vile, nauseating, submerging. Ergo—Muck!

"As these doers are stirring up this muck that it may disintegrate and disappear, and as these are clean people—I'm one of them—they would stir not with their hands, but with an instrument. I have it again! A rake! Ergo—Muck-rakers."

Further, not having tennised the subject with the President, I cannot say that he intended to request copyright protection for his verbalized thought-mummy, but this I do know, that immediately the euphoniously pat name was stenciled on the wings of time it was discovered that it had been previously copyrighted in 1678 by a Mr. Bunyan, who used it in an essay describing one of the associates of Markham's "Man with the Hoe." When our President made the discovery that he had laid himself open to the "System's" taunt of plagiarizing, it was too late to substitute a new name, and, as McGush would

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have put it: "Dere was nuttin' ter do but front it out an' defen' de title against all comers."

This would have impelled our athletic President to no special training, particularly as his opponent had been counted out over 200 years and his heirs and backers had probably long before lost the copyright patent; but right here the snag was toed which has caused the President and the swim-with-the-tide muck-rakers so many heartburnings and feet-freezings.

THE HEAD DEVIL OF THE OLD-FASHIONED HELL.

The vigilant "System's" hired scholars—for the "System" maintains within its defenses a pea-shooter corps of bookworms—found that Bunyan's muck-raker puddled his muck-pile by sunlight as well as by moonglim; that the card of the Croakers' Union to which he belonged bore the motto "Look Down, Not Up" under the union crest, an Indigo Devil rampant on a wet-blanket background; that he was by environment, occupation, and preference dirty, offensive, abominable; or, to summarize the expert findings of the "System's" book-squinters, that the muck-raker was unthinkably and inexpressibly unspeakable.

Forthwith the "System" caused its press-agent pendants to flash to the seven corners of the world the System-made verdict that President Roosevelt had decreed the exposers of Frenzied Finance-Standard Oil-Beef Trust-bank, railroad, and corporation brand robbers to be more vile than the filth in which they delved; and lo! upon the dead walls of the nation sprouted twenty-four sheet posters announcing a price upon the heads and pen-holding thumbs and forefingers of all muck-rakers.

Here was the opportunity for the "System" to distribute that dope 'em poison which for the past two years it had been compelled to keep canned. That part of the press, the pulpit, the lecture platform, the insurance and board-of-trade banquets which wrote, preached, spoke, whistled, sang, and danced to the jingle-jangle melody of the coin bag wagged willing ears to the malignancy of this new species of public pest, for whose deadliness the President was held up as the responsible witness.

So swift and overpowering was the first forward march of the "System" that the Blanches and Trays among the exposing host threw down their muck-rakes, shed their asbestos boots and went back to their spats and gold toothpicks. The sure-enough muck-rakers, those who at the first zephyr of the "System's" electric-fan-generated cyclone, paused only to adjust the teeth in their rakes, were about to tell the President that he had made a miscue and that he ought to proclaim himself for a new baptism. Right there, though, we looked over the muck-heap again, and muck-rakers we decided to remain until the coming of that climax of all human endeavor, the crack of doom. Whatever the muck-raker of Bunyan did, or whatever other muck-rakers have done or are doing, it is Theodore Roosevelt's muck-raker whom I shall now permit myself the honor to picture.

At the beginning of the twentieth century there were in the United States scores of men who had accumulated tens, fifties, hun-

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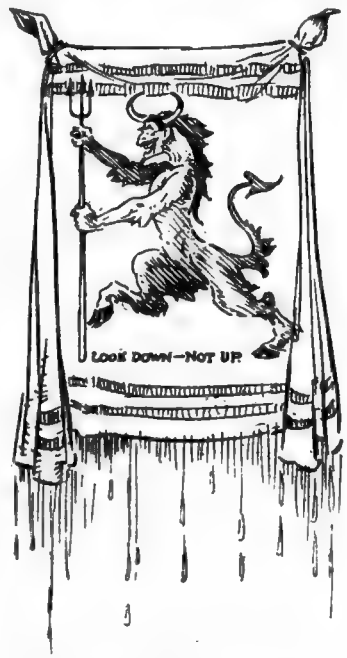
DANCING TO THE JANGLE OF THE COIN BAG.

dreds of millions of dollars. This they did by methods which would shame the head-devils of that old-fashioned hell which our forefathers kept locked up in the spare bedroom for short-notice-quick-action on witches, wife-whippers, and counterfeit "cross-your-Adam's apple, hope-to-die" horse traders. The dull, every-day, monotonous routine of these in the grasping of dollars, dimes —and pennies—was the persistent and unscrupulous barter in legislators, administrators, and judges, mean theft, contemptible bribery, insolent perjury, atrocious murder.

Covertly to defy and openly to obey the laws of God and man was their habit and religion. In my story of "Frenzied Finance" I have described these men as the "System." I thought and spoke of them only as the "System's" masters. When our President baptized us as muck-rakers he branded them muckers. From the distillation of muck, they clutched the fortunes which they used for the propagation of more muck and new distillations—muckers omnipresent and multiplying, muck everywhere and thickening into concreted filth.

At the beginning of the twentieth century this problem stood forth where all the American people could feel it in all its inevitable awfulness: If muckers continue to multiply, if muck continues to increase, people will be loathsomely suffocated and the nation finally and horribly inundated. Then from the midst of the people stepped certain of their fellows, and they said: "We will analyze for all the people this muck. We will dissect for all the people these muckers. We shall show the consequences that the people may rise and drive into eternal damnation the muckers and sweep into the ocean of eternal oblivion the muck, to the end that, there being no muckers and no muck, the people may exist."



AN INDIGO DEVIL RAMPANT, ON A WET BLANKET BACKGROUND.

And these plain fellows of a plain people said: "We will devote our existence to this work, willingly paying all penalties, cheerfully suffering all hardships, refusing to be bullied, bought, cajoled, or side-tracked until our task is finished or we have fallen in the field of

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our labor. We will ask no pay; we will accept no reward."

These men went to work knowing full well the unprofitableness of their task, and realizing all its dangers, and at the beginning they decided that as the soldier has his gun, the doctor his scalpel, and the miner his pick, they must have an instrument for their work. As the muck and muckers were contaminating to all things with which they came in contact, and must be hauled and dragged and stirred to the end that their poisons could be labeled, "Dangerous; to be shunned by honest folk," they said: "Our instrument shall be the rake, whose teeth will dig, and impale, and scatter, and spread, and turn up and down."

These rake workers are the men whom our President so fitly named "Muck-rakers." Today they can be seen up in the mountains, down in the valleys, and on the prairies, stirring vast mounds of muck; working on and on, heeding no threats, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and casting no glances behind, but energetically, methodically, and persistently gazing down into the muck and at the muckers who would impede their progress through the muck-bogs. Later they will be seen pushing into the abyss of nothingness the stirred-up, stinking mounds of muck, and later transfixing upon the teeth of their rakes the mucker — yes, the mucker to the last damned one!

The following editorial from one of New York's great newspapers is a wisely considered compliment to the views of Mr. Lawson:

MUCK-RAKERS OF AN EARLIER DAY

The "muck-raker" is by no means a newcomer in literature. The year of the publication of "The Jungle" is the semicentennial of the appearance of Charles Reade's "It's Never too Late to Mend," a book which the critics of the time found as "revolting" as they now find Mr. Sinclair's work, and for reasons much the same. Its fidelity to fact in the portrayal of prison abuses shocked a conservative sentiment which was later to demand the very reforms in the treatment of convicts of which it showed the need.

The novel with a purpose long ago became common in English fiction. Reade himself, Oxford don that he was and man of refined culture, handled the muck-rake without gloves. In "Hard Cash," published in 1863, he exposed the evils of private lunatic asylums, and in "Foul Play," in 1869, gave the world that forcible arraignment of the traffic in sailors' lives by shipowners which was said to have inspired Plimsoll's efforts for the protection of British seamen from the risks of unseaworthy vessels.

Even before Reade, Charles Dickens, in "The Pickwick Papers," in 1836, had dealt a blow at prison evils. In "Nicholas Nickleby," published in 1838, he laid bare the petty oppressions of school life in Yorkshire with the thoroughness of a government commissioner. In "Oliver Twist," in the same year, he laughed away the incompetence of parish charity officials and greatly aided poor-law reform. The Dickens gallery of grafters and swindlers is a full one.

In recent times in England Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," by the light it threw on the deplorable social conditions of London's East Side, was almost directly responsible for the institution of the People's Palace and gave a strong impetus to settlement work for the reclamation of the submerged.

Our own great example of muck-rake fiction of a former time is "Uncle Tom's Cabin," curiously enough from a feminine pen. No one, least of all Mrs. Stowe herself, foresaw the extraordinary influence which this tract in the form of a romance, called forth by the Fugitive Slave Law, was destined to exercise in securing the freedom of slaves. On its publication in book form in 1852 the author despaired of its success. "It seemed that there was no hope; that nobody would read, that nobody would hear." Within five years 500,000 copies had been sold and its place at the head of all novels of moral motives established.—New York *World*.

Mr. Lawson wires that there are startling developments in connection with the Massachusetts legislative investigation, and that if they should climax within a few days, he may have an interesting review in the advertising pages.

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THE MERMAID

SIX DRAWINGS IN COLOR BY GEORGE GIBBS

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TRYING THE TEMPERATURE.

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THE TEST OF COURAGE.

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THE "DARE."

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BOARDED BY PIRATES.

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THE LORELEI.

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UNJUST DISCRIMINATION.

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A RETURN

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Illustrations by J. A. Williams

DURING that week almost every one else was out after 'lunge. It was probably for this reason that, on Thursday, George Vanderdecken went down to the Ragged Rapids for black bass.

The Raggeds broke white across the Wistassining, in the midst of the thick, second-growth pine woods, some three miles below Little Pickerel Lake and two above the Steel City Club-house. Their galloping waters possessed as much of the disorderly picturesque as their enclosing shores did of pure sylvan beauty. But, because they lay in a deep bend of the river, the road across the portage which they necessitated passed almost out of hearing of their lusty, all-bemuting roar. In the regular bass season they were frequented enough. At other times only an occasional sketcher or camera enthusiast was wont to make them visitation.

This not being the bass season, Vanderdecken expected to be alone. He beached his canoe above the first chute, climbed the bank, and pushed on down through the thorn and juniper scrub. Another dozen paces and he was parting the last screen of cedars that overhung the shore below.

Poised ankle-deep in mid-current was a young woman. Her hair had blown across her face; and, with rod nipped under arm, she was standing lance-straight against the wind, trying to twine the flying wisps into their place again. She wore a drooping canvas hat, a raw-silk shirt-waist with elbow sleeves, and a kilted gray outing skirt, which—doubtless because she was tall and large of limb—did not give her the customary effect of dumpiness. From below it there came the coal-like glinting of a pair of small rubber boots. She turned to spring her line again, and then Vanderdecken saw that she had a fine, breezy, sun-and-tan beauty.

At this moment, too, she caught sight of him. And not only did she show no nervousness: she watched his approach with a kind of bright, impersonal recognition, as if to say, "No doubt you also belong to the club, even if as yet I haven't met you." Then she quietly returned to business. With a muscular ripple of well-rounded triceps and shoulder-blades she made another cast.

He liked that. And girding up his waders, he struck out into the thrust and whirl of the river. He could see now that she was standing on the edge of the "Bowl," a great, twenty-foot, central eddy, brimmed about with water-washed limestone. He started for the shoal rocks on the other side of it, keeping always well up-stream so that she might not misunderstand him.

He had all but reached his position when the "chute wind" caught him and flicked off his hat. He slapped out for it with his jointed steel, but it circled impishly away. There was no time to go around, and the "Bowl" was much too deep to cross. And then he became aware that the lady was moving rapidly along her arc of the watery ledge. Her skirt went in to the hem, but she recovered the battered felt, with all its millinery of feathered barbs, and held it out to the owner on her split bamboo.

That also George Vanderdecken liked. "Jove!" he shouted, above the tumult of the falls, "you're mighty good! Almost every fly I brought down with me is on it!"

"Nothing at all. You'll find you'll have the best of uses for them, too!"

Once more she sent her silk twisting and looping far down the main current. And, in a zipping flash, she had another bass.

For a long minute it fought fiercely to and fro through the dark-green swirl she had hooked it in. Then the line swung out, and the spitting fin of water drove through the hurrying "racers" straight up-stream. Next moment it was veering sharply, and, as if by direct intention, cut sheer athwart George Vanderdecken's bows!

It was sudden enough, but his gaff-net twitched with eagerness. "May I?"

She laughed and nodded.

He gathered in the fish, dropped it into the creel, and held up one finger.

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SHE WAS STANDING LANCE-STRAIGHT AGAINST THE WIND.

"It's the tenth!" she cried, almost with the rush and exhilaration of the rapids themselves. "Mr. Davidson wanted me to go up to the lake with him and troll, but I told him I'd rather stop off here and catch something!"

Ten minutes more and a bass on *his* line was sweeping down by *her*. Manifestly, it was her turn to make the capture. But he could feel that it was a big one, and started to her aid.

He was within a yard of her when his foot went down the slope of a weedy boulder, and in a moment he was floundering. As if it were entirely a matter of course, she flung out an arm and clipped fingers with him. Her hand was as firm and cool as an apple, and of the vigor of a man's. But the look of almost scolding nervousness she bent upon him till he was in safety again was feminine enough.

During the hour of glorious fishing which followed, other and kindred incidents took place. In all of them the lady showed well-nigh as little restraint as does that ideal woman who reigns at times over every man's secret imaginings. It was an experience wholly new to Vanderdecken, and by now he did not merely *like* it. It seemed better to him than good cigars, or a new gun, or bass-fishing itself. It was reminiscent of something, too. Every minute he felt that more and more. But of what was it reminiscent? At the end of another half-hour his inability to say had become a constant tantalization.

Both creels full, they journeyed in to shore together. The shimmering rainbow fays poised and flitted above the frilling eddies, and even so did the elf-light seem to flash again and again over Vanderdecken's memory lens, but all too instantaneously for the sensitizing plate to grasp and hold it.

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In truth, had he not been perplexing himself so absorbedly, he might have noticed that in her eyes, also, memory was at work—and not with any shadow pictures, either.

In the cool lee of a big waterside basswood she dropped her trappings. "I hardly think I'll be going out again. Mr. Davidson was to return at noon, so he ought to be here at any time."

The shore was broken into a series of tiny, shallow bays. Vanderdecken began to pile flat stones across the mouth of one of them. "I mayn't go out again myself," he said; "but I always make a sort of pound to keep my fish in, even for a little while. If you'll just sit down and take it easy, I'll dike off half of it for yours."

"*Sit down*—fiddle-de-dee! Do I look so anemic?" She rolled back her sleeves a little more—evidently she was a swimmer, for the tan did not end at the soft hollow of her elbow—and began to build out a causeway from the other side. Again Vanderdecken received that memory flash.

She had almost finished when she looked curiously around at him. "Shall I tell you something?"

"Why, yes, if you will——?"

"Well, I've done just this same thing years and years ago, when I used to spend my summers in the country and go out fishing with a little boy cousin of mine."

"You did? Why — why — Jove! — of course I know now! I had a small cousin in the country, too. *We* used to fish together in a creek back of her father's farm." The memory streamed into his mind again with the pouring quiver of the biograph. And he stood looking at her as if he expected to see her hair suddenly become corn-colored, and her eyes turn from brown to hazel. She was *not* the same. For the matter of that, his small cousin was now a sedate little "housemother" in East Orange. But the thing itself had been the same! "I know *now*," he kept repeating. "Of course I know."

"It came back to me again and again this morning," the girl said, smiling. "It was pretty good fun, wasn't it?"

"Fun? It makes me feel as if I'd been traveling through the bad lands ever since!"

"Tell me, did you make all-day expeditions of it?"

"Always, unless it rained. And did he occasionally try to fall in—and you saved him first and lit into him afterward?"

"Well, if I did, he always richly deserved it. And, in your case, did you ever give the lady any thanks for saving you?"

"I don't believe I ever did! And what about your hair? Wasn't it everlastingly getting into your eyes?"

"I never could keep a hair-ribbon for two days together! It used to get into his, too, and generally just when he had a bite! And then he'd be simply furious. How did you do about your dinner?"

"Look here"—in his ardor he fairly commanded her—"you arrange to come up again to-morrow, resolved to stay till the afternoon, and I'll show you then exactly what we did about our dinner!"

She met his eyes with the same tumultuous impulse. "I'd just be afraid to tell you how much I'd like to! But—but—I guess I couldn't very well explain to Mr. Davidson. And if I came without telling him, you'd think it sneaking of me."

He gazed at her, boyishly honest, and his face began to fall. "Yes—I suppose— No, now, by jinks, I *wouldn't* either! For you'd be coming as a kid and not as a grown-up at all. It needn't make any difference what particular stupid person either of us is *now*. We are offered this chance to be our proper selves again. I only want you as that hair-ribbonless ten-year-old who'd never heard the name of Davidson."

"Do you really mean that? Cross your heart?"

"Cross my heart!"

"Very well, then," she smiled out bravely, "I *shall* come! In *that* case, though"— her color rose again—"I'll have to ask you to go away now, before he calls for me on his way home."

Five minutes later he had reached the head of the chute and was pushing off his canoe. From out on the portage road there lilted in a long, cheerful, but peremptory yodel. Undoubtedly it was Davidson, who was even at that moment approaching.

II

"Did your creek run out of the bush into flats, with big beeches every little way along it?"

"There were big beeches overlooking the two best ponds we had. We used to lie down behind their side roots, and the fish couldn't see anything but our rods and noses."

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"I know! I know! I used to take off those red hair-ribbons of mine so as not to scare them. It was then that my hair would get into his eyes and make him so raging."

Again they had been fishing for two ecstatic hours. Again the falls bellowed from behind their drifting screen of pearly mist. Again the rainbow fays shimmered and poised, and the obstreperous wind and the sun talked to them in joy.

He hooked another bass—an unusually large one. As he let it flop into his creel, he looked at her with challenge. "Huh, I guess he's the maziest yet!"

She took it up on the instant. "Well, I bet he ain't as big as that one I caught yesterday!"

"Ah, you on'y say that because you know it's too late to measure them up."

But her own line was again on the jerk. "There, you see, I've got another. I'm ketchin' the *most*, anyways!"

"Well, an' good reason, when you're always fishin' in my place as well as your own! Every time my cork bobs you go and scrouge over beside it!"

It was not merely a case of "beside it" this time, but of on the other side of it. Their tackle was crossed, with two bass on!

"First cut!" he yelled ferociously.

"But what did you let him come over where I was for?" she shrieked as venomously back.

"Well, that doesn't make any diff, does it? It's the fellah that hollers 'First cut!'"

"Aw, you always say that! And, there now, my line's broke—and the hook an' lead gone and everything!"

"Aw, gee, no, it ain't, is it? Aw, jiminy, I didn't mean to! Don't yuh care. I'll lend you mine for a while, and then I'll fix yours up better'n ever! I'll give yuh that mud-cat I caught, too! But don't yuh care!"

She was not shedding tears. But, for the time, their fishing was ended. It was almost noon, however; and there was fun ahead which they were ready enough to get to.

In addition to his regular kit, he had brought down a hatchet, a big tin can, and some small sundries in a dunnage-bag.

"In the first place," he said, "we need a stove."

"A stove?"

"So you've forgotten how to make a stove? Then I'll have to show you all over again."

About a hundred yards up the shore, sheltered by a clump of cedars, a spring jetted from the bank. And all about it lay a drift of granite "hard-heads." "Here's where that range goes up," he announced, and proceeded to roll three big, smooth-faced boulders together for the back and sides. The lady helped him fill in with smaller stones and clay; and presently they were in possession of something so far superior to the steel-and-nickel article of commerce that it seemed insulting to call it a stove at all.

"What'll you cook on, though?" she asked. "We used to do ours on an old pie-pan."

"Huh! Pie-pans is like getting your dinner at home! I've got to fix the fish, first. But if you'll get the kindling while I'm at that, *then* I'll show you!"

She took the hatchet and started off along the shore. And when, fifteen minutes later, she returned with an armful of driftwood, and chips from various stranded pine stumps, he had three good bass ready for the griddle.

"Scrumdidious, even if they're not minnies!"

He touched off the lightwood, and then, bringing out his big tin can, threw it into the growing blaze. The "California Peaches" wrapper browned blisteringly from it. The solder began to run like mercury. With a little "clink" the ends flew off and the whole thing opened out. He let it purify in the flames for a few minutes longer. Then he forked it swiftly out and across to the water. When it had cooled, he straightened it upon a rock, turned it over, and laid it upon the middle of the stove. "What do you think of that?"

"Great!"

She dropped a dab of butter on the fryer. They spread the bass side by side, and let them sizzle.

Some clean splinters of pine remained from the kindling. It did not take him long to give them points and edges. "They're a lot better than forks," he explained.

She went down the beach again, and catching one of the lower limbs of the big basswood, proceeded to nip off a hatful of the broad, heart-shaped leaves for plates. And, "Whee!" she cried, a moment afterward, "I've found a table, too!"

It was a two-foot square of bleached-out pine slab. He skipped down and carried it back for her. "Say, you're doin' Joolaw today! I'll let you smell the fish for that!"

She smelled them. "M-m-m-m!"

The table was soon spread. "It hasn't any legs, you know," she apologized; "so we'll just have to sit down opposite each other,

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"I—I—I LOVE YOU," HE SAID AT LAST. "THAT'S WHY I DID IT."

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tailor fashion, and each take an end of it on our knees."

He lifted off the frying-pan, laid it on the stones beside them, and they fell to.

It was a feast that went beyond anything ever prepared in Arcadia; and they ate it with the earnestness of a hunger which was in no wise simulated. They desired neither bread, nor spiced meats, nor any dessert. In those bass was the delectable savor of another age. The meal was a rite, too, the consecration of liberty regained.

They fenced for the last brown morsels with their forks. And then, having sealed their emancipation by drinking in turn from the old Chianti flask which served Vanderdecken as a water-bottle, they sat back and regarded each other as with new eyes.

In hers there was a mocking gleam. "I know what you'd like to do now, I'll swear I do! And I dare you to own up to it!"

"What?"

"You want to build a playhouse!"

"Well," he chuckled outright, "we never called them playhouses. We called them cronies."

A clump of evergreens formed their back wall and one of the sides. The other was furnished them by the ledgy, overhanging bank. To put the thatch on they climbed to the top. And they had to steady each other a little to lean out, as they knelt there on the edge. . . .

In their nostrils was the balsamy odor of the bruised cedar twigs and the fresh, loamy smell of the woods. Far off in some hidden wild raspberry patch a berry-bird kept sounding the long sweetness of his quavering pipe.

"Lord," the young man murmured, as he rose to his feet again, "what idiots we are to grow up, anyway!"

"Well, we're getting a good deal of it back again, you know."

"Oh, *you*—I don't believe *you*'ve ever lost a bit of it!"

"I'd lost so much of it that if any one had told me when I came up here that in two days I'd be doing *this*——!"

"Let's sit down in the crony again for a while."

They dropped to the beach.

"I don't know, though," she said; "I think this cozy corner is a lot too fine to *use!*"

It was a cozy corner composed of an old log heaped with bracken and a pair of moss-upholstered tamarack stumps. She let herself slowly down into it and gave her soul to pure delight with eyes that shone and a mouth that fairly laughed aloud.

"I guess it's worth while, isn't it?" he asked.

"Worth while!—I feel now as if we two people were in a position to settle all the problems that have ever afflicted men and women!"

"Problems? Why, I see now that there needn't be any problems at all. We had everything straight in the beginning as youngsters—as boy and girl. We never had any difficulty in understanding each other. We knew how mighty little we really differed. And like a lot of batty clams we've simply been tying ourselves up, eyes and all, in five thousand kinds of mummy wrappings ever since!"

"I know it! I know it! But surely *some* others have been like us! We can't be the first to conjure it back again. Tell me—are men—the rest of them—all so hopeless? Don't they, somewhere or other, keep a little of the real thing in them?"

"Well," he said, blushing needlessly, "we're an awfully dignified bunch of four-flushers, you know, and I can't speak for past thirty; but I guess till then most of us keep a whole lot of it, always carefully concealed, of course. Now *I* want to know, how is it with women?"

She reddened in her turn, but came courageously to the confessional. "I'll tell you how it is with them. I believe there's hardly a woman alive but would fling away everything else on earth—at least everything but the kiddies—for just this!"

They fell into a relishing little silence, meeting each other's eyes every few moments as if in a hand-clasp.

"I—I've a good mind," he said, "to say something childish."

"Well, I guess you may, all right."

"I'm happy."

She laughed again.

"I am, though. And I herewith jolt one to that cheap philosopher who says man never is, but always to be blest. I'm happy right here and now. Do you remember when you used to imagine yourself a candy house, with candy walls and candy furniture, and everything candy; and whenever you wanted any, you just turned and chawed it off? Well, that's where I've got to at the present moment! Think I want to go to heaven? Shucks! you

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couldn't get me away from earth with a logging-chain!"

"Nor me, either, I'm afraid. And I could own up to more than happiness, too." Her color deepened. "It's the luniest thing, ever, to say, but do you know, the last few hours have given me the feeling that in spite of this old world I'm *good!*"

"Well," he beamed, "that is pretty luny, all right! But, to tell you a secret, I'd really guessed that you were, myself. And now I'm going to be rash, and say something that is a great deal lunier."

More jarring than the fatal horn in "Hernani," from the portage road came that cheerfully knelling yodel. . . .

They started back to their "pound." "Look here," he suddenly broke out, "I don't know that I want to run away this time. I'd like to stay and meet your husband."

"My *husband?* Good *gracious!* Did I—have you been—? Why, Mr. Davidson's my *brother-in-law.* He's married to my sister Evelina!"

In the gulping precipitation with which he gathered his fish together, threw his gear into the dunnage-bag, and, climbing the bank again, charged for his canoe, there was a striking imitation of good farce-comedy.

III

About eleven next morning an ancient kingfisher, who also made the "Bowl" his favorite fishing-place, beheld something which greatly astonished him. For some time the pair had left their rods leaning against the big basswood; one might have said that they had forgotten them. From the spring above their camp a little stream ran down to the river. Without appearing to have any reasonable idea of what they were doing, or why they were doing it, they were digging at its channel with pieces of stick, and clearing the stones out of the way. To move a particularly big one, he had to take one side and she the other. Their heads bowed more and more together. Her hair blew into his eyes. And, on the instant, as if those random wisps had grasped out at him, he leaned breathlessly forward and kissed her!

If he knew why he did *that*, he did not show it by his actions. Having done it he got to his feet, and stood gasping and quivering. One might have imagined that some one had just kissed *him.* "I—I—I love you," he said at last. "That's why I did it. I nearly did it twenty times before!"

As for the lady—since we have set out to tell the truth—she said, "*Great Cæsar!*" Then she began to tremble. "Oh, you mustn't—not now, anyway!"

"Why not now?" He seemed to be becoming braver. "It can't be any truer in a thousand years!"

"But it's only three days! The thing is perfectly frantic! And you're acting on the merest impulse——!"

"Then it's the strongest impulse I've ever had in my life! And I don't want to bind *you*, now. I wouldn't let you even if you were willing yourself. I only want you to know how it is with *me.* And I've felt it, too, since yesterday!"

Even in the wildness of her agitation she had to laugh, though the laugh itself was wild enough. "But let us try to come to our senses. *Can't* you—*can't* you see that people will say that we couldn't possibly know the first thing about each other?"

He challenged her to say so herself. "You know me better after these two or three days down here than any other woman ever has or can! You must know you do, too! And tell me now, at the bottom of your heart, don't you feel the same way about my understanding you?"

She nodded. "But, but g-granting that I do, that wouldn't make it any the less perfectly frightful to Evelina!"

"Then we sha'n't discuss it with Evelina."

"I guess we shouldn't, if there was anything else we could do! You don't know her yet! But I'm not sure myself whether I'm not just dreaming—or crazy!"

"Look here"—he caught at her hands—"don't you feel as if some mysterious chance or accident had given us two people the gift of the Golden Touch?"

"Yes, I—I can say that, anyway."

"And don't you feel, too, that we have the power to keep it, to keep it till the very end of time—if only we—we don't let ourselves get parted again?"

This time she could only nod.

"Then if you feel—if you believe *that*, don't you see that that's all there can be to it?"

She wavered, then let herself go. "We're utterly mad, both of us—and we'll have to keep it from Evelina, *some* way or other—but I *do* believe it!"

After what occurred next, they walked over to the "crony," their arms still about each

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other. And the cozy corner took them both into its embrace together. . . . Out in the river the white-green waters of the Raggeds bellowed and flung themselves tumultuously; the four winds circled in impish tumult round and round that pearly, drifting bridal veil; and the rainbow fays leaped and danced like all Titania's train. . . .

And then, as in all truthful endings—alien, unwished-for, ridiculous, and unromantic—there broke in upon them the harbinger of the world outside. To speak more humanly and directly, with a sliding of gravel from the top of the bank, his boots ahead of him, arrived Mr. William Davidson. He had yodeled, too; but, for reasons which we may leave to the psychologists, this time his yodelings had gone unheeded.

His eyes first took vision of the "crony," then of the couple rapidly emerging from it. Then he regarded the table—and the stove—and finally, getting his mouth closed, he began to blink at the couple again.

The gentleman spoke first. He remarked that the day was very warm.

As for the lady—there is nothing, modern physicians tell us, that can less be reckoned upon than the effect of "shock"; what *she* did was to advance upon her brother-in-law as if she were about to work him bodily harm. And, in a voice which some may think can be heard only in the dramatic school, she announced her engagement.

Now, as it happened, Mr. Davidson had always entertained an uncommonly high opinion of the lady's intelligence. In fact, in all matters of social propriety, he deferred to her. Therefore he now merely gagged and began to smile like the mentally alienated. "I—I don't know that I caught the name," he said.

The lady realized then that as yet *she had not caught the name herself!* . . .

The gentleman, having much presence of mind, immediately came forward with it. But that did not seem to save the situation greatly. . . .

Mr. Davidson had taken off his hat. If certain gestures express thought, others as plainly show that cerebral action is for the time suspended. "Well, at any rate," he said, as if this at least were something upon which entire confidence could be reposed, "no doubt, Mr. Vanderhecker, you know hers?"

There was another pause.

"Well, not *exactly*," explained Mr. "Vanderhecker," "not *altogether!* You see, we'd been playing at kids, so to speak, and we really hadn't had to *think* of that. I give you my word, though——"

Mr. Davidson let himself down upon the unlit stove. "Great Scott!" he blurted out, "I'm—I'm not used to these things, you know! You'll have to—to come down and talk to Evelina!"

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JUANITA.

The Betrothal of Juanita Casas

A Gaucho Story

By WILLIAM BULFIN

Illustrations by Dan Smith

THE wild four-year-old steer had broken madly from the troop and was splitting the wind on his way back to the herd through the dusty sun-glare. Barragan, the alcalde, had dashed his horse's counter thrice at full speed against the shoulder of the runaway, but had failed to head him off; for it is not every rider who is able to control the stampede of a well-bred shorthorn weighing three-quarters of a ton. The alcalde swung his lasso now and let it fly at short range. But he drew a blank, and the language which escaped from him as the noose closed with a wriggle upon the empty air is eminently fit to remain in the ink-pot undisturbed. He was coiling for a second throw when a horseman close behind him shouted a mordant taunt in gaucho Spanish:

"*Guarda, guarda!* This is no pet lamb to be stopped by an invalid. He is a job for a man of the trade. Leave him to me and you will learn how it is done!"

It was Castro, the rough-rider of "El Bandido," and he streaked past Barragan so closely that their stirrups touched. A look of fierce resentment leaped into the alcalde's face, but Castro only laughed when he caught it, and, half turning in his saddle, his voice

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rang out in strident mockery over the hoof-thunder and the shriek of the rushing wind:

"Attention! This is how—eh? Look!"

He searched with his spurred heels for a moment under the ragged sheepskin saddle cover and, finding the yielding flanks, laid gentle pressure on the questing rowels. In a few leaps the spirited and well-trained cattle-horse overtook the runaway and raced him side by side. The gaucho stooped now and caught the bullock's tail near the rump, paying it out between his fingers until he held the bunching hair at the end. He leaned forward, still stooping, and gripped the saddle more firmly between his knees. Then with a shout and another pinch of the spurs he sent the horse ahead at topmost speed, swinging his body into a sinewy poise to withstand the backward strain. It came with a jerk when he had gained a stride or two in the race. He met it bent double and pulling with all his strength on the dragging tail. It was a workmanlike thing, clean and thorough. The runaway was snatched off his feet and, after standing for a brief instant on his head, rolled over with a mighty thud and lay bellowing in the grass.

"So!" cried Castro, as his face came up out of the flying mane. "There you have it, Don Barragan. And here is the next thing to do."

He had checked and wheeled his horse while speaking and was now ranging up beside the still prostrate shorthorn. Barragan had also wheeled. His lips were spread in a thin smile, but there was an evil glint in his eyes, which were bent on the rough-rider. There was an old and unsettled account between the two men and it was growing by degrees. Castro had added to it a good deal now, for he had shown his superiority as a horseman over his opponent before riders who had assembled there from far and near. It was a general round-up and parting at "El Bandido," and there were cattlemen on the *rodeo* from every camp in the district. The home hands were making up a troop for the alfalfa runs of Cordoba. The others were looking for stragglers of their respective marks and amusing themselves. There was as much play as work going on. It was a tournament as well as a business event. That was often the way before classifying pens were invented. That is often the way still on the pampas in any place where the *rodeo* has not yet given place to the hard-wood posts and bull-wire and the swing gates, worked by levers and pulleys.

Castro was in higher spirits than usual. His work was play and his play was work. And the man he hated most was there before him writhing in his efforts to smile down a bitter humiliation.

"See, Don Barragan," he said, as the great steer rose to his knees. "I will give him another grass bath—so!" and with a twisting thrust of his horse's breast he sent the runaway sprawling once more. "It will teach him to have more respect for the people. Ha! now we are getting upon our feet again, no? And we have still some blood in our eye for the neighbors, is it not so? Then another grass bath is good." The kneeling captive was rammed again behind the shoulder-blade, and as he went down and over, the horse's hoofs pawed him viciously, beating a loud tattoo on his ribs. When next he staggered to his feet the horse's chin lay over his back. The broad counter spun him round with a tremendous push and faced him for the troop. He had learned his lesson now and slunk away at a sulky trot. Some of the partners of "El Bandido" were changing horses within ear-shot where the *tropillas* were gathered around the fettered bell-mares, and they were enthusiastic over the feat of their comrade. They shouted their compliments to him, but he merely waved his hand in reply, for he was giving a good deal of his attention to Barragan.

"Every time I break the soul of a bullock like that," he said genially as he reined in and walked beside the alcalde, "I am reminded of a man who used to be a bully until he fell in with your servitor."

Barragan halted and the color left his face. Castro also drew rein, and the two horses stood front to front, rubbing noses. The riders were looking into each other's souls, eye to eye, with a steady beam of hate which showed that the issue between them was one as deep as the very roots of life.

"Yes," went on Castro serenely, "I tamed him, señor; and just as that bullock has trotted back to the troop with all the stiffness taken out of his tail, so did the man that I tamed trot back into his shell, as you might say, and remain quietly in private life for a while. But *caramba!* if you will credit it, Don Barragan, he has left his little shell again, has this bully, and he is now going around on his hind legs, exalted in the spirit, as it were, and looking for trouble. What do you think? Who knows if I shall not see myself obliged to give him another lesson? You comprehend, Don Barragan?"

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HE MET IT BENT DOUBLE AND PULLING WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH.

The alcalde was pale to the lips and his eyelids twitched slightly, but when he spoke his drawling, quiet voice was under perfect control.

"You mean it for me, no?"

"Yes—for you. You looked for me once, Don Barragan, and you found me—found me at home, is it not so? And I showed you who was master, no?"

"Luck was against me."

"And something else besides, Don Barragan. A quicker hand and a surer eye. You will find them there still, señor. I give you notice because you are looking for me again, no?"

"*Quien sabe?*"

"It must be certain, Don Barragan. You have said publicly, I hear, that you will win Juanita Casas."

"And what if I did?"

"You know, of course, that I am deeply interested there?"

"And then?"

"No room for us two, señor."

The alcalde drooped the corners of his mouth and lifted his shoulders in a long, long shrug. Castro took the unspoken word from him and went on suavely: "No, Don Barragan, not that, eh? I was first in the camp and I decline to leave. It is you that must stay out."

"We shall see," remarked the alcalde as he turned away. He was still pale and the banked fires of an undying hatred glowed sullenly under his drooping lids.

"*Pues si, señor,*" insisted Castro with gentle emphasis as he wheeled to ride toward the troop of which he had partial charge, "I

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promise you it will be as I say. You will have to stand aside."

The march to the *alfalfares* of Cordoba began next day, and for the next three weeks the troopers of "El Bandido" were on the road. Castro was one of them and the brightest of all. He made the fireside merry for them under the winking stars, and the shafts of his quenchless fun brightened the tedious jog-jog miles of the trail or helped to keep his comrades awake through the sleepy hours of rounding in the sighing night winds. Yet he had his misgivings all the time and they prodded him sorely. He knew Barragan would not be idle in his absence. He knew that there were dangers ahead in his course of true love, but, gaucholike, he kept his deepest thoughts to himself.

When he returned to headquarters after the cattle were delivered, he was not long in learning that events had developed in his absence. The betrothal of Juanita Casas to the alcalde Barragan was reported, and although Castro said nothing when he heard it, the news interested him greatly—so greatly, in fact, that before half an hour had passed he had quietly saddled a fresh horse and was sweeping across the plain at a gallop to get at the truth. The sunbeams were level and crimson, but it was not their radiance that had kindled the flame in his dark-brown eyes, nor was it because of the flashing sunlight that the dark brows were puckered into a frown. It was only when the *rancho* of the Casas folk rose into view over the tall clumps of purple-blossomed *cardos* that he slackened speed, and it was only then also that the rigid curl left his lips and the square jaws unlocked.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, with a shrug. "Let us not give ourselves away. Let us keep our stirrups if we can."

This was the philosophy of the pampa—no matter how poor the cards, to play them like one to the manner born; no matter how desperate the game, to face it with a cool head and a steady hand! Wherefore, as he slowed his pace into a gentle trot he smiled the somber passion from his face, and when he had reached the house he donned his usual jaunty, carefree, daredevil air.

"Good evening I give you," he said cheerily, touching his hat to old man Casas, who stood in dusky solemnity in front of the door to give speech to the visitor. The response was frosty. He was never a genial person at his best, this swarthy old gaucho, but this evening he had buttoned himself up into a stiffness of manner which was unprecedented. Castro regarded this as a sign of trouble, but he pretended not to notice it and politely inquired after the health of the family while he waited the customary invitation to dismount. But no such invitation was given, and, on the contrary, there was a decided lack of hospitality in the tone which the old man used as he remarked:

"You appear to have been hurrying yourself greatly, Don Castro."

"It was because of a question that I thought it best to ask at once," said Castro quietly.

"Ah! ask at once, no? Of whom, Don Castro?"

"Of you."

"So? And what might it be?"

"I shall say it to you, Don Casas, without hair on the tongue. I heard that Juanita is promised to the alcalde Barragan and I have come to ask you is it true."

"Ah! To ask me if it is true, no? And what right do you suppose is yours to ask me such a question about my daughter?"

"My right as her lover."

"You?"

"*Si, señor.* You cannot deny that I wooed her on your own conditions. You yourself gave me the right—you cannot deny it. You gave it in the presence of many people——"

"See, Don Castro," said old man Casas, interrupting with sardonic suavity, "here is the history of the matter, no? I go with my woman and my daughter to the wake of the *angelita* of my friend Leon. There are many people present and before them all you and another man pay court to my girl. You dance with her frequently, Don Castro, and so does the other *mozo*, and then you both want to dance with her at the same time; and she decides that she shall dance with neither. *Bueno.* Instead of leaving the matter so, ye say mocking words of challenge to each other in the hearing of everybody. And then, *zas!* in the winking of an eye ye whip me out your knives in the presence of all the people, and ye are going to stab and gash each other out of this world of God, señor, thus making a grave scandal, the most disrespectful and the most shameful, *caramba!* disrespecting the little corpse of the *angelita*, disrespecting Don Leon himself and his spouse; and also, likewise, disrespecting me and my family. So I bare my blade, as in duty obliged, and I intervene between ye and forbid the fight, no? And furthermore I make the proposition that ye both saddle my *reservao* to prove

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LOOKING INTO EACH OTHER'S SOULS, EYE TO EYE, WITH A STEADY BEAM OF HATE.

which is the better gaucho, and I say that whichever man comes off the conqueror may pay his respects to my daughter, in case he still finds himself disposed to courtship. Am I right?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, the horse was saddled and he smashed only one of ye. It was the other man. You conquered, Don Castro. I do not deny it. You are a horseman in ten thousand."

"I rode that morning for the same reason that I would have fought. It was for the girl. It was to win the right to woo her."

"And you won it, and you have wooed her, and now it is all ended. I speak plainly. As a horseman, I respect you. As a son-in-law, I reject you. And there is also this to be said: the girl is otherwise bestowed."

They had approached close enough to the *rancho* by this time for those inside to hear. Juanita and her mother were behind the door, listening with bated breath. The girl was flushing and paling by turns; the mother was wooden-faced and unsympathetic.

"Then," asked Castro, succeeding by a great effort in keeping his voice under control, "it is true, I suppose, about the alcalde Barragan?"

"It is true, yes," replied the old man doggedly. "And what then, Don Castro?"

The rough-rider had prepared himself for it; yet when it came it blurred everything for a moment and he clenched his right hand until the knuckles whitened through the sun-browned olive skin. But he shook the clinging rage away from him and took the blow as one of his race will always take such punishment. His head had drooped, but he raised it high again and said:

"If it is so, then I ask that Juanita herself shall say it to me."

"Have I not said it? And is she not mine?"

"True. But when a woman has said 'come' to a man, it is she also who should say 'go.' It is for her to speak the final word. I am not a stray dog, sick of hunger, Don Casas, to press myself on any one, or to fawn upon any girl who desires to get rid of me. There be many maids on the pampas fair to look upon, and a man need not die of loneliness while he can pick and choose amongst them. But it is for Juanita herself and not you to tell me that I am free to roam."

"And she shall say it to you without delay!"

It was Juanita herself who spoke, as she glided swiftly through the doorway into the

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open air. The sunset glory burned upon her and showed the feline, sensuous beauty in every contour and line of her willowy form. Her bosom heaved and swelled under her threadbare cotton dress, but her eyes were dry and hard. Castro met her glance with a mocking smile.

"So it is Barragan?" he drawled. "Who would have thought it of a girl of the gauchos?"

Her lips trembled a little, but she held her eyes to his in defiant scorn as she said:

"He suits me, and that is enough. You want to be told by me that you are free to go where the other girls are waiting for you to pick and choose amongst them. Do you think I would delay you? Do you think your going concerns me? Not a breath of wind! Go, and go at once."

"You are kind. I thank you much. Permit me to wish you joy. The alcalde is a great match. True, he never showed any interest in you until he saw that I was at your feet——"

"At my feet! You? Bah!" and she laughed harshly, breaking in upon his parting oration. "You were at so many feet!—here one day, away the next. You were like the butterfly on the blossoms of alfalfa, now on one stem, now on another."

"And no doubt," added her mother shrilly, standing forward beside the girl, "Don Castro thinks it a fine thing to make fun of the people to some of his many sweethearts, as he has been doing of late."

"It is false," said Castro eagerly, his face clearing. "Don't believe it. Some one has been telling you lies about me. Tell me his name and I will call him to account."

"It is of no consequence," said old man Casas loftily, with a wave of the hand.

"It is so easy to give nice excuses, too," commented his wife. She had been Castro's friend once, but she was on his side no longer. Barragan had changed her. The alcalde was a plausible scoundrel. And, besides, he was the owner of flocks and herds. Juanita stood silent and haughty, looking over the gaucho's head into the amber-tinted blue.

He would plead no further. His pride was nettled. "*Está bien*," he said as he gathered up his reins. "What I have told you is the truth, but since you treat it as a lie there is no more to say. I have the honor to take my leave—*adios* all." His soft felt hat came down in the old-fashioned gaucho salute until the battered crown swept his stirrup. Then he straightened himself, threw his chin into the air, and, lifting his horse into a gallop, was gone.

He rode straight away from them into the distance, sitting slim and easy and graceful, yet taking no thought of his direction and guiding himself homeward by mere instinct; for a tempest of anger was raging in his heart. He rode and rode, while his dancing shadow lengthened and faded on the golden pampa floor, as the red sun sank in splendor; rode unheeding through the crimson afterglow and through the brief twilight, into the dusk, and on and on, under the kindling stars. Then a lull came in the whirlwind of his thoughts and he noticed that darkness had fallen. He halted, glad that the friendly night had come, glad that he was alone. He threw himself out of the saddle, and, keeping the halter in his hold, stretched himself upon the scented clover and lay there for hours with his face to the stars. Now and then his shoulders heaved as an angry sigh escaped him, and once a shiver of rage rippled along his body and limbs while a fierce oath from the uttermost depths of his soul rolled out upon the air. He was evidently trying to come to an understanding with himself, and it was not an easy matter. When at length he rose to continue his homeward ride it was very late, but he seemed to have liquidated all outstanding trouble; for, as he shook the dew from his clothing, he hummed one of his favorite guitar tunes, and as he rode off he broke resonantly into song:

Me gustan todas,
Me gustan todas,
Me gustan todas en general;
Pero las rubias,
Pero las rubias,
Pero las rubias
Me gustan mas!

In the gray dawn he strolled into the cook-house, where most of the hands were already seated on the cow-skull stools, taking *maté* around a fire of maize cobs over which hung the singing kettles. They greeted him with banter which was pungent and merciless and rank; and he paid them back in kind. They were vagabonds disposed by temperament to look for a funny side to every love-affair, and the Castro idyl was strongly appealing to their sense of humor. Castro's courtship had been so dramatic and spectacular in its inception that the story of it had gone far and wide; nor were its latest developments unknown, for few are the love-

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HE HAD THE MAIDEN ON HIS SHOULDER, CAPTURED IN THE ANCIENT WAY.

secrets in the gaucho world that may long be hidden from the gaucho eye. These were Castro's comrades, and his friends, too, in their own wild fashion, but it was their way to joke about most things in life and about death; and they had hopes of seeing something sensational grow out of the Barragan complication. He took their raillery in good part and pretended to regard his romance as a thing of the past. But he did not deceive them wholly. When he had left them to attend to his saddling for the morning's work, one of the old hands said as he tied the spur-thongs on his boot, "*Quien sabe* if it is all ended yet, so quietly, eh? For my part I think that something will come of this—something of bulk, señores, for our Castro is that kind of a man."

But the days passed and Castro made no sign. Whenever the name of Juanita was mentioned he smiled languidly or changed the conversation, as if the subject held no

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interest for him. He went through his work as cheerfully as ever and laughed away the long, hot days of water-pulling and herding and galloping as boyishly as any of those around him. Even when it began to be rumored that Barragan would give a great dance at the Casas *rancho* to celebrate his betrothal, Castro merely shrugged his shoulders. Yet when the dance was definitely announced and a general invitation freely circulated on all sides, he was the only one of the riders of "El Bandido" who said he was not going. The others were loud in their anticipations of enjoyment, and they did not economize in broad fun at his expense as they sat in the evenings outside the cook-house door after supper. But he twanged his guitar and sang piquant improvisations about them one and all, and when they pressed him to accompany them, he merely said:

"It is necessary that some one should remain at home to make it appear as if there is at least one gaucho of sense in this establishment. The majordomo and your servant are the only sane people here, so we have to guard over the respectability of the place, no? and its prestige social."

It was his playful way of hiding his thoughts, they supposed, and went to the dance without him. They left him sitting in the gloaming outside the sleeping-quarters strumming his guitar with the contented expression of a man who loves a quiet life.

But two hours later, when all was still, he took his riding-gear to the willow clump behind the draw-well where his best horse was tied. He saddled with the greatest care and then, under cover of the darkness, rode out alone. He was going to the dance, too. His mind had been made up on that point all along. He had been mapping out plans in his own mind all the time, and he was now going to act. He had taken no one into his confidence. "The flies do not enter a shut mouth," he told himself, meaning, of course, that to show his cards to any one would not have been playing the game in the best way. And he would play it in the best way or not at all.

The merrymaking was at its gayest when he arrived. A wide space of trampled grass in front of the *rancho* was the ballroom, and it was thronged by the cattlemen, shepherds, harvesters, free and independent stock lifters, and other citizens with their wives and daughters. They danced to the music of four guitars, in the light of a heap of burning sticks and weeds. The festive illumination was tended by old man Casas and his wife between the ceremonious intervals during which they sat in state near the door of the *rancho* to do the honors of the occasion.

Juanita was decked out in a new frock of spotless muslin over which her dark hair fell in two long plaits tied with crimson ribbon. Her every movement was instinct with wild, untaught, seductive grace, and Castro's heart beat faster as he stood in the deep shadows of the willow-trees watching her as she danced. She was dancing with Barragan one of the languid, voluptuous mazurkas in which the gauchos love to indulge by way of promenade between their whirling waltzes. The alcalde was in jubilant spirits and his face shone with triumph; for to-night was the public celebration of his victory over Castro. He had deprived his enemy of his sweetheart and captured the girl for himself, thus squaring, as he considered, a good deal of the account between them. He might still have to count the cost, but meanwhile it was a splendid thing, in his eyes, to cheat the rough-rider of his love, and make of him the joke of every hearth and every camp-fire from Lobos to San Urbano.

"But I want more than I have yet won," he was saying just then in Juanita's ear. "I have won you from every one but yourself."

Her wild beauty had grown upon him, and it was no longer merely because he desired to be revenged upon the man who had humiliated him that he wooed her. At first it had been his intention to go just far enough to compromise her, and then, when he had driven Castro from the field, wriggle out of the entanglement himself. But it was another story now. The animal in him hungered for her fiercely and he was trying to kindle in her heart the fire which was raging in his own.

She feigned to listen to his love-making, and occasionally she gave him a word in forced coquetry, but her mind was fixed on something else. Her eyes, which looked over his shoulder, swept the faces of the men around her and the groups of idlers that ringed the sward, and flashed into the gloom beyond, keenly, swiftly, furtively, with some terror in their glances, but also with a certain great wistfulness, seeking half unconsciously for one whom she feared, yet longed, to see. She did not think for a moment that he would come as a guest to a feast given by the dollars of Barragan; and yet she looked for him. She could not tell why she hoped or dreaded that

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he might come; all she knew was that for hours past she had been expecting to see him loom out of the shadows. And then, in a turn of the dance, just as a leaping glare of the firelight dispelled for a fleeting instant the gloom under the willows, she saw him at last. She did not start or make an outcry. A wild thrill danced through her blood in every vein, but not a word escaped her, and although for a moment she felt dizzy and heavy of foot, her partner noticed nothing of her emotion. When the music ceased she went to where her mother was sitting and took a place beside her. Barragan accompanied her and she told him coquettishly that she would rest for a few minutes and then that they would waltz for half an hour at least. But meanwhile, if he would fetch it to her, she would refresh herself with a little *orchata* and water. He hastened, delighted, to comply with her request, and the moment he was gone she slipped away into the darkness.

She went straight to where Castro was standing and spoke to him. The only thing that it occurred to her to say to him was, "Why are you here?" and she said it with a catch in her breath.

"I am here to arrange matters with you, sweetheart," he replied. He spoke in a low but masterful tone, and it was music in her ears, although it was the angry woman's heart in her that asked him scornfully:

"Sweetheart, is it? Since when?"

"You know when."

"I know that you bragged about there being other girls to pick and choose from and that you went to seek them."

"Why was I told to go?"

"You wanted to be told—you said so."

"What else was there to say after hearing that I had been thrown aside for Barragan?"

"You did not wait to hear it from me whether I had been promised to him against my will or not. You mocked me. But there—it is finished now."

"Not yet, my soul. There is more to say," and gripping her wrists he drew her toward him until her face was close to his own. She did not flinch. She did not even try to free herself. Through the soft veil of the shadows she looked straight into his eyes and asked:

"What is it you want with me, then? If it is my life, take it at once and have done with it. I am not afraid to die."

"No, no, my flower, not that," he said, and his voice shook with a strange husky note in which was the caress of a strong man's passion and the fierceness of desire. "I came to take yourself, to steal you. Will you come? You must. I shall make you. Do you understand?"

She was a girl of the pampas, sprung from lawless generations, born and bred close down to nature, and this elemental, primordial, ready-handed method of courtship filled her with tremulous delight. But before she could find words to reply she heard her name called. Her father had already noted her absence and, knowing the world about him, was uneasy in his mind.

"Juanita, Juanita!" he cried. "Where is she, then?"

"The girl is here," cried Castro defiantly, "and so am I"; and throwing his arm around her, he leaped with her into the circle of the light. Barragan, who had returned from the refreshment table to seek her, sprang forward at the sound of Castro's voice, and dashing down the glass that he carried, drew his revolver. But before he could raise the weapon to fire he was dispossessed of it. It was all done in the turning of a hand. With one sickening whip cut over the temple, the rough-rider laid his rival in the dust, and in the next instant he had the maiden on his shoulder, captured in the ancient way for his very own.

"Back there, any one who is not tired of life!" he cried as he rushed with her as lightly as if she were only an infant into the darkness and ran to where he had left his horse.

"Stop him, stop him," yelled old man Casas to the people, with a lurid oath. "Do me the favor to stop him, *caballeros*, until I cut his throat."

But they fell back out of his way to left and right and no one of them lifted a finger against him. Their gaucho sympathies were, on general principles, with the man who had taken the law into his own hands. Besides, Castro's popularity was great among them and they were not fond of Barragan.

Juanita made no resistance. The suddenness of the swoop dazed her, and it was not until her captor had placed her upon his horse and vaulted into the saddle that her thoughts freed themselves from confusion. She did not cry out. She did not struggle. If you want to know the truth, she just lay close to Castro and quivered with joy of feeling his strong arm around her and the quick smooth bound of the horse's racing stride beneath them. When she spoke her words nearly took his breath away.

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"Do not let them overtake us," she said.

He swore a joyful, caressing oath and tightened his clasp upon her.

"So that—may I be shot dead!" he exclaimed. "You are coming with a will after all, no?"

"Oh! and then?" she cried, as she locked her hands behind his back and laid her head upon his breast. And back on the night winds to Barragan and his guests floated a peal of *rodeo* whoops which Castro allowed to overflow from the fulness of his heart. But the last word had not yet been said and he knew it well. He ran straight for the highroad to Pergamino and when they reached it he stopped to listen. The hoof-strokes of their pursuers were already drumming on the night, coming at frantic speed.

"There are two of them," he drawled as quietly as if he were making a casual remark about the weather. He slid lightly to the ground as he spoke, but she caught his hand and pulled him to her.

"We must run for it," she urged in terror for his sake, "*vamos—vamos!*"

"No use, my heart; they would overtake us inside of a league."

"But, God of my soul! they will kill you. It will be my father that is coming and—the other—and you know them. Let us run or hide."

"There is a better plan than that, and it is down on the list. I have gone over it bit by bit and it is all right."

"To fight them? No—no—not that!"

"No, not that," he said reassuringly; "I am only going to play my last trump card, and it will finish the game."

He made her ride slowly on and, drawing his long knife, threw himself in a clump of weeds close beside the road. The pursuers were close at hand now, and he smiled when he heard old man Casas swearing in triumph as they caught sight of the dim figure on horseback ahead. They were rushing past him at full speed, Barragan leading in the chase, when Castro leaped at them and delivered two sure lightning-like slashes of his blade. The straining tendons snapped under the cleaving steel, and the two hamstrung horses, squealing with pain, plunged and staggered helplessly. Their galloping was ended forever. Before their riders could realize what had happened, Castro was again in the saddle and was explaining matters to them at long range.

"The hunt is over, *caballeros*," he shouted. "Be thankful to God that it is not a chronic thing with yourselves as well as with your horses. Don Casas, I am taking every care of the girl. The marriage will take place one of these days and you are now invited to attend and give your blessing. And so, I kiss your hand. Don Barragan, I told you that you would have to stand aside; and you see I was speaking the truth. This is the second time I have worsted you, no? Beware of the third. *Adios.*"

And with that the mocking, lawless, fearless, lovable vagabond vanished with his prize.

Things were very lurid and hectic and congested around that neighborhood for a week and more. But eventually the rage of old man Casas subsided. Barragan importuned him to go to Mercedes and set the law in motion against Castro. But the veteran gaucho made contumelious allusion to all law and law courts and to all men and things appertaining thereunto.

"Law!" he sneered; "what do I care for law! I curse it! It is not by law that a man wins a woman and keeps her. It is not by law that a boy like Castro can be tamed. There is no law to stand between him and his heart's desire but the law of a whip-hand stronger than his own, and yours, Don Barragan, is weaker."

And as Barragan showed anger at this, the old man vehemently consigned him to everlasting perdition and turned his back upon him—old man Casas never did things by halves! He even attended Castro's marriage a month later in overwhelming state, arrayed in lace-frilled *calzoncillos*, braided jacket, high heeled top-boots, and with several kilos of silver ornaments distributed over his person and riding-gear. His better half was also present and together they gave their blessing to the bridal pair. The wedding was in the church and the white-haired *cura* who had performed the ceremony was greatly edified at this touching act and said some saintly, kindly words about it. Whereupon old man Casas, breaking into gaucho speech, gave full vent to his feelings in this wise:

"Why, yes, padre, I give the boy my blessing, for, look you—and with all respect I say it, señor—may I fall dead if he does not deserve it! A proper person, padre, a gaucho with nerve and brain—a son of sin, if you will excuse me saying it in that way, padre, who knows how to take a maid unto himself, *ahijuna!* like a man!"

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Mending Day

By BURGES JOHNSON

HOW quickly children's clothes will rip and tear!
Each time I put off mending till so late,
I re'lize that a family of eight
Can give a loving mother lots of care.
If more get born I really do declare
I'll put 'em into bed and make 'em wait.
My brother hopes to learn to *operate*,
But there is not a child that I would spare.

He's borrowed three that he pretends are dead,
But I won't even think of such a thin'!
And yet at mending time I've often said
I almost wished—though p'raps it is a sin—
That God had sent *some* paper-dolls instead
Whose clothes are only painted on their skin.

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

DE WOLF HOPPER AS *ECSTATICAS* AND ADA DEAVES AS *PAPRIKA* IN "HAPPYLAND."

THE PLAYERS

WEIGHED by either the artistic or the box-office standard, the theatrical season just passed was notable. At one time no fewer than thirteen of the twenty-eight producing playhouses were crowded at every performance—an unprecedented record. On the other hand, the managers of traveling companies that never remain longer than a week in one place complained bitterly, except in those instances where the offerings had the prestige of former New York success to support them. Every year theatre-goers depend more and more upon the metropolitan verdict; it is exceedingly difficult to persuade them to pay to see a performance about which they have heard nothing until it is ready to descend upon them.

There were failures a-plenty in New York, overwhelming failures, especially toward the end of the season, but on the whole the profits were enormous. Charles Frohman, largest of producing managers, presented twenty-six

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DAVID WARFIELD IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF "THE MUSIC MASTER."

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JULIA SANDERSON AS *DOROTHY TODD* IN "THE TOURISTS."

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WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, WHO PLAYED THE LEADING RÔLE IN "THE SQUAW MAN."

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Photograph by Hall's Studio, New York.

ELSIE JANIS, WHO STARRED THIS SEASON IN "THE VANDERBILT CUP."

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new plays, of which only three failed. Never has he known so prosperous a year.

The very biggest success among the new plays was won by the most popular of American actresses in the best play she has ever had; but even "Peter Pan" and Maude Adams had to yield the palm to David Warfield and "The Music Master," although it was their second season in New York. "The Music Master" resumed its run early and it was among the last to close. Month in and month out people packed the theatre to see David Warfield's impersonation of the old musician. As a play, it is not to be compared with "Peter Pan"; if it were anything like as good, Mr. Warfield would probably play *Herr von Barwig* as long as Joseph Jefferson played *Rip Van Winkle*. Never was a conceit so whimsical, so joyous, so tender, so charming, so captivatingly original as "Peter Pan." One is inclined to believe that there will never be another like it, although none can know what the brilliant fancy, the profound knowledge, the exquisite wit, and the delicate craft of James M. Barrie may bring forth.

And yet when this fantasy was first produced in New York, only the popularity of Maude Adams saved it. She has the largest personal following of any player, and these admirers remained loyal until the public was trained to appreciate the Barrie comedy. It is so entirely different from anything that has ever been seen on the stage that few grasped it at first—so hard is it for some of us to remember that we were children, so much harder to be children again. Miss Adams was dubious in the beginning. She thought the fate of the comedy depended upon the children in the audience, and they looked at it askance. It was too good to be true, this delightful tale of fairies. You see, the fairy education of the modern child is almost wholly neglected, if, indeed, it is not sternly eliminated from the modern scientific scheme of child training. But nothing can utterly destroy the dainty creatures of fancy so long as there are children in the world; and the wizard Barrie swiftly woke the dormant love of them.

Presently women began to rave over Maude Adams, who never before was so winsome and so charming. But real comprehension of the play was beyond them. Truly to appreciate "Peter Pan" you must be a boy at least forty years old. If you are sixty you will like it just twice as well. We had forgotten, you and I, indeed everybody had forgotten, those important things of long ago—that is, everybody but Barrie. He remembered them and he learned how to translate his dreams into a modern tongue that we can understand. For years and years I had been looking for the hollow tree that leads to the house underground—so many years that I had forgotten I was searching for it—and Barrie found it for me right away. He took me right bang to it and gathered up a lot of my old friends to meet me—real boys, you understand, that could do such things as capture pirate ships without the aid of grown-ups. Naw, we didn't want any girls. Of course there was one girl, not one of those silly things that cry, but a nice girl that doesn't make any fuss and helps you out of scrapes and kind of comforts a fellow when the rest of the world is in a conspiracy to make him miserable.

As you watch *Peter Pan* do all those beautiful things you always wanted to do and couldn't, your heart begins to flutter; queer, delicious, twisty little chills ripple up and down your spine, your eyes begin to blur, and you're half afraid you'll blubber and half afraid you won't. That is, unless there are a little *Peter Pan* and a little *Wendy* at home. If there are, honest tears will flow joyously from your eyes while the laughter bubbles from your lips. And if there aren't any little tikes in your life, the tears will come afterward when you look back upon the fairy play.

If I were a maker of plays I should rather have the authorship of "Peter Pan" to my credit than that of any other play I know. It alone would make any theatrical year distinguished; certainly it leavened the seventy-odd new plays and fifty-three musical comedies produced in New York last season.

Scarcely less brilliant, although in a widely different vein, was Barrie's "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," which was not a pronounced financial success, partly because Ethel Barrymore was physically and temperamentally unfitted to play the title rôle—that of a mother with a grown-up daughter—and partly because the satire aimed at the problem play was rather too subtle for the theatre public, great as are the strides in discernment and intelligence it has taken in the past few years. One must think rather rapidly to grasp the humor and wit of the comedy. The little Scotchman who pokes fun at the problem drama so good-humoredly but so relentlessly

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doesn't like to be too obvious. Very likely "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" suffered in comparison with the rather dazzling popularity of "Peter Pan."

As a purely intellectual achievement, an exemplification of absolutely clear, wonderfully exact thinking, the stage has probably never known the equal of George Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," which proved to be one of the big artistic and financial successes of the year, to the utter dumfounding of theatrical managers and nearly everybody familiar with the stage, for the comedy had been widely read. The acclaim that "Man and Superman" received and its long run were the great surprise of the season. Exemplifying his profound knowledge of the playwright's art, which he frequently elects to ignore in his work, the comedy shows Shaw at his best. The brilliancy of the dialogue, the sureness with which the startling shafts of wit strike home, the cleverness of the characterization, and the logical development of the story make it, perhaps, the best of modern comedies of manners.

"Man and Superman" had the advantage of being admirably played. Robert Loraine's very mannerisms increased his effectiveness as *John Tanner*, and the skill with which he handled the interminably long speeches, the certainty of his attack, his effectiveness in scoring every possible point, made it plain that he is a better actor than most people considered him. Then there were Edward Abeles as the chauffeur, Clara Bloodgood as *Violet*, and, finest of all, J. D. Beveridge as *Hector Malone, Sr.*—a cast of real distinction.

It is pleasant to record that "The Duel" made a real success, for it is on so high an artistic plane that it was exceedingly doubtful if it would be popular. It is a profound, scholarly, intensely dramatic psychological study by Henri Lavedan, translated into beautiful English and superbly acted by Otis Skinner, Eben Plympton, and Guy Standing. Plainly, it was beyond the comprehension of some of the able critics, for they agreed that the playwright had dodged the problem he had created, in order to bring the play to a happy conclusion. The problem was, in fact, not at all what they thought it was, and far more interesting.

The remaining great successes of the season were on a distinctly lower artistic level. The one that lasted longer in New York than any other of the new plays, and crowded houses in Chicago and London as well, was "The Lion and the Mouse." Turning upon the abuse of power conferred by great wealth, it proved how a big theme that is a part of the vital, daily thought of a nation can triumph over a host of imperfections and crudities. It has two acts that are almost ridiculous and utterly hopeless, one that is absorbingly interesting, and a climacteric act that is overwhelmingly strong. And these last two acts made the play a tremendous success.

One can readily credit the tale that when Daniel Frohman, the most scholarly of American managers, was asked to consider the drama, he waved the manuscript at the author, saying: "Do you call this thing a play?" Yet "The Lion and the Mouse" packed Mr. Frohman's theatre for months, keeping its doors open long after every other dramatic play had yielded to the hot weather; and Mr. Frohman was glad to pay an enormous sum for the Western rights. The weaknesses and absurdities are much more apparent in the reading than in the acting of the play. How a dramatist who can handle big scenes so effectively, with such real power, could be guilty of the faults that mar "The Lion and the Mouse" is beyond one's comprehension. The adroitness with which Charles Klein covers the weak places, and his clever audacity in ignoring glaring inconsistencies that he couldn't explain if he tried, show that he was conscious of the faults. He has measured very accurately the extent to which he can play upon the credulity of his audiences, and that is one of the secrets of his popular success.

Much of the conviction carried by "The Lion and the Mouse" is due to Edmund Breese, a real actor, who plays the part of the millionaire with force, intelligence, discretion, and sincerity. He is one of those rare players whom personal success inspires with ambition for greater achievement. Recognized as one of the best of the stock stars, he traveled about the country in romantic plays with success, but New York knew little of him until he appeared with Robert Edeson in "Strongheart," playing both the football coach and the Indian from the reservation. Then he was swiftly acknowledged one of the really able actors.

Two melodramas of the untamed West were among the four great financial successes of the season. They were dubbed "atmosphere plays," atmosphere being merely another term for local color or historical setting. For a long time the Western drama has been indicated, as the surgeons say, because we were

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getting pretty tired of the problem play and the things that go with it. We longed to get back to nature and the simple life, and in our eagerness we chose, perhaps, the most artificial variety of play in the whole range of the drama. The Western plays are supposed to deal with elemental passions, to get close to the ground. Also their Americanism appeals to our patriotic spirit. In order to prove the Western drama's fidelity to truth it is only necessary to say that it can be manufactured in London, by playwrights who were never farther west than Land's End, as well as in New York—a fact demonstrated by the success of "Sunday."

But when it comes to providing a setting for a Western play, or any play for that matter, there is none to equal David Belasco. And "The Girl of the Golden West" needs all his legerdemain, for it has but one really strong act. That, however, is crowded with thrills, situations, and effects, and it gives Blanche Bates her finest opportunity. Another act is entertaining and amusing, solely because Belasco's skill makes it so. There are also three tableaux, really very short acts, whose chief charm lies in their abundance of "atmosphere."

This Belasco play is theatric rather than dramatic, for the scenes are plainly built up to secure an effect; the fact that Belasco does not fail is the strongest proof of his skill. The elaborate simplicity, the suggestion of primitive, straightforward folk, naively innocent, with big hearts and splendid virtues, the humor of contrasting their habit of thought and manner of life with civilization —all these things which are the web and woof of Western drama are emphasized with a sense of proportion that shows how perfect is Belasco's knowledge of their values. He has succeeded in transferring Bret Harte to the stage. To Frank Keenan, who plays *Jack Rance*, gambler and sheriff, belongs much of the credit, for he fills out the mental picture one has of Harte's picturesque gamblers, and that is a remarkable triumph.

"The Squaw Man," the other Western drama that scored heavily, has a story that seems absolutely improbable, possibly because it is unhackneyed; we are likely to regard original stories as improbable when we encounter them on the stage. But undoubtedly "The Squaw Man" would stand analysis as well as "The Girl of the Golden West," which nobody regarded as unlikely. After "The Squaw Man" is started, it is logical enough, and it is so interesting that it holds attention. Frankly a melodrama, it succeeded because of its story and because one was mighty glad to know its fine, human characters. It was well cast, with William Faversham, the star, in a rôle admirably fitted to him; and even the minor parts received careful consideration.

Neither Augustus Thomas nor Clyde Fitch, who are in the very front rank of American dramatists, added anything to his reputation, for neither the former's "De Lancey" nor the latter's "Her Great Match" deserves serious consideration, although the stars who appeared in them, John Drew and Maxine Elliott respectively, found them profitable. George Ade, who made such a stir in the theatrical world by a series of brilliant successes, tasted his first failure with "The Bad Samaritan," an utterly hopeless play. But he had some compensation in "Just Out of College," a delightfully amusing satire in which young Joseph Wheelock starred with success. It wasn't so uproariously funny as "The College Widow" or "The County Chairman," but it displayed Mr. Ade's cleverness in character drawing, and there were very few dull moments in it.

Only two real successes came from London: "The Walls of Jericho," from the pen of Alfred Sutro, a newcomer among dramatists, and "Mr. Hopkinson," written by the brilliant and erratic R. C. Carton. The former, a drawing-room play in which James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering starred, had the advantage of an ethical purpose, which seems to appeal to people nowadays. It had much scintillating dialogue and one big, vital act, which gave it a long run in New York, despite the fact that it was most unevenly acted. Its London success was by no means duplicated here, but that is hardly remarkable, because American audiences are not especially interested in the morals of London society.

The same lack of understanding of English social conditions—our difficulty in grasping caste distinctions—interfered also with our appreciation of "Mr. Hopkinson," one of the cleverest, bitterest satires that ever came from London. Mr. Carton is one of those uncertain playwrights whose work is either very good or very bad. In "Mr. Hopkinson" he has surpassed himself. His characterization is marvelously fine and convincing, and the players have the nicest appreciation of it. The American success of the comedy,

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however, is due to Dallas Welford, a little, pop-eyed, moon-faced Englishman whose personality and fine acting skill enable him to portray, with a fidelity and a humor that are irresistible, the suddenly enriched little cad seeking to buy his way into society. There isn't a pleasant character in the whole comedy, but deserts are administered with such justice that audiences are highly gratified.

Women playwrights were greatly in evidence during the season; and they scored, too. Grace Livingston Furniss made a dramatization of Harold McGrath's "Man on the Box," in which Henry E. Dixey and Carlotta Nillson starred with much profit; and Rida Johnson Young produced "Brown of Harvard," in which Henry E. Woodruff and half a dozen young chaps delighted thousands of matinée girls for many months. Mr. Woodruff has always pleased feminine audiences, and in nothing has he so appealed to his followers as in the rôle of a self-sacrificing college boy. "Brown of Harvard" isn't much of a play, but it has youth and enthusiasm in it, as well as good, honest fun, and these are what made it please.

Classical drama received much dignified consideration and showed a financial return that should vastly encourage those who wail about its decadence. Robert Mantell presented Shakespeare for many prosperous weeks in New York, his greatest success being in "King Lear," which had not been seen in the metropolis for twenty years. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe added a magnificent production of "The Taming of the Shrew" to their joint repertoire, the former showing to better advantage than in any Shakespearian rôle he has essayed. Richard Mansfield rounded out the dozen of Shakespearian plays seen in New York. Following his policy of giving each season a foreign classic new to the American stage, he also presented a version of "Don Carlos." This year brought the realization of Mr. Mansfield's ambition to be recognized as the first American actor, and with it came the largest financial return of his career.

There were fifty-three new musical productions, three of which proved that the comic opera is not yet extinct. "Véronique," coming from Paris by way of London, was one of the daintiest, most exquisite and charming operas seen in many years. The music was of a high order and admirably sung, but it was rather too fine to be really popular, and too funny to appeal to the devotees of grand opera.

Fritzi Scheff had a real comic opera in "Mlle. Modiste," by Victor Herbert, who, although an Irishman by birth and a German by training, has taken first place among American composers. "Mlle. Modiste" has a real story, a love story, told clearly and interestingly by Henry M. Blossom, and this, together with the fact that the star had a grand-opera training, gave Mr. Herbert opportunity to display his fine musical skill; the combination of these factors produced one of the great successes of the season. One of the best things about the opera was the elimination of the clowning comedian. There was real humor instead of horse-play.

"Happyland," which gave DeWolf Hopper better opportunity than any vehicle he has had for many seasons, is also real comic opera. It has the best music Reginald De Koven has written since "Robin Hood," and the book, by the late Frederick Ranken, shows originality, taste, and refinement.

The versatile George M. Cohan displayed his skill at mixing melodrama and farce comedy in "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," which proved very clever in characterization. Fay Templeton was the star, but she had little to do, and only her transcendent ability as an actress enabled her to stand out. The big hit was made by Victor Moore as *Kid Burns*. To say that he scored here even more heavily than in vaudeville is to praise him highly. Mr. Cohan took a familiar character from the phase of life at which respectable society looks askance, and Mr. Moore made him so human, so lovable, so altogether delightful that the rôle stands forth as a real creation.

The little Weber Music Hall had a hilarious season, beginning with "Twiddle-Twaddle" and ending with a real burlesque called "The Squaw Man's Girl of the Golden West," which, with Marie Dressler playing the title rôle, was really the funniest that has been seen in the playhouse famous for its fun-making. There was never a time during the season when people looking for broad comedy with tuneful, catchy songs could not find amusement; for besides the Weber show there was little Elsie Janis in "The Vanderbilt Cup," which had a long run because of the double attraction of a spectacular automobile race and the personality of the child star whose imitations long ago made her famous in vaudeville. And for a "summer show," there came "The Social Whirl," which jumped into immediate popularity.

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Bucket-Shop Sharks

III

By MERRILL A. TEAGUE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Is there a bucket-shop in your town? You think not; but do you know? In this, the third article of Mr. Teague's slashing series of bucket-shop exposures, there are named forty-two correspondents of M. J. Sage & Co.'s bucket-shop syndicate. This is only one of many syndicates which are stealing millions of dollars from innocent "investors," and it is worth your while to follow these lists whether you are directly interested in stock transactions or not. If your fellow citizen, respected as a stock-broker, has recently had business relations with thieves, the first step in the interests of justice is that you should know it. The attractive lures and cunning disguises with which stock-market swindlers surround their traps are also explained in detail in this number, as are the methods by which the swindlers tamper with actual stock quotations. The reading of this article is your best insurance against stock-dealing robbery.

CHAPTER VII

BUCKET-SHOPPING, as the only form of gambling which holds State charters and operates under quasi-protection of the law, demands a more elaborately devised and intricate "plant" than any of the other schemes for separating fools from their money. Establishing himself in the most defiant manner, simulating respectability with amazing adroitness, it is imperative for his own purpose that the bucket-shopper have conveniently at hand such machinery as will at all times guarantee the successful issue of the game. These bucket-shoppers are the Dick Canfields of marginal speculation. They play for stakes so big that any expenditure is justified which will, in the first place, entice money that may be stolen, and, in the second, make its theft easy and perfectly disguised. It is not strange, therefore, that the Turners, "Al" Adamses, Cellas, McHies, Flanagans, O'Dells, Christies, and others I have named, should have constructed "plants" perfect in detail at the cost of stupendous sums of money and great ingenuity.

In essential features these plants do not materially differ one from another. The method of operation may vary slightly, but the difference is wholly one of method. One bucket-shopping syndicate may operate its own branches. Another may pose as the principal for numerous local and supposedly independent corresponding "Bankers and Brokers." For example, the Haight & Freese Company had branches in their own name. "During the year 1902 the company had over seventy offices located throughout the United States and Canada, east of the Mississippi. . . . We had over 10,000 customers on our books; I should say nearer 12,000 or 13,000. . . . We are a competitor of the New York Stock Exchange," testified George G. Turner, in March, 1905, in a trial over which Mr. Justice Dowling, of the Supreme Court for New York County, presided. Each of these branches was conducted in the name of the Haight & Freese Company, and a salaried manager was in charge of each one. M. J. Sage & Co., of which the ex-convict "Al" Adams is the backer, have, on the other hand, few branches operating under the corporate name. In Philadelphia, R. M. Miner & Co. hold themselves forth as "Bankers and Brokers." In Baltimore, W. A. Busch & Co. play a similar rôle. In each instance

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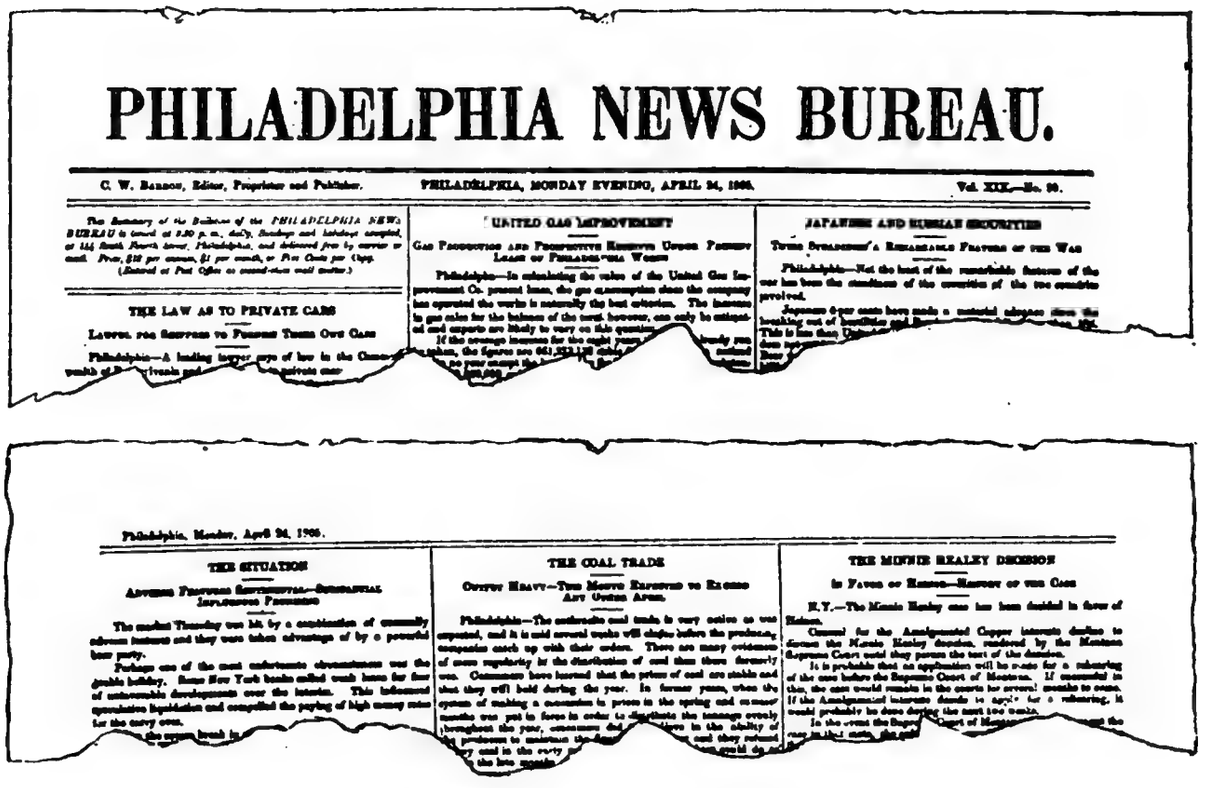

PHILADELPHIA NEWS BUREAU.

C. W. Barron, Editor, Proprietor and Publisher. PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 24, 1905. Vol. XIX.—No. 90.

THE LAW AS TO PRIVATE CARS

UNITED GAS IMPROVEMENT

JAPANESE AND RUSSIAN SECURITIES

Philadelphia, Monday, April 24, 1905.

THE SITUATION

THE COAL TRADE

THE MINNIE HEALEY DECISION

BARRON'S NEWSPAPER AND THE

the local house pretends to be independent, but to have a correspondent's relationship with M. J. Sage & Co., by which outfit, they claim, orders booked by them are actually executed. The Cellas manage their business much after the fashion of Sage & Co. O'Dell, of Cincinnati, operates under both plans. McHie, with his Hammond Elevator Company, has direct branches, and so has "Joe" Flanagan, of Boston, who pulls a multitude of wires from behind his J. J. Quinlan & Co. mask. Christie goes after business with whichever plan promises best results. The Wisconsin Stock & Grain Company, the new name which has been adopted by the Edwards-Wood Company outfit, of Minneapolis, since my July instalment went to the presses, and under which they are now sailing, sticks pretty close to the direct branch system.

The Haight & Freese Company, by their method, were always the principals—victims had the consolation of knowing they had been robbed by the thieves-in-chief, without the intervention of any baiters or brush-beaters. M. J. Sage & Co., and all others doing business after their fashion, play a game that, in the jackals' vernacular, is called "backing the sheets." Miner, in Philadelphia, a wholly irresponsible individual, takes bets in his own name, but passes them on to Sage & Co., immediately they are recorded in his office, over wires leased and paid for by Sage & Co. Miner, for his services in baiting victims, is allowed a commission on each bet. If the bettor wins, Sage & Co., and not Miner, stand the loss. If the bettor loses—as always he does in the end—Sage & Co. pocket the winnings. Miner's pecuniary stake in each bet is limited to his commission. This is the system when a bucket-shop syndicate "backs the sheets" for a small, generally irresponsible, and supposedly independent "Banker and Broker." Miner's relation with Sage & Co. is, therefore, different only in minor detail from that which existed between George S. Langdon and the Haight & Freese Company when Langdon was managing the Pittsburg office of Turner's rascally corporation. Win or lose, the profit or loss is taken by the syndicate, with the central "plant" of which the local representative is in constant telegraphic communication.

It is, of course, to the advantage of the local manager to have his principals win always. There is potency in the I'm-tickling-you, now-you-tickle-me argument, even among thieves. In the economy of bucket-shop thievery, the local manager who can point to lambs he has personally discovered and brought forward for shearing is a man worth while. The fellows at the head of the game—those who are actually using the shears—are not likely to lose sight of such men. For such local managers as these promotion is

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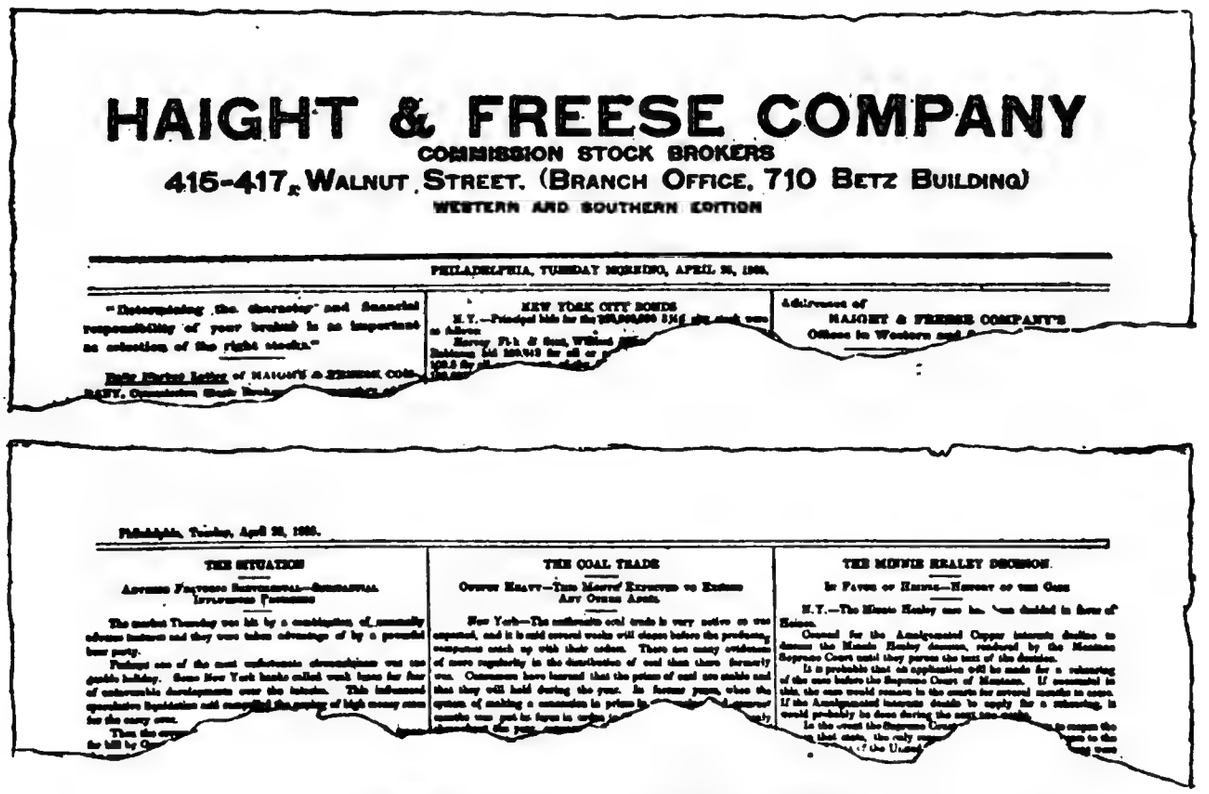

HAIGHT & FREESE COMPANY

COMMISSION STOCK BROKERS

415-417 WALNUT STREET. (BRANCH OFFICE, 710 BETZ BUILDING)

WESTERN AND SOUTHERN EDITION

PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 30, 1905.

"Distinguishing the character and financial responsibility of your broker is an important as selection of the right stocks."

NEW YORK CITY BONDS

Advertisement of HAIGHT & FREESE COMPANY'S Offices in Western and S

Philadelphia, Tuesday, April 30, 1905.

THE SITUATION

THE COAL TRADE

THE MINNIE HEALEY DECISION

FAKERS' MARKET LETTER—COMPARE THEM.

certain to come, just as the rogue who serves an apprenticeship to a safe-blower may himself count on some day becoming a cracksman. The sentimental interest which the local manager—the man with whom you may be doing business—has in the fleecing of lambs he has corralled is well demonstrated in a letter which Langdon, at Pittsburg, wrote on May 1, 1905, to Turner, at the Philadelphia headquarters of the Haight & Freese Company. This letter, in part, was:

Upon March 17th, account No. 293, W. H. Williams opened an account with us, this was done at *my personal solicitation*, and through my endeavors I got Mr. Williams to transfer his account from Darr, Luke & Moore, a large New York Stock Exchange house here to us. Mr. Williams' account was closed out upon Saturday last with a total loss of about $6,700.

To-day Mr. Williams came in and expressed himself as being greatly pleased at the treatment he had received at our hands and opened a fresh account of $1,000 and says he will back it up with $5,000 more if necessary.

This is only one account of several, *I have personally secured*, within the past few months, and all of them met with about the same results, only not quite so severe.

The italics mark words Langdon had underscored in the original of this letter.

For the real business of the thievery we must go to the plant from which the thieves operate their game. For the description of such a plant—I propose to take the case of the "Western and Southern Circuit" under the Haight & Freese Company organization.

This "Western and Southern Circuit" embraced two offices in Philadelphia, and one in each of these cities: Pittsburg, Erie, Altoona, and New Castle, Pa.; Baltimore, Md.; Washington, D. C.; Richmond and Norfolk, Va.; Wilmington, Del.; Dunkirk and Buffalo, N. Y.; and Atlantic City, N. J. The headquarters of the circuit was in the building 415–417 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, where the principal office of John A. Boardman & Co., the name under which the Lillis-Turner outfit is now practising bucket-shop thievery, is located. George G. Turner was in charge of this circuit, the headquarters of which was, in its turn, subordinate to the chief executive offices, at 85 State Street, Boston, where Lillis worked the wires. Development of the circuit in earnest began after Turner and Lillis, in 1903, became owners of the Haight & Freese corporation. It was in perfect operation on May 10, 1905, when a court decree ordered the entire "plant" into a receiver's hands.

Shortly before Turner and Lillis blossomed as owners, E. Beekman Underhill, a one-time associate of John McCrea, who is now bucket-shopping in Philadelphia, along with E. C. Fletcher and the John A. Boardman &

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Co. crowd, was promoting the organization of the Consolidated Stock Exchange of Philadelphia. In the old days the Haight & Freese Company, following their expulsion from the Consolidated Stock & Petroleum Exchange of New York, had experienced much difficulty in defending suits brought by victims to recover moneys stolen. Without exchange connection, they could not, in such suits, produce proof of the execution of orders. Turner and Lillis easily made up their minds to take this hurdle. Their intention was well shown by the following letter, written March 14, 1903, by Underhill to George T. (Red Letter) Sullivan, a notorious Chicago bucket-shopper, whose "joint" was raided by the police at a time when his business had grown to the point of turning a profit of $25,000 a day:

> I want you to send on for one or more memberships in Consolidated Stock Exchange of Philadelphia. This is my plan that has been adopted here, and you can readily understand that it comprises everything needed—
> All hands are coming in.

"All hands" came in under Underhill's plan, which "comprised everything needed" for exchange protection of bucket-shop thievery. Among the number were Turner and Lillis. Turner's application for membership, which is reproduced here in facsimile, bore the indorsement, as references, of J. Huntington Davis, No. 5,808, New York Rogues' Gallery, and of R. M. Miner, the "Man Friday" of the "Al" Adams-Sage & Co. in Philadelphia. Lillis's application was indorsed by the same Davis, and by E. C. Fletcher. This step was No. 1 in the Turner-Lillis scheme for a "plant" that would permit and perfectly protect bucket-shop thievery.

As a second step, most important for its usefulness in baiting victims, was an arrangement which was entered into by the Haight & Freese Company with the "Philadelphia News Bureau"—"C. W. Barron, Editor, Proprietor and Publisher." That name—Barron—is not, I am sure, strange to the sight of readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Mr. Lawson has made it notorious by telling how Barron, with his "Boston News Bureau," played the rôle of tool-holder for the frenzied financiers in the copper conspiracy while they drilled the lock on the public's savings. With the Lawson-Barron-"Boston-News-Bureau" controversy I have nothing to do. It is within my province merely to show that while Barron, with his "Boston News Bureau," was tool-holding for the frenzied financiers in copper, the "Philadelphia News Bureau," another of his possessions was taking toll from bucket-shop thieves, namely, the Haight & Freese Company.

This arrangement provided that on each market day Barron's "Philadelphia News Bureau" organization, after its own sheet had been printed, should "lift" the heading and some matter, and substitute therefor the Haight & Freese Company's heading and matter. This just-as-good substitute was then to be printed for the swindlers as a daily financial newspaper, for gratuitous distribution to all who might be so unfortunate as to have their names on the Haight & Freese "come-on" list. Up to the minute when the Haight & Freese Company went into receivers' hands, this agreement was lived up to. And regularly the "Philadelphia News Bureau" got its share of the loot wrung by the thieves from a public whose eyes had been thoroughly wooled.

CHAPTER VIII

MAY 10, 1905, I participated in the only raid ever made upon the Philadelphia headquarters of the Haight & Freese Company's "Western and Southern Circuit." The raider-in-chief was J. Hector McNeal, a member of the Philadelphia bar. His bludgeon was a decree of the United States Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania appointing him receiver for the incorporated thieves. His first assistant was his counsel, Edgar J. Pershing. It was my privilege to serve as second assistant with a rank equivalent to that of water-carrier. We descended upon the offices at 415–417 Walnut Street about eleven o'clock in the morning. The trading-room was crowded with dupes and professional bucket-shop gamblers. Within his cage sat the cashier. Behind the order desk margin and order clerks were busy. Half a dozen telegraph instruments industriously tick-tacked in one corner. Betting was brisk. John A. Boardman, the local manager, was in his place. In the bookkeepers' department half a score of men were busy writing the books on the day's betting. Only George G. Turner was missing from the collection of robbers.

Into the street went the entire aggregation; nor was ceremony used nor words bandied

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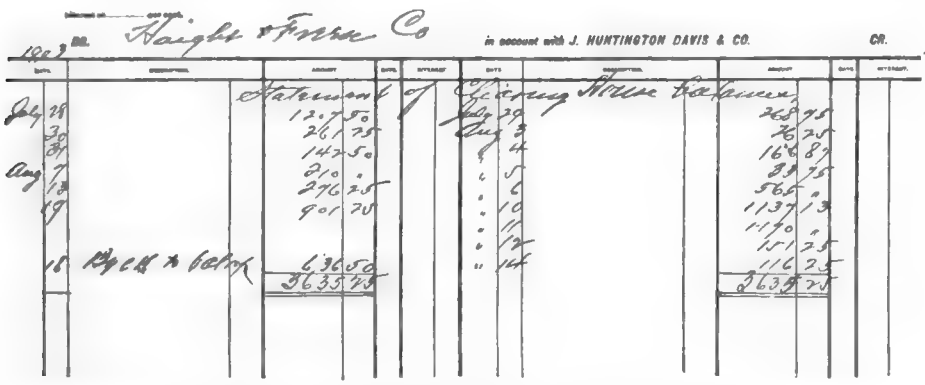
in the sending of them. There is virtue in the decree of a United States Court when, as in this instance, it is properly directed. Mr. Pershing leaped upon the order desk and wrenched loose the switch plugs of the telegraph instruments. A moment more and the tickers were disconnected. That done, we went through those offices like a cyclone through a Kansas corn-crib. We had treed the thieves, but, unlike the famous coon, they had not yet said they would come down. For subsequent court proceedings, proof of the fraud we knew had been perpetrated had to be discovered. In that office, as part of the "plant," we found these things:

One stock board, on which quotations were posted; one "Marrin Pirate Wire" outfit, over which stolen quotations on stocks, grain, provisions, and cotton were received; one ticker

cuted between officials of the Bourse Building, a block and a half away, and the Haight & Freese Company. This lease covered Room 556 in the Bourse, a noble edifice which was intended to be devoted to the highest ends of commerce, but which has numbered among its tenants nest after nest of thieves and swindlers. This lease specified the Haight & Freese Company as tenants of Room 556, and stipulated that it was to be used for "telegraphic purposes." We took the scent. Outwardly, Room 556 disclosed nothing beyond this inscription on the glass in the door:

A. E. SMITH.

The lease was current, the management of the Bourse confirmed it, and stated that the Haight & Freese Company regularly paid



SPECIMEN BALANCES ON SHEETS CLEARED BY "NO. 6,808" DAVIS.

The balance shown, $636.50, was ostensibly due the Haight & Freese Company. It was paid by Davis's check and Davis received from the Haight & Freese Company, *sub rosa*, an equal amount in currency, the whole business being bogus.

of the "New York News Bureau," which furnishes a "flash" bulletin service on news during market hours; one ticker of the Printing Telegraph Company, also furnishing a "flash" service on news bulletins; one file of the printed bulletin slips issued by Barron's "Philadelphia News Bureau," and distributed during market hours by messengers; four or five telegraph instruments, ostensibly for the transmission to an exchange for execution of orders placed with the gamblers; one addressing machine for addressing the daily financial newspaper which Barron, by arrangement, printed for the swindlers.

But these things did not constitute the entire "plant." Of that we were sure. A little later it was proved to us. In rummaging the vault Mr. McNeal came across a lease exe-

the rent. Without further ado, Mr. McNeal forced the door to this room, and then forced a second door set in a close board partition which made a vestibule in one corner. Within, an amazing spectacle was disclosed.

On the west wall of the room, which was about 30x30 feet in size, was a stock-board for posting quotations. Before this board was ranged a score of telegraph instruments. At one side was a "Marrin Pirate Wire" outfit. Just behind the telegraph table was a long table, a little more than waist-high. Back of that were desks for a stenographer, two or three sheet-writers, and other clerks. In one corner was a box-like office, partitioned off for the use of A. E. Smith, manager of this particular den. Against the blank wall, on shelves, was a ton or two of stationery.

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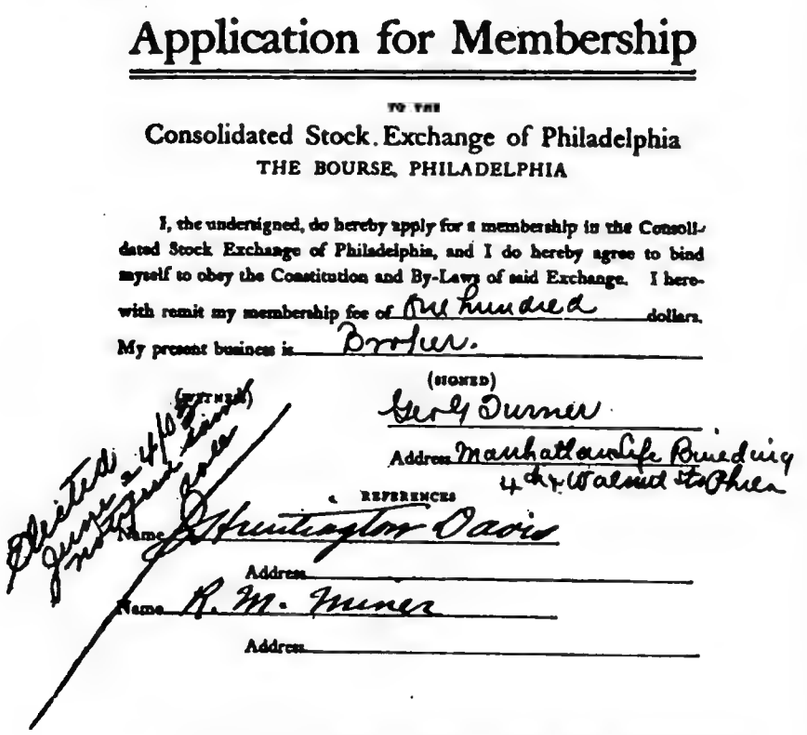
Here was the bucket-shop thieves' complete machine. We had arrived at headquarters.

From each branch office on that "Western and Southern Circuit" there led into this room the wires—furnished by regular telegraph companies—that connected the branch with what was supposed to be an exchange where orders were executed. To this room, instead of to an exchange, came those orders, and here the thieves performed the legerdemain that in their knavery passes for the execution of orders. Over these wires there were sent, to each of the branches, the quotations stolen by "Tom" Marrin and his crowd of quotation thieves. And how simple was it for the operators, repeating over their wires the stolen quotations, to shade those quotations an eighth of a point! Quotations on regular exchanges are made by the score each minute; there is a quotation for each transaction. Tickers outside of New York, unable to keep pace with the production of quotations, record only the changes. The "Marrin Pirate Wires," using ordinary Morse instruments in transmitting what you may see advertised as the "Fast Quotation Service," give each quotation as made. To follow all these quotations subsequently is beyond the power of any stock-market gambler, since only one general newspaper, the New York *Evening Sun*, publishes all of them. Other newspapers report only the opening, close, high, and low in each day's market; so that the victim of the bucket-shop has small hope of success if he endeavors to traverse the entire quotation maze in an effort to discover whether or not his bets were made against shaded quotations, kept within the range of the day's changes, posted in a bucket-shop. Telegraph operators who shade figures that go on the stock-board are too expert to embroil their employers by unnecessary mistakes. All the machinery for this business was in Room 556. And here, too, we found, were written sheets which later the Consolidated Stock Exchange of Philadelphia, by its fraudulent clearing-house, certified as a record of *bona-fide* transactions, actually made in open trading upon its floor.

With the numerous offices in this circuit, all connected by wires leased from the regular telegraph companies, with Langdons for managers, with the suckers nibbling at the bait by hundreds and thousands, the operation of this "plant" had been reduced to an exact science. Mr. Williams, No. 293 in the Pittsburg office, gave Langdon an order for the sale, say, of 100 shares of Metropolitan stock at 89. Instantly that order was telegraphed, as Williams supposed, to an exchange for execution. Actually, with all the speed of electricity on a copper wire, it was, if Metropolitan was quoted around 89, sent on to Room 556, the Bourse, Philadelphia. If the order was some distance away from the market—that is, if the figure named by Williams for his sale was not close to the current quotation on Metropolitan—it might be buried, only Langdon knew where.

"Managers and operators kindly take notice," ran a general order sent by the Haight & Freese Company to all branches, "that they can greatly relieve the congestion on the trunk-line wire . . . by only sending in such orders as are close to the market. Orders which are limited to a figure considerably away from the market should not be sent until the market approaches the limit."

Bucket-shop thieves never overlook any detail that will expedite stealing. They are concerned in bets only when the bet and the market meet on common ground, so that stealing becomes a matter of minutes.



Application for Membership

TO THE

Consolidated Stock Exchange of Philadelphia

THE BOURSE, PHILADELPHIA

I, the undersigned, do hereby apply for a membership in the Consolidated Stock Exchange of Philadelphia, and I do hereby agree to bind myself to obey the Constitution and By-Laws of said Exchange. I herewith remit my membership fee of One hundred dollars.

My present business is Broker.

(SIGNED) Geo G Turner

Address Manhattan Life Building 4th & Walnut Sts Phila

REFERENCES

Name C Huntington Davis

Address

Name R. M. Turner

Address

GEORGE G. TURNER'S ORIGINAL APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE CROOKED CONSOLIDATED STOCK EXCHANGE OF PHILADELPHIA.

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But grant that Williams's order was close to the market. It landed in Room 556, where an operator, taking office and victim by designated numbers, wrote the order on a slip. To toss that slip over his shoulder to the waist-high table was the work of but a moment. On the stock-board, rapidly as they came over the "Marrin Pirate Wire," an operator posted stolen quotations made on legitimate markets. Back of the waist-high table three nimble-fingered, sharp-eyed women classified the order slips as they fell—toyed with them with one eye on the slips and the other on the quotation-board. There is neither a market nor a quotation at the figure Williams has stipulated in his order. It is laid to one side. A few minutes later Daniels, at the Walnut Street, Philadelphia, office, capping Turner's game against Bowker, places an order for the purchase of 100 shares of Metropolitan at 89. Still there is no market. Bowker's order is laid alongside Williams's. Another few minutes and there is posted a stolen quotation showing that on a legitimate exchange a deal has been made in 100 shares of Metropolitan at 89. In a trice one of those nimble-fingered, lynx-eyed women has shuffled the Williams and Bowker orders, initialed the slips to show each has been executed, and handed them back to an operator. And the operator telegraphs to Williams and Bowker that the zealous "Bankers and Brokers" have made for one the sale and for the other the purchase. Poor Williams! Poor Bowker! Neither one knew, nor did any of their kind know, about Room 556, where women, by matching, crossing, and offsetting orders on that waist-high table, behind double-locked doors, made ducks and drakes of their hopes.

J. HUNTINGTON DAVIS.

But there was more of this "plant." When the Haight & Freese Company joined the Consolidated Stock Exchange of Philadelphia it was with the understanding that, for proof of the execution of their orders, they might run sheets through the clearing-house illegally operated by that incorporated pretense of legitimacy. At the outset the Haight & Freese Company used "No. 5,808" Davis and E. C. Fletcher, two rogues, as independent brokers who cleared their sheets. At the time of our raid, or just before it, Chauncey H. Burt and Edward K. Martin were serving the thieves as these independent brokers. Just what this sheet clearance detail of the "plant's" operation meant is set forth in detail in an affidavit made by that self-same "No. 5,808" Davis. In his affidavit—and I bespeak a careful reading of it as an invaluable contribution to the literature of bucket-shop thievery—Davis says:

> At that time (June, 1903) I was in partnership with Edward C. Fletcher, and we traded under the name of Fletcher & Co. Fletcher and I shortly thereafter made an agreement with Lillis and Turner, representing Haight & Freese Company, that said company should send daily over a private telephone wire to Room 580 in the Bourse Building, which was our office, from the office of Haight & Freese Company . . . lists of figures purporting to represent the price and quantities of certain stocks, grain, etc., which had been bought and sold during the market day by said Haight & Freese Company; these figures, prices, quotations, etc., to be cleared by Fletcher and myself through the clearing-house of the Consolidated Stock Exchange (of Philadelphia). To do this we placed the said figures, quotations, etc., received from the said Haight & Freese Company . . . upon our clearing-house sheets the next day, and they would thus go through the clearing-house under the guise of having actually been bought and sold by us for Haight & Freese Company on the floor of the exchange, whereas, in reality, at no time was any order to buy or to sell really executed for said Haight & Freese Company on the floor of the exchange by us. The figures received and cleared by us corresponded in every instance with bucket-shop transactions done by Haight & Freese Company with its customers at its various offices, and were cleared by us for the purpose and in the attempt to give apparent legitimacy to the business of Haight & Freese Company. . . . The object of this scheme between Haight & Freese Company and Fletcher and myself was to give a semblance of honesty and legitimacy to these transactions by making it appear that they were *bona-fide* purchases and sales by Haight & Freese Company or their brokers, so that if any customer of Haight & Freese who lost money should demand where the stocks or commodities had been bought or sold, to follow the loss, they, Haight & Freese, could say

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that said transactions had been placed through their brokers on the floor of the exchange. To make the transactions appear more regular to the uninitiated, in addition to the sheets a daily balance of these transactions was struck at the close of the market each day . . . and if the balance showed there was money going to Haight & Freese, we would issue a check to them for the shown balance, and they would hand us the equivalent currency quietly. If there was a check coming from them, we would hand them the amount of the check in currency, also *sub rosa*. In the event that any customer should feel that he had been defrauded and should try to take the matter into court, these sheets and checks passing hands would show that these trades had apparently been executed, and there was no way for any one to prove otherwise.

So there were not only the slips and clearing sheets for evidence, but the canceled checks.

We knew when we raided this "plant" that Burt and Martin were clearing daily sheets for the Haight & Freese Company. We did not, however, know that Burt and Martin were salaried employees, instead of independent brokers as they pretended to be. In fact, Turner, in the trial before Mr. Justice Dowling, in New York, only two months previously, had positively sworn that Burt was an independent broker, absolutely without connection with the Haight & Freese Company. But in this Room 556 we discovered the truth. Burt and Martin were both salaried employees, and the sheets they daily cleared were written in that room by professional sheet-writers. Preparation of these sheets began early in the day. On blanks there were written the names of all the stocks likely to be traded in during the day. Space was left under each name for a record of the transactions in each stock. Then, during market hours, after the women had initialed the order slips and the originating office had been advised of execution, the slips would go to the sheet-writers. By them the order would be recorded on the sheet, under the name, previously written, of the stock for which it had been drawn. If there happened to be no trade any one day in any particular stock, the sheet went through with the space under the name of that stock left blank. If not enough space had been allowed for the day's trades, the deals in that particular stock were continued to another sheet. In this process of sheet-writing there was never any variance. Burt was always the buying broker; Martin always did the selling. Every bet booked on the "Western and Southern Circuit" was recorded in this manner, and I have seen sheets that had passed through this fake clearing-house and been approved, purporting to show that Burt and Martin had traded in as high as 7,000 shares daily, Burt buying everything Martin sold, and Martin selling everything Burt bought, neither, perchance, ever doing business with any other broker; and the sheets were balanced and settlements made in identically the same manner as "No. 5,808" Davis has described in his affidavit. This Room 556 was, then, not only a machine for skinning the victims, it was the place where was manufactured the disguise which concealed the thievery. The evidence was complete, even down to salary rolls showing regular payment of salaries to Burt and Martin.

Such is the "plant" which bucket-shop thieves maintain. O'Dell manipulates his machine in Cincinnati. M. J. Sage & Co. have their matching plant in Jersey City. "Joe" Flanagan, with his J. J. Quinlan & Co. outfit, maintains his in Boston, improving upon the Haight & Freese scheme to the extent of boasting that he has his orders scrutinized by a man so expert that no bet is ever accepted unless on a certainty that the house will win and the victim lose. The Cellas and Christie are operating their "plants" through the spurious National Board of Trade of Kansas City. The Wisconsin Stock and Grain Company (successors to Edwards-Wood Company, of Minneapolis) have the Superior Board of Trade, as putrid an organization as exists anywhere. John A. Boardman & Co., following the example of Haight & Freese, still utilize the Consolidated Stock Exchange of Philadelphia, which, having chartered, Pennsylvania hesitates to suppress. One and all, these plants, and every other bucket-shop skinning machine, are in their salient features the same as the one I have described. Against the possibilities for rascality of such a "plant," aided by the knavish market manipulation and false advice with which the bucket-shopper "dopes" his victims, the man who places a bet with a bucket-shop has not even "a show for his white alley."

CHAPTER IX

FOLLOWING the policy adopted with respect to this series, of naming the thieves who are swindling the public under the guise of "Bankers and Brokers," the list this month presents some interesting phases. In my first instalment I referred, in a small way, to

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M. J. Sage & Co., the great bucket-shop syndicate which is backed by "Al" Adams, the policy king, who, in stripes, acquired an intimate knowledge of the interior of Sing Sing. As in his old policy days, Adams doesn't let go easily. The bucket-shop game is too profitable for him to be quickly blighted by publicity, just as he refused while filching millions from the poor and ignorant of New York by policy to abandon the game until the handcuffs were on him and he was bound for the gray prison on the Hudson River. From the ex-convict head of M. J. Sage & Co. down to the least important employee, it is doubtful if there is a man connected with the organization who could be trusted not to steal dead mice from blind kittens. Next to Adams there is Maurice J. Sage, who after dismissal for crooked dealing from the employment of a reputable New York brokerage house, organized the bucket-shopping firm of O. J. Robinson & Co. Charles W. Cannon, executive manager for Adams, was, prior to 1904, in charge of the gambling den maintained in New York by the notorious Dr. W. E. Woodend. Following Woodend's disgraceful failure, Cannon managed Longley, Hale & Co., a concern that in its crash carried hundreds and thousands to failure. Cannon was, also, associated with Arthur H. Page & Co., 44 Broadway, New York, whose career ended when Page failed to account for $150,000 of his customers' money. Edward L. Bradbury is a director in M. J. Sage & Co. Bradbury was arrested in Chicago in 1900 for confidence swindling. A little later he turned up as E. G. Gunsolus, bucket-shopper, and went "down and out" in that guise under a police raid. He had been manager in Milwaukee for Hadden-Rodee Company, in which Dr. Woodend was a partner, before "Al" Adams picked him up and put him in the Sage conspiracy. It is well for the public that it should know those who head this thieving syndicate. It may be even better for it to know those who have had business relations with it, as correspondents. There may have been some changes since the list was compiled, but at the time of writing a few of these correspondents were :

Pittsburg, Pa., E. F. Drum & Co. *Bath, N. Y.*, J. H. Bolton. *Elmira, N. Y.*, J. J. Bolton. *Montreal, Canada*, D. McEvers, Everett & Co., L. O. Dowd. *Washington, D. C.*, Wade & Hedges. *Scranton, Pa.*, Labar & Fuller. *Springfield, Mass.*, Giblin & Kelly. *New Haven, Conn.*, Flathers & Co. *Elizabeth, N. J.*, Foote & Co. *Toronto, Ont.*, D. Bradshaw, Ardagh & Co., C. N. Davis. *Fulton, N. Y.*, C. J. Bellinger. *Orangeburg, S. C.*, John Curt, Orangeburg Exchange. *Philadelphia, Pa.*, R. M. Miner & Co. *Port Jervis, N. Y.*, L. R. Carpenter. *Middletown, N. Y.*, A. D. Seamon. *Blackwell, S. C.*, F. G. Gyles. *Pittsburg, Pa.*, T. P. Estes & Co. *Norfolk, Va.*, R. B. Dougherty. *Bishopville, S. C.*, Bishopville Stock Exchange. *Syracuse, N. Y.*, J. L. Weatherly, Moyer & Jones. *Watertown, N. Y.*, Loomis & Gidbear. *Ottawa, Ont.*, Glidden & Driscoll. *Bennettsville, S. C.*, R. T. McCarley. *Charleston, S. C.*, Marshall Izler. *Sumter, S. C.*, Sumter Stock Exchange. *Richmond, Va.*, G. T. King & Co. *Belleville, Ont.*, Harvey R. Beattie. *Buffalo, N. Y.*, James Dee, George Spitzmiller, James Else. *Baltimore, Md.*, W. A. Busch & Co. *Newburgh, N. Y.*, W. Elin. *Binghamton, N. Y.*, A. G. Wales, George Heyt. *Augusta, Ga.*, Argo & Jester. *Atlanta, Ga.*, H. K. Stanford & Co.

You cannot be too careful in ascertaining whether any of your money is going to swell "Al" Adams's stolen millions.

James A. Royall, a notorious bucket-shopper, is doing business in Boston, with numerous branches, under the name of the New England Trading Company. Royall is a fine specimen to be entrusted with anybody's money. He has a long criminal record, written in Chicago, between 1897 and 1901. When his last case in Chicago was called for trial, he was bucket-shopping in Boston, where he still holds forth, his present address being 60 Devonshire Street.

Merrill, Wright & Co. is the name used by another Boston bucket-shop, the manager of which, until the Boston *Traveler* drove him from the city, was George F. Newcomb, who, in October, 1901, was indicted in New York while operating under the name W. R. Vermilye & Co., a name which should not be confused with that of the splendid and substantial firm of Vermilye & Co. The charge against Newcomb was that of swindling a customer out of $13,000. Wright & Garfield and Burgess & Co., both in New York, and Coleman & Co., in Chicago, were names used by Newcomb in swindling the public between the time of his arrest in New York and his advent in Boston. Newcomb has left Boston, but Merrill, Wright & Co. are still skinning the New England public.

Bucket-shopping in Boston is an enormous

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evil, but, despite the splendid fashion in which the Boston *Traveler* has been exposing their villainy, the Massachusetts Legislature has just refused to pass the Logan Anti-Bucket-shopping Bill. In that city few bucket-shops stand for their own trades. The sheets made by the small fry are backed by the big fellows. Among the latter, J. J. Quinlan & Co., backed by "Joe" Flanagan, is one of the largest. John V. Flanagan, "Joe's" brother, president of the concern, has recently been under indictment for fraud in connection with bucket-shopping.

A few years ago Edward M. Thayer was a prosperous, promising young business man in Boston. Descended from splendid stock, he early evinced especial aptitude for business. When only twenty-five years old he was the manager in trust of hundreds of thousands of dollars of other people's money. The "buckets" lured him, and Thayer went to "Joe" Flanagan. A little while, a year or so, and he was arrested for forgery—he had been forging mortgages and palming them off as representing investments he had made from the funds he held in trust. The night following his arrest he spent at the Hotel Lenox in the custody of a constable. The next morning he was found dead in bed. To-day he lies in a dishonored grave, and his mother and young wife nurse an unassuageable grief. Examination of Thayer's books, made after his death, disclosed that in one year he had wagered $650,000 of stolen money against Flanagan's "sure thing" game; 512 bets cost him the loss of $110,000. And to-day, while Thayer lies in his dishonored grave, Flanagan remains outside of penitentiary walls. And "Joe" Flanagan, in a recent interview with a Boston *Traveler* reporter, speaking of J. J. Quinlan & Co.—the name is chartered by the State of Maine—said:

"We are gamblers, but we are square gamblers. We make no pretense of being anything but a place where a man can place a bet on the stock-market."

"Do you take all bets that are offered?"

"No," Flanagan replied. "We either accept or reject an order when it is offered."

"Who passes on orders as they come in?"

"Sometimes my brother and sometimes Quinlan. We always have one man whose business it is to look at all orders as they are received. If he thinks the firm can win, it is accepted; if he thinks the firm will lose, it is rejected, and that is the end of it."

O Boston, putrid and pleased! How long will you stand for your Flanagans and their group of bandits who are sowing all about them the seeds of disaster, desolation and death?

Two correspondents inform me that one Freeman K. Gale is managing a John A. Boardman & Co. branch at Pocomoke City, Md. I extend my condolences to Pocomoke City. I notice, too, that John A. Boardman & Co. advertise the opening of a new branch at 196–198 Market Street, Newark, N. J. Newark should be on its guard.

The list might be swelled until it would require an entire issue of EVERYBODY'S to contain it. But always the end of the tale will be the same. So long as the telegraph companies, the owners of rentable property, the proprietors of newspapers, and the officials of the United States Post-Office Department, either by omission or commission, conspire to tolerate bucket-shop thievery, just so long will the thieves ply their trade. And just so long will their victims be left mangled, bruised, and bleeding along the highroads and byways of speculation. Telegraph companies must be made to understand that as public-service corporations they may not lease wires for the conduct of this nefarious business. The owners of office buildings must be brought to realize that it were as just to society to house bubonic plague as it is to lease space to these scoundrels. The mails must be forbidden them by Federal decree, and prosecuting attorneys must be brought to face the duty of hunting them down and prosecuting them criminally. Until these ends shall be attained, and it rests with you, my readers, to say how soon that shall be, we can only point out the thieves, tell of their methods, and cry:

"'Ware the sharks!"

In his next article, in response to numerous inquiries, Mr. Teague will tell, by relating well-achieved incidents, how the victims of bucket-shop sharks may recover—in cases where the thieves have any financial responsibility—the money stolen from them, and how bucket-shopping may be suppressed in communities where a little virile public spirit still endures. He will also add to the published list of the sharks, tagging and numbering many whose names have not yet been mentioned.

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The Lame Lady's Pansies

By PARKER H. FILLMORE

Illustrations by Eugénie Wireman

ST! Margery!"

Margery looked up from the brick furnace she was building under the cherry-tree and saw Willie Jones motioning mysteriously through a crack in the fence.

"Are you alone?" he whispered loudly.

Margery nodded.

Willie Jones, plainly relieved, slipped through the fence, and, guarding something behind his back, made his way cautiously to the cherry-tree.

"Can't guess what I've got," he began in a muffled tone.

"A snake?"

"Naw."

"A frog?"

"Naw. You're 'way off."

"A turtle?"

"Naw. Give up?"

"What?"

With a quick movement he swung his arm forward, disclosing a little clump of pansies—bright purple blooms, leaves, and roots still intact in a handful of rich earth.

Margery gasped in astonishment.

"Where did you get that? Oh! Oh! Oh! I know! Willie Jones, I bet you stole it!"

"Ssh! Don't talk so loud!"

For a moment Willie peered this way and that, a little fearfully. Then, as nothing happened, the expression on his face slowly changed. A look of sadness came into his eyes and his mouth quivered. His feelings were plainly hurt by the unkind insinuation.

"I don't see how you can say such a thing, Margery. 'Tain't right to steal things. You know it ain't. Somebody gave me this pansy."

"Somebody gave it to you, did they? Like fun they did!"

"Well, they did," Willie insisted patiently. "The Lame Lady gave it to me."

"Huh! I knew it came from the Lame Lady's all right, but I didn't know she gave it to you."

"Well, she did all the same-y. I was walking along the street when I heard some one say, 'Little boy, come here.' I looked around and there was the Lame Lady standing beside her rockery. And she says, 'Little boy, wouldn't you like a pansy?' And I says, 'Yes, ma'am.' And what does she do but stoop down and dig this up with her hand and give it to me."

Margery stared, round-eyed and unconvinced. "Oh, Willie Jones, how you can tell 'em!"

"I don't see how you can say that, Margery. If you don't believe me you can go and ask the Lame Lady herself."

"If the Lame Lady gave it to you, I don't see why you're afraid to show it."

"I ain't afraid. Only she said not to show it. Do you suppose she could be giving every one pansies? But she said she would give me some more any time I wanted 'em."

"Oh, Willie Jones, how can you?"

"Honest truth, she did say that," Willie reiterated earnestly. "And she told me to plant this one in a box and put it away somewhere and water it every day and take care of it."

"Did she really, Willie?"

"Of course she did. I don't see why you think I'm telling you a story. I was going to say: Let's plant it in a box and hide it in your stable. And we could both water it every day and take care of it. But if you're afraid——"

"I'm not afraid. Who said I was afraid?"

"If you think I'm telling a story it's just

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the same. I wish now I hadn't told you." Then he added gloomily, "That's the way a girl always acts, anyway."

"'Tain't either, Willie Jones, and you know it ain't. I'll just show you I'm not any more afraid than you are. Come on into the stable and I'll get a box."

But Willie Jones wanted more coaxing than that.

"No," he replied, slowly backing toward the fence. "You're a girl and you'll blab."

"I don't blab, either, and you know I don't." Margery was almost weeping now with rage. "But I tell you what, Willie Jones, if you don't let me be partners with that pansy I will blab this time! Yes, I'll go right down now and tell the Lame Lady on you!"

Willie instantly came back, all friendliness and smiles.

"You hunt a box, Margery, and I'll scrape up some dirt."

So Margery found a soap box in the stable, and together they half filled it with dust and sand, in which, reduced by a generous flooding to the consistency of thick chocolate, they planted the pansy. Then between them they carried the box into the stable and carefully pushed it far out of sight under the manger. After that they returned to the cherry-tree, where, ostensibly, Willie engaged in helping Margery build the brick furnace; for Henry and the twins might appear at any moment and it was necessary to impress them with the belief that nothing of importance had taken place.

But until the others came they might talk to their hearts' content on the subject of their choice. And, mark you, now that Margery had accepted a proprietary interest in the little plant, she no longer questioned the veracity of Willie's story. On the contrary, she took great pains to remove from her mind every possible doubt, making Willie relate again and again how it had all happened, and insisting upon hearing, verbatim, just what the Lame Lady had said, and what he had replied. Prompted by the fertility of Margery's inquiries, Willie's narrative soon rounded itself out bravely, padded with a wealth of most convincing detail. For example, Margery asked how the Lame Lady was dressed. At first, Willie remembered her in white, but then, it might have been pink, he said. When Margery was surprised that it wasn't black, he immediately recalled distinctly that true enough it was black. He wasn't altogether sure whether the cane she carried was gold-headed, or plain like an umbrella handle; but he rather inclined to the umbrella handle. . . . Yes, she had asked him his name, and where he lived, and—this came late in the afternoon in the nature of a happy inspiration—she told him she had often seen him with a little girl who had short hair, and she wanted to know who the little girl was.

"Did she really, Willie?" Margery asked breathlessly.

"Yes, and I said you were my cousin."

"Oh, Willie, how could you tell such a story?" Margery looked at him reproachfully.

"I didn't think it was any of her business, anyway, who you were."

"But you might have told her after the nice way she treated you and gave you the pansy. And she said she would give you some more, didn't she, Willie?"

Willie acknowledged that she had, even specifying the time he was to come.

"When, Willie?"

"In the early afternoon, she said, when the street is quiet and they ain't no one around. You see she don't want people to know she's giving me things. I guess I'll go to-morrow afternoon."

"Say, Willie."

"Well?"

"Do you think she'd care if I went with you to-morrow?"

Willie wagged his head doubtfully.

"I don't know about that. She said to come alone. But maybe now——"

"Oh, go on, let me. I won't tell no one."

"Will you cross your heart you won't tell?"

"Of course I won't. You know I won't."

Then conversation turned to bricks and furnaces, for they heard Henry's whistle approaching, and it was time to assume a feverish interest in other things.

The plan for the afternoon call of the next day, though long discussed, was very simple. After luncheon Margery was to await a signal from Willie, at which, unobserved by her older brother and sisters, she was to slip through the fence into Willie's yard, whence they would proceed together to the Lame Lady's house. The Lame Lady lived on the same street with Willie Jones, some two squares west. Her home was somewhat more imposing than others in the immediate neighborhood and had a wider stretch of lawn, over

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which shrubs and flowers were scattered in great profusion. Close to the porch was a bed built up in rocks and planted in ferns and pansies. This was the rockery from which Willie's pansy had come.

As they approached the Lame Lady's house Willie whispered a few terse directions:

"Now just walk along quiet like nothing was the matter, and if you see any one in the Lame Lady's house or on the street just keep on walking. But if they ain't no one in sight when you come in front of the rockery, sneak up real soft, scoop up a pansy, and run. If some one in the Lame Lady's house opens a door or window before you've got your pansy, pretend you're coming up to ask a question, and say, 'Will you please tell me where Gladys Williams lives?'"

For a moment Margery gasped astonishment as the elaborate story of yesterday, which without doubt she had finally made herself believe true, came tumbling about her ears like a house of cards. But only for a moment. Before he had done speaking she gave Willie one quick nod of comprehension.

Willie's directions were followed without mishap. When they reached that part of the pavement on a line with the rockery there was nothing in sight or hearing to disturb the drowsiness of the summer afternoon. Bent half double, they sped across the lawn with the lightness and stealth of little Indians, hung an instant over the rockery, and were off, disappearing up the street in the veriest twinkle of time. They did not stop running until, safe from pursuit or detection behind the clump of lilacs in Willie's back yard, they flung themselves exhausted on the grass.

When they sat up to take stock of the treasures they had snatched, they found Willie's pansy a beautiful yellow one with three blooms and roots intact. Margery's was soft blue, but in her inexperience she had carried it off without roots.

"Next time," Willie admonished, "stick your hand 'way down in the dirt. Needn't be afraid to take your time; ain't no one going to catch you."

"Are we going back again, Willie?" Remembering the terrors so lately passed through, Margery was a little alarmed at the thought.

"Of course we are. Not this afternoon, though. To-morrow."

And they did go to-morrow, and the next to-morrow, and several following. Let the record of these days of shame be as brief as possible. Enough to know they covered the inside of a week from Tuesday to Saturday. What made them continue so long it is impossible to say; but it may be stated positively that it was not the growing

BETWEEN THE LAST BITE OF THE FIRST CAKE AND THE FIRST BITE OF THE SECOND CAKE.

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beauty of the pansy box. That was a horrible and inexplicable failure from the first. The pansies did not exactly wilt or wither; they were too well watered for that; but leaves and flowers curled up in the most unexpected fashion and took on miserable sickly hues. In passing, it should also be added that, during this time, to all outward appearances both children were models of good behavior. They answered promptly when called, did as they were told to do without arguing, and, altogether, were so unnaturally good that their parents should have suspected something wrong.

It was, of course, inevitable that the end should come some time, but it might not have come just when it did and as it did, if long impunity had not made both criminals a trifle careless. On Friday afternoon as they were making off with their booty, the front door of the Lame Lady's house opened and the Lame Lady herself appeared. Persuading themselves against all reason that she had not after all seen them, Margery and Willie came back at their accustomed hour the following day.

They had just reached the rockery when suddenly, without any warning, a voice called out, "Children! Oh, children!" They looked up, and there on the porch a few feet away stood the Lame Lady. How she got there they never knew. A moment before the porch was empty and there had been no sound of an opening door.

Now, if the Lame Lady had shown any signs of anger, or demanded roughly what they were doing among her flowers, Margery and Willie would have fled without the loss of a second. As it was, they remained rooted with embarrassment and surprise, for the Lame Lady was smiling at them and nodding her head as though it were the most natural thing in the world for them to be stealing her pansies. And as she smiled, she beckoned to them with a letter.

"I'm so glad you're here, children, for I need some one to post this letter. You'll do it, won't you?"

Margery looked at her stupidly without answering; but Willie, who had been carefully brought up to speak when he was spoken to, succeeded in getting out a mechanical "Yes, ma'am."

Under the Lame Lady's compelling smile they both dragged themselves to the porch and slowly mounted the steps.

"Bless me," said the Lame Lady pleasantly, when they stood before her waiting to receive the letter, "it seems to me I've got two pennies somewhere."

She hobbled over to a table and began rummaging in a work-box.

"Here," she said, pushing a bench towards them. "Sit down and be comfortable while I hunt the pennies."

So they sat down, and when the Lame Lady had found the pennies she gave them each one.

"But I don't believe you need go yet," she said. "It isn't time for the postman, I'm sure. Suppose you make me a little visit."

Margery remained silent, and Willie again murmured a polite "Yes, ma'am."

Thereupon, the Lame Lady very sociably drew up a chair and inquired the names of her new acquaintances, regarding them, meanwhile, with an expression as frankly unsuspicious as it was friendly. Margery and Willie stared at her unblinkingly. Yet in spite of their long gaze it is likely enough they did not see how tired and worn the Lame Lady's face was, how puffed and wrinkled the skin as though from suffering or sleeplessness, and how dark the circles under the eyes. It is even doubtful whether they noticed that her dress was black, as Margery had surmised, and her cane ivory-headed and not the umbrella handle of Willie's false report. But there can be no doubt that there was one thing which they did see and understand, namely, the kindly overtures for friendship which the Lame Lady was making them. She was obviously bent on pleasing, and, what is even more to the point, knew how to please. Easily and gracefully she treated them as though they were reasonable beings like herself, and at that particular moment her guests, whom it was a pleasure to entertain. So her appeal was deliciously flattering and would have won the approval and gratitude of any discerning child.

But somehow it did not reassure Margery and Willie as very plainly it should. Instead, it left them rather disquieted and strangely uncomfortable. To be sure, they realized at once that the Lame Lady was a person of unusual worth, and they were willing, nay, even anxious, to let her know of their rapidly growing admiration. But something cold and creepy that kept flitting about behind them and peeping over their shoulders seemed to deprive them of all power of thought and speech.

"What a very warm day this is. Doesn't it seem so to you?" the Lame Lady began, putting into her tone a depth and feeling

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that grown-ups seldom use except to one another.

Willie Jones answered, "Yes, ma'am."

"You must be very thirsty, both of you. I am and I haven't been out in the sun. How would you like a drink of lemonade?"

Heavens, lemonade! Was the Lame Lady clairvoyant? Lemonade was exactly what they both wanted.

"You like lemonade, don't you, Margery?"

Margery, breathing a little hard, her mouth open, her face red, gazed at the Lame Lady, fascinated and silent. When Willie had nudged her twice she awakened enough to give one stupid nod of assent, after which she sank again into a state of hypnotic contemplation.

"Richard!" the Lame Lady called, rapping her cane sharply on the porch.

A colored man in a white coat answered the summons.

"Richard, will you make us a large pitcher of lemonade? Hurry, because we're very thirsty. Bring a plate of those little cakes with white icing, too; and don't forget the sugar bowl."

Then the Lame Lady returned to her society manner, chatting along about nothing in particular, while Margery and Willie awaited hungrily the reappearance of Richard. When he came, their fondest hopes were realized. The pitcher really was large; at least three glasses for each of them, Willie calculated. There were nine round cakes with icing. Suppose the Lame Lady, being grown up, ate but one, that would leave four apiece.

"Margery first, because she's a girl," the Lame Lady said, pouring out a glass of lemonade. "And, my dear, just take all the sugar you want. Here's a spoon to stir it."

With an unlimited supply of sugar at hand, need it be said that the lemonade was delicious? It was almost intoxicating! When it is known that the round cakes with icing were as good as they looked, the possibilities of the glorious repast can readily be conceived.

The first glass of lemonade and the first cake went down in ravenous haste. Then in that insignificant interval of time between the taking of the last bite of the first cake and the first bite of the second cake, a psychic change occurred. It came to Margery first. In the very act of taking the first bite of the second cake, she stopped in blank dismay. How could she sit there drinking the Lame Lady's lemonade and eating the Lame Lady's cakes just as though she had never stolen one — one, indeed; one, two, three, *four* of the Lame Lady's pansies! Oh, if they had only been some one else's pansies! To think of treating this sweet, kind, unsuspecting angel so! She felt that another morsel of the Lame Lady's cakes, another sip of the Lame Lady's lemonade would choke her. She couldn't, no, she couldn't take another; and yet — yet she couldn't stop! The first cake had simply whetted her appetite for more, and the second glass of lemonade—the bare thought of losing it made her sick at heart, for it was even sweeter than the first, yes, by two more spoonfuls of sugar, to say nothing of what remained over in the bottom of the glass. Thus a strong sense of honor that protested against accepting the hospitality of one she had wronged so deeply, and a strong appetite that kept calling for more cakes and more lemonade struggled within her. At the moment appetite seemed victorious, the sense of honor leaped forward, and the clash of the two resulted in a choking sound that ended in a snuffle. The Lame Lady heard the snuffle, but not divining the cause, quietly slipped a handkerchief into Margery's hand. Alas, it was not a handkerchief Margery needed, but she had to use it, for how could she explain?

HE HAD NEVER SEEN SO MANY EXCEPT AT THE ZOO.

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Willie, too, was undergoing the first torments of remorse. Brought up more strictly than Margery on the doctrines of good and evil, his conscience, once aroused, carried him to further extremes. His first choking, instead of ending in a gentle snuffle, grew so violent that the Lame Lady had to pound him on the back, and pour lemonade down his throat. He wondered the lemonade did not choke him outright rather than quiet him. That had been a judgment easy to understand. Surely stealing pansies was worse than saying: *Go up, thou bald head, go!* And you know what happened to the children who did that.

But he recovered from his choking, and the Lame Lady simply insisted on his taking more cakes and more lemonade, and he had to accept, for he could not say that he did not want any more. That would be to add lying to his other sin, and goodness knows he had enough to answer for already.

When all the cakes were gone the Lame Lady apologized because there had been so few. However, there were some gingersnaps in the dining-room; that is, if they liked gingersnaps. Margery gave a heart-broken little nod, and Willie a faint, sad "Yes, ma'am." So Richard was called again, and Margery and Willie ate gingersnaps with the rest of the lemonade. When the lemonade was finished, the Lame Lady divided the remaining gingersnaps into two equal piles, putting one into one of the breast pockets of Willie's shirtwaist for himself, and the other into the corresponding pocket on the other side for Margery, to be delivered to her when they parted at the fence.

"And now how would you like to come out to the stable and see the pigeons and the kittens?"

Pigeons! Kittens! Was there any joy of earth or heaven that this adorable creature was not going to offer them!

They followed her through the side garden into the stable yard, where one large dog and several small ones fawned upon them and frisked about, yelping and barking.

"The big dog's name is Duke," the Lame Lady said.

"He bites, doesn't he?" asked Willie. He had often seen Duke at a distance, but had never cared to risk any familiarities with him.

The Lame Lady laughed. "He does sometimes. Just pick up that box, Willie, and run, and see what happens."

Willie did as he was directed, and in an instant the Great Dane was upon him clamping an arm between two powerful jaws. Willie tried to break away and the jaws closed more firmly.

"Stand still," the Lame Lady warned, "or Duke will hurt you. You see he thinks you're trying to steal something from us, and he'll hold on until I tell him it's all right. My, how would you like to be a burglar or a thief and have Duke get after you? It wouldn't be any fun, would it? But he makes mistakes sometimes with book agents and pedlers and frightens them dreadfully. That's the reason I've been keeping him penned up lately. About two weeks ago a tramp came into the yard . . ."

The Lame Lady chatted on, and Duke, awaiting a signal from her, stood patient and calm, his teeth still encircling Willie's arm. Willie could not move, yet that did not frighten him, for he knew the Lame Lady would not let Duke hurt him. But there was something, the mere thought of which made him feel sick and weak. What if Duke had not been penned up of late? What if some afternoon, when he, Willie Jones, had just scooped up a pansy, this monster of a dog had fallen upon him and pinned him to the ground? He saw with horribly vivid imagination how it would all have turned out: a crowd would gather—all the people in the neighborhood who knew him, and they would point at him and at the pansy and whisper to each other; and presently a burly policeman would come and put handcuffs on him, and lead him home through the streets for his mother to see him one last time before the jail swallowed him up. His poor mother! And after the way she had labored over him to teach him the commandments, too! How it would grieve her to hear that he had broken one without a moment's hesitation! Oh, how many times she had warned him that stealing led to the gallows, and he hadn't listened, he hadn't paid any attention. And to think that if Duke had been running free the last few days, he, Willie Jones, might long since have been hanged! Perhaps God, wishing to give him one more chance, had put it into the Lame Lady's heart to pen Duke up. Oh, if God would only forgive him this time, he would reform—honest, he would.

"Please make Duke let Willie go. He scares me," whimpered Margery imploringly.

"Here, Duke," the Lame Lady called.

The iron jaws relaxed, and Willie, feeling suddenly comforted and happy, followed the

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BIT BY BIT THE WHOLE MISERABLE STORY CAME OUT.

Lame Lady and Margery into the stable. It was all very plain to him now. He had repented and God had accepted his repentance and was giving him another chance. And the air was sweet and the sunlight bright once more, and the joy of forgiveness welling up within him was soon bubbling over in laughter and smiles.

To an ordinary observer the kittens might not have seemed very interesting, for they were ugly, mewling little creatures, a few days old, with eyes just open and legs still weak and wabbly. But Margery hugged them to her breast enraptured, and would have been content to linger over them all afternoon. But there were pigeons still to visit, and the Lame Lady at length coaxed her on by suggesting that she carry a kitten with her.

Built out from one end of the loft they found a large bird-house pierced in all directions by windows and doors through which pigeons were flying in and out every moment. It seemed to Willie there were hundreds of them, of all colors and all varieties. He had never seen so many except at the Zoo and the bird store. In one nest there were four squabs in plain view which, in spite of present appearances, the Lame Lady assured him were destined to grow up into handsome fantails.

"If Mr. Strong were here," she added, "he could tell you all about squabs and how to take care of them."

Mr. Strong, it seemed, was the husband of the Lame Lady and the owner of the pigeons.

"Do you like pigeons, Willie?"

Did he like pigeons? Well, I wonder! He was breathing fast and deep with enjoyment and excitement. This close inspection of the pigeon-house was just about the dandiest treat he had had for many a long day. Somewhere deep down there was also a lurking consciousness that it was probably being granted him as a sign of God's approbation following his repentance. The thought made him glow all over with virtuous self-approval.

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He could not help glancing at Margery with just that modicum of superiority which the conscious saint must ever feel for the conscious sinner. For it was evident that no inner illumination had yet scattered the gloom in Margery's heart. She was still holding the squalling kitten to her breast, lovingly, tragically, getting from it, as it were, what meager comfort she could before leaving forever this Eden of forfeited delights.

"Do you know, Willie," the Lame Lady said slowly, "I believe that if I asked Mr. Strong he would give you a pair of those squabs. How would you like that?"

Willie let out one whoop of joy. "Do you think he would?" he shouted.

"And I have an idea," the Lame Lady continued, "that I'd like to give Margery the little kitten she's nursing. Of course, you couldn't take the kitten to-day, nor the squabs either; they're all too young. But you could have the squabs in a week or so, Willie, and Margery could have her kitten as soon as it's big enough. What do you say to that, Margery?"

Margery said nothing. Her anguish was too deep for words. She could scarcely hold the sobs down. She knew they would come if she tried to speak. But after all what was there to say? Alas, between her and the Lame Lady a wide gulf yawned, and the Lame Lady could not, if she would, reach over and hand her a kitten.

The pause was awkward, not so much for Margery, who was absorbed in her own despair, as for Willie. After his first glad outburst, Margery's attitude robbed him of further confidence. Plague take her, anyway; why was she acting so? Why couldn't she say "Thank you" for the kitten, and let him accept the squabs without any more nonsense? Besides, he didn't see why he hadn't a right to them, anyhow, for wasn't he forgiven? Yet in spite of mental lashings his hopes fell, his heart grew chill, and a dark foreboding that the squabs would never be his came over him.

Then he understood. Theology again offered the key to the situation. Sooner or later punishment always overtakes the wicked. And if it always does, you can't get out of it. A while before he had supposed forgiveness meant exemption from punishment, and it didn't at all; it was something entirely different. . . . So this then was his punishment—to have the squabs offered him and never be able to accept them. . . . Forgiveness, indeed; no wonder it came cheap, for if it couldn't help a person one little weeny bit, what good was it, anyway? And in the bitterness of that thought, for one impious moment Willie Jones was ready to toss his forgiveness back.

Silent and wobegone the Lame Lady's guests returned to the front porch. Their only thought now was to get away as soon as possible. Human endurance had reached its limit.

"If we haven't forgotten all about the letter," the Lame Lady said, laughing softly, and seating herself on the porch steps. "The postman must have gone by long ago. But no matter. Take it now and drop it in the box on your way home."

Willie got the letter and then with Margery stood before the Lame Lady awaiting dismissal.

"Good-by, dears. And remember you're coming next Saturday afternoon to see how the squabs and the kittens are getting on."

"Good-by," two very subdued little voices murmured. But the two little figures made no movement to go. Something in the Lame Lady's gaze held them.

"Do you know," she said at last, "I should like to give you both a little bunch of pansies—that's for thoughts." Through a cold mist they saw her smiling at them strangely. "But I can't, for some chickens or something have rooted up my pansy bed."

Willie swallowed hard, and pulled back sharply, all aquiver with the instinct of flight. But Margery stood her ground hopelessly. For her this was the end; she could stand the strain no longer.

"No! No!" she cried, breaking down completely. "It was us! It was us! We did it! We did it!"

Tears blinded her and deep sobs choked further utterance. For a moment she groped about uncertainly, and then found refuge at the Lame Lady's feet, her head in the Lame Lady's lap. At first she did not try to say more, but wept on in unrestrained abandon. And after all those hours of repression how soothing it felt to be able at last to cry and cry and cry as much as she liked. The Lame Lady knew all. She knew and if she never cared to speak to them again—well, at least, she knew. And Margery sobbed on to her heart's content.

Willie, being a boy, could not publicly indulge in tears, however tearful he felt. But as no one was paying any attention he was

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able to turn his back for a few moments and in comparative safety quiet the most insistent of his emotions. Then, when Margery's passion had exhausted itself, he faced about, and, pulling his hat down hard, cleared his throat and glared at the Lame Lady fiercely.

"You needn't give me them old squabs," he said gruffly. "I don't want 'em."

"I can't—I can't—take—take the little kittie," quavered Margery, going off into fresh sobs.

Willie Jones very deliberately emptied first one pocket and then the other of five gingersnaps each, and arranged them neatly in two piles on the porch floor.

"There's your old gingersnaps," he said, in tones of the most withering sarcasm. "And there's your two old pennies." As he spoke, he opened the clenched hand that Margery held up, took her hot penny, and laid it down beside his own.

When all was done, he faced the Lame Lady again, and said, in a voice that was at once a challenge and a defiance, "Now then!"

He was just waiting for the Lame Lady to say something, and then he would tell her he wasn't afraid of her, anyway, and he was glad he had stolen her old pansies. But the Lame Lady said nothing. She was looking this way and that in the most non-committal fashion, quite as though she were not an interested party at all. In desperation Willie had to turn his back again.

Presently he was seated on the lower porch step, and he could feel the Lame Lady's dress against his shoulder. He moved a little nearer, and, mentally, he just dared the Lame Lady to push him away. As she made no effort to push him away, he crept a trifle closer. Even then nothing happened. Seconds that seemed like minutes and minutes as long as hours dragged by. An age passed and he found his cheek against the Lame Lady's knee.

They were all talking after a time, sadly and quietly, to be sure, but naturally. Bit by bit the whole miserable story came out. The Lame Lady did not cut short their self-reproaches, and she did not tell them that they had already been punished enough this time. On the contrary she silently acquiesced in all they said. Stealing seemed to her just as awful as it did to them, perhaps worse. Any one who took what did not belong to him was indeed guilty of a very grievous sin, and it was only proper that he should feel his guilt. Then slowly, when the outlook seemed darkest, it began to dawn upon them that while the Lame Lady scorned and despised the act of which they had been guilty, she did *not* scorn or despise them. Indeed, she was ready to believe in them still, notwithstanding all that had gone before. And she did not question their sincerity when they declared that they were truly sorry and would try never to do such a thing again. If ever they did, even if it were not her pansies or anything belonging to her, she would feel more deeply grieved than she could tell them. That was because she loved them, don't you understand? for when you love a person nothing grieves you so much as to see that person do something wrong. . . .

Two very chastened little people walked slowly homeward that afternoon. Horses could not have driven them to look with eyes of sinful lust upon pansies or anything else along the road. They had had enough of that sort of thing. Willie's chest again bulged out, for the Lame Lady, without comment, had replaced the gingersnaps and pennies when she kissed them both good-by. "And don't forget," she had said in parting, "that you're to come to see me next Saturday afternoon." Could she mean, *even yet*—oh, no, no, she couldn't mean *that!* . . .

Margery was so quiet at supper and ate so little that her father thought she must be sick, and felt her head to see if she were feverish. And Willie Jones was so docile about getting his golden text for Sunday-school that his mother spent a happy evening believing that, after all, Willie might grow up with a desire to enter the ministry.

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Little Stories of Real Life

The Silent Wire

By Mary Heaton Vorse

THE news of the destruction of San Francisco came to Mapletown on the afternoon train with the only evening paper enterprising enough to find its way to the little village. Five minutes after the bad news got to Shorer, the stationer's, it had jumped in big black letters to the bulletin-board; seven minutes later, along with the afternoon mail, it took the trolley for the outlying farming districts, and within fifteen minutes the telephone wires were humming with it. Women called one another up to ask, "Have you heard about San Francisco?" and the business men of the town called up the nearest city of importance on long distance for more news.

The ladies of the historical division of the Mapletown Women's Club, which met that afternoon at Mrs. Taylor's, came, almost all of them, with papers in their hands, each hoping to be first with the news, for one derives a certain sinister importance from being the herald of so great a disaster.

They gathered around the newspapers and talked as all America did that afternoon, for the news of the earthquake had seized the community and blotted out every other interest. There were no details; just the brief, appalling outline of the disaster stared one in the face; one knew only that there was appalling loss of life and appalling loss of property.

They all talked at once, Mrs. Mercer explaining how it was that Mr. Mercer fortunately hadn't gone to San Francisco last week as he had planned, while old Mrs. Taylor repeated:

"It's been so from Rome on. San Francisco is the wickedest city in this country. It's always been so—Babylon and Rome and Pompeii." One would have supposed that she had prophesied the downfall of San Francisco. Then some one said:

"Do you suppose Mrs. Amory's heard?"

"Why, her daughter's out there——"

"Mrs. Amory's all wrapped up in her."

And little Mrs. Mercer exclaimed:

"Oh, I hope—I hope they can keep it from her until to-morrow, until they get some real news. Perhaps she'll hear from Elizabeth before then."

And the old lady who had had something not unlike a solemn rejoicing over the downfall of the wicked city said helplessly:

"Why, I never thought of Elizabeth Amory's being in San Francisco." Then as if to comfort herself, as if it were unbelievable that anything should happen to some one she had known so long, "Why, I've known Elizabeth ever since she was born! There can't anything happen to *her!*"

"Mrs. Amory'll be here to-day, won't she—if she hasn't heard——"

"We'd better hide these papers—" Guiltily they shuffled the papers out of sight, asking each other questions about Elizabeth Amory. Where did she live, did any one know? Her husband was doing very well, wasn't he? Wasn't it Elizabeth who was sending her younger sister through college? This would

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make a great difference in "the circumstances" of the family, for there was a question if Elizabeth didn't "do something" for her mother, too.

So they talked until some one near the window called out:

"Here she comes, here's Mrs. Amory." There walked in a tall, gaunt woman, as straight as a tree, with kindly, shrewd blue eyes, eyes as young as a girl's. She greeted them with more warmth and more gaiety than New Englanders often show.

"I hope you haven't waited for me to begin," she said; "I'm a little late, I'm afraid."

She hadn't heard, she didn't know a thing, and the group of kindly women, each of whom had thought, "What if my Ellen—what if my Edith were out there?"—exerted what tact they had, so that their townswoman should not suspect that anything was "wrong." With relief they drew the program of the day between themselves and their own thoughts. Twice the telephone in the hall rang and they heard their hostess say:

"Yes—yes—I know. Yes, I've seen it. It's dreadful. I *hope* it's exaggerated," and they exchanged cautious glances with one another, for they knew what was being talked about.

The afternoon was almost over when, "Why, haven't any of you *heard?*" said a voice at the door. They all looked up aghast. The trim little figure of a young girl was framed between the portières. "Yes, we've heard," some one tried to say, but the clear little voice went on, glad to be first with this momentous news: "Why, San Francisco's *burning*. It's awful——"

THE CLUB ALL TALKED AT ONCE.

Mrs. Amory rose to her feet. "What did you say?" she asked blankly.

"It's burning," the girl repeated. "There's been an awful earthquake—San Francisco's a ruin, the paper says——"

"Where's a paper?" asked the older woman, her mouth dry. The others were around her, telling her what they knew, bidding her to have courage, assuring her that the business quarter and the poorer quarter had suffered most—while above the rest came Mrs. Taylor's exasperated reproof:

"Now see what you've done, Daisy Taylor!"

"I must go," Mrs. Amory said; "I must see what is to be done. My daughter and her family live there." She might have been explaining to strangers instead of to people who had known her half a lifetime.

She left the house, her head up, dry-eyed, not the woman to break down while there was anything to be done.

But it turned out that there was nothing on earth to be done; the people at home, her husband and her daughter, had found that out already. And her daughter, a straight, tall girl, threw herself on Mrs. Amory's neck, crying resentfully:

"Of course some idiot had to run and tell you——"

And Mrs. Amory answered in a tone that tried to be matter-of-fact, but that ended in a pitiful little quaver:

"Now tell me exactly what has happened—I won't harrow myself reading the papers."

They told her all they knew, all the unbelievable nightmare of it. What touched them nearest was that the wires were down. You couldn't telegraph, you couldn't get any message. You could only sit still and wonder what had happened to your daughter and her little children, and pray that news that they were alive and unhurt might come quickly. You might play at a futile game with destiny of trying to see in what way you could get a telegram through to San Francisco, but you always came up thump against the walls of the impossible. Then when you had tried all the various channels of communication, there remained nothing to do but to sit down and fold your hands and wait—and the Amorys waited, as hundreds and thousands of people were waiting. The next day the paper indirectly gave them news of Elizabeth. "The city from such a street to such a street suffered first from the shock and has since been destroyed by fire," they read. So now they knew that Elizabeth and her children were homeless, driven out. That was all they had to tell the people who rang

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them up to ask for news. Suddenly Mrs. Amory asked:

"Has any one written Elizabeth?"

No one answered.

"We must write her," Elizabeth's mother went on. "She'll want to know how we are."

"Where shall we write?" Marion asked. "The street where her house was is all destroyed, the paper says."

"We'll put her old address on," Mrs. Amory decided. "I'd like her to know how much we were thinking about her. It's all we can do for her."

I wonder how many such letters and telegrams went out to the homeless people—letters bearing numbers on them that meant only heaps of bricks and charred pieces of wood, letters not delivered for days or even for weeks, and some letters never delivered at all and never called for. And these letters all said in substance the same thing: "Are you safe?" and "What a terrible calamity!" and "How can we help you?" That was about all one could say. It is hard to write letters to people who may not be alive and who are certainly ruined and homeless and perhaps grievously hurt. In the face of incertitude and possibilities so terrible, one can only write a few halting words and then be still, and so Mrs. Amory and Marion wrote their letters. Mr. Amory couldn't write, for men perform such heartrending duties less readily than women. As Marion finished her letter she saw the girl from the telegraph-office approaching the house.

THE PAPER INDIRECTLY GAVE THEM NEWS.

She ran down-stairs and, meeting the girl half-way down the yard, tore open the message, hiding behind a tree so that her mother should not see.

"Have you any word from Elizabeth?" It was from her brother in the Northwest. After that it rained telegrams: the other brother and the other sister telegraphed, aunts and uncles wired for news, and the rest of the time the telephone rang, and familiar voices, attenuated to ghosts of sound, asked for Elizabeth from great distances. To Marion it seemed that all the wires connecting them with the outside world were busy whispering, "Elizabeth, where is Elizabeth?"—and they telegraphed back or answered what they had learned from the paper: that Elizabeth's house was burned and her husband's business ruined, and that if they were alive they were who knew where in the terror-stricken city, everything they owned in the world gone but the clothes that they had on their backs.

Meanwhile life went on as usual in the little household, outwardly placid as if suspense were not in the very air they breathed, as if they couldn't see grief peering in at the windows. Benjamin Amory went to his office after he had read the papers, part of which he suppressed, for there were stories in them that told how people pinned down by heavy beams were mercifully shot by policemen, and how a morgue had been improvised where a crowd streamed ceaselessly looking for lost friends. And Mrs. Amory didn't ask where the missing part of the paper was—she knew too well what was in it.

The two women busied themselves about their usual household tasks, Mrs. Amory straight and smiling, for she wouldn't admit by so much as the droop of her shoulders that anything was wrong with her daughter. Gallantly she fought her invisible enemy, suspense, defying it by the way she went about her work. The girl watched her mother, hiding her anxiety as best she might, not daring herself to look in the face what it would mean if anything "had happened." She brought home comforting stories of how no one had heard any direct word from San Francisco.

They were not allowed to forget for one moment. Chance conversations on the streets were all about San Francisco; people stopped Mr. Amory to ask if he had "heard anything"; the morning mail carried on the work of the telegraph and the telephone, bringing letters that were all about Elizabeth; there was a stream of Mrs. Amory's friends calling at the house. It was almost as if Elizabeth were lying mortally ill up-stairs and people had come "to inquire if there was any change."

But when the three met at meal-time they didn't talk about it. Mr. Amory went over

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in detail what he had been doing in the morning, then a silence would fall and each would peer out behind a mask of cheerfulness at the others, mutely asking, "Do you believe Elizabeth is—?"

"Do you think the children are—?" and then, afraid, they took up hastily the broken thread of their indifferent talk, all of them clinging silently to the great comforting thought, the only comforting one for that matter, that "no one had heard." But the fourth day even this was taken from them. News had begun to come East; this and that one, they learned, had received news of their friends. At noon Mr. Amory came home with more telegrams in his pocket, for he had left word to have all messages sent to his office—if anything had happened. Telegrams from his son and his daughter, telegrams from his brothers and his sisters, from his son-in-law's family—in their brief words was a nameless note of anxiety. Why was there no word? Was there no one to send it?

"SHE'S SAFE—THEY'RE ALL SAFE!"

They sat about the lamp talking during the evening as they had the whole four days, smiling, self-controlled, husband and wife mutely bidding each other have courage. And they went to bed, all three of them, to stare into the darkness of the night, to try, as people must, to read the unknown. Mrs. Amory heard Marion listening at her door and at her father's, and at last slipping away to bed. Then after a long time she got up and looked out into the dark night. Time seemed to have gone back and she was sitting up with Elizabeth, who was only a little girl. She seemed to herself to be treading over the same painful road that she trod that night when she waited for morning to bring life or death. As on that night, she seemed almost to come to the answer, almost to pierce beyond the thick veil that divides to-day from to-morrow, and always as she felt the presence of What Was To Be, it escaped her.

When any great anxiety weighs on you it is hard to come back to life in the morning. They all awoke with a sense of something wrong—for a moment they couldn't remember; then it came out of the vague—Elizabeth.

"If any word comes I'll bring it down myself. I won't telephone," Mr. Amory told his daughter. All the morning she hovered near the window; a hundred times she thought she saw him coming down the street. Then at last she saw him and started out to meet him, her heart beating hard. He was coming, bringing with him the answer to all their unspoken questions. She slipped toward the door, and Mrs. Amory, all unconscious, asked:

"Where are you going, daughter?" and Marion did not know how she found voice to answer, "To get a breath of air." She flew forward to meet her father, and saw the tears streaming down his face—during all the days of watching he hadn't allowed his anxiety once to show itself; in his hand he held the little piece of paper, and as she came to him he faltered out, "She's safe—they're all safe. Thank God! Thank God!"

The Fiddler of Thunder Bank

By T. Jenkins Hains

WHEN the high spring tides of September had come and gone and the cooling air bespoke the approach of winter, the patriarch of Thunder Bank led his horde to the soft mud of the marsh bar and there prepared to disappear beneath the surface of the earth. He was not more than an inch and a half long and about the same in width, with his armored back purpling as far as the sides, where the whiteness of his shell told of his age. His thin legs with their pointed feet were agile, and he could run with amazing speed to either side. He could not run ahead, for like all the crab family he was built for sidelong locomotion, but he had the ferry-boat's advantage of never having to turn around in going from spot to spot. His ferocious mandible or claw was as long as his entire body and was jointed to his left arm. He carried this weapon close to his body, drawn in and out of the way. The pincers were fully an inch of hard, bony shell, and

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he could shut them down with remarkable power. His right arm was weaponless, having only a small claw, which he used for feeding himself. With his eyes sticking out glaringly upon their long supports and his mighty left hand held in front of him, he was no mean antagonist. A sudden grasp of that big claw, and the pointed ends would sink into anything save wood or iron. But he was of a peaceful nature for all his formidable appearance. He shunned strife and, indeed, his heavy weapon seemed to be of little use.

PETER, THE FISHERMAN.

Jack, the black bulldog that lived at the fisherman's shack back on the marsh, knew this and took advantage of the fact by chasing the patriarch's band of followers helter-skelter over the flat, sometimes even coming to close quarters with the leader himself. By nimble dodging, the most active of the little army would make good their escape, but dozens of them fell victims to Jack's long, white teeth. He took a vicious pleasure in crunching them, heeding, bulldog fashion, their fierce bites as little as though life were a game of strife, and pain of honorable wounds received in a fracas, something to be sought rather than avoided. He would lie in wait on a sunny day, his nose flat in the sand and his body hidden by the saw-grass, until the army of fiddlers formed for its advance across the flat to where the tide had left the moist bottom covered with minute particles of food. Following the leader they would crawl in long columns across the beach through the torrid sunshine, until they struck the feeding-ground. After they had gathered into an immense phalanx with long lines of skirmishers upon the flanks, Jack would rise from his bed in the roasting sand and dash headlong into their midst, making for the thickest part of their array. With gaping jaws he would grab first one and then another of the royal band of pilgrims, and one sudden, vicious bite was usually sufficient to put his victim beyond the worries of this troublous world.

No amount of whipping could quell in Jack this inherent savagery, this love of fracas, this lust for the death of those weaker than himself. Peter, the fisherman, wore out two leather straps upon the dog's hide, and as a net result received no more than a savage growl of disapproval and a dangerous glare from a pair of eyes that looked fearlessly upon the world and all therein. But Jack was a bulldog. He was of that unswerving breed that does not turn against friends, and he took the thrashings in good part, shutting his great jaws tight and blinking under the pain as only a true fighting animal can. Peter gave him up.

"It's no use," said he. "I can't make a pussy-cat of you, so I suppose you'll have to fight your way through. Git out."

And Jack would slink sullenly away until the pain subsided: After that he would lie with one eye open, gazing wistfully out over the flat to where the surge fell with a dull roar upon the shoal of Thunder Bank. The rumble seemed to suit his savage soul, to fit with his restless longings for the fray and to intensify them. For presently he would charge the army and add many victims to his already long list of killed and wounded. Peter would notice Jack's bleeding lips where many a brave little fighter had left a desperate token of a gallant end, but he would shake his head and appear not to see.

The fisherman's home was built upon piles on the shore, for the sea often came up to the very door of the hut. A heavy dike built of sand and mud kept the weight of the water that rolled over Thunder Bank from washing the shore too heavily and destroying the property spread out along the broad flat reach of India Creek. Toward this dike the patriarch, finding at last that he must work his army seaward to escape the onslaughts of civilization, gradually guided his followers, burrowing and holding the ground as he went. The mud flat had become too dangerous; in addition to the bulldog's daily attacks on the fiddler's gradually thinning ranks, Peter, the fisherman, also wanted his followers, for fiddlers make excellent bait for sheepshead fishing. Sometimes when the band was well out upon the flat Peter would rush them upon one side, while his dog was on the other, and would gather scores of them into a tin pail. At such times, muttering at the pain of the bites upon his fingers, Peter rather encouraged Jack's attack than otherwise.

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It was a war of the strong against the weak, the great against the small, but the intelligence that worked so persistently within the small shell of the fiddler led him on. He must struggle to survive. He must marshal his royal band to farther fields, and must burrow and dig for safety. Into the wall of the soft dike the little army went, and one fine day when the sun shone bright upon the marsh it revealed countless small holes at the base of the dike wall. It was the patriarch's last stand. Beyond the dike rolled the open sea at high water, the white breakers of Thunder Bank flashing skyward as they fell upon the shoal. The dull roar sounded ominously near, but to shoreward lay the implacable enemy, man and his allies, and there could be no turning back. Between man and the deep sea the patriarch held the land, and he came forth each morning when the sun shone, and marshaled his army to gather the supply of food he must lay in for the winter. He was a giant fiddler now, his great armed claw waved menacingly as he made his way down the dike and into the flat at low water, and the thinned ranks of his army followed him faithfully into the field where they daily met death.

He worked them ceaselessly during daylight and finally managed to enlist a stray band that was retreating southward over the flat, driven from its haunts by fishermen farther up the marsh. The united efforts of the two armies soon honeycombed the dike. They bored and tunneled through the wall until at high tide the water began to filter slowly through into Peter's reservation. The weather began to grow colder and the sun shone with less warmth upon the sand, and the serried army hurried in its work before sinking down into the ground to disappear until the following spring. In a week or two the whole of that shining column would dig deep into the soil, getting farther and farther from the surface until all that would be left above ground to show its occupation would be a series of inch-round holes. Then the waters of the sea might flow over the fiddlers without disturbing them—they would be safe.

The sunshine flickered upon their armored bodies, and the various hues of their shells made the ground pretty to look upon. Their huge claws, waving and sawing in the sunshine, sent the rays flashing across the flat, making the sand look as though sprinkled with myriads of snowflakes. Steadily and persistently they worked on until the gathering clouds and a fine rain driven before the squalls heralded the storm that usually came up the Gulf at the equinox. The patriarch gathered his forces and they drove into the dike wall deeper and deeper. Then one day they appeared upon the surface no more, and the rain beat in torrents upon the holes, washing them full of sand until nothing showed upon the smooth surface to mark the spot where they had disappeared.

The fishermen hauled their boats well up the beach. The weather grew worse and the wind droned dolefully over the marsh. Far out to sea the great combers fell with a mighty thunder upon the Bank, and the roar grew louder as the wind increased in force. The tide began to rise to a dangerous height upon the shore, and the fishermen noticed that the dike wall let it through in many places.

First a small gully began to form just where the army of fiddlers had burrowed. This widened and deepened during the night until daylight showed a great gap in the barriers, through which the tide rushed in a mighty flood, filling the flat and covering the reservation. Men came and gazed in dismay at the break. Then others set to work with shovels and wheelbarrows to try to stop the leak.

ONE VICIOUS BITE WAS SUFFICIENT.

But the wind increased in force. The sea rose heavier and heavier until it rolled in huge billows over Thunder Bank and broke with a burst of spray upon the dike. The men abandoned their work and sought shelter in the huts higher up on the beach, or took to the woodland beyond. Suddenly a great fissure opened wide in the dike. The sea broke through and swept over the land. The huts meeting the incoming tide stood for a few hours and then collapsed to float away with the masses of swamp-grass that lined the shore. Before another day had passed, the whole of that shore had been swept of hu-

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man habitations, and as the tide lowered and the wind went down, the morning revealed a level stretch of sand where the dike had been. Not a sign of living thing showed upon the deserted marsh. The winter winds howled over the desert and the seas rolled in from Thunder Bank unhindered, washing away all trace of the fishermen who had been there only a short time before. Not a thing was left save here and there a stake or a pile, sticking from the marsh, rising like a grim sentinel amid the waste to mark the desolation.

When the sun shone warm again in the spring-time, the hot flat sparkled in the moisture left by the receding tide. One day a small object shone upon the mud and sand, and the sunshine glinted upon the armor of the patriarch fiddler. He had come forth to meet the spring, and he walked slowly across the shining mud, waving his mighty weapon. Close behind him emerged the royal band of pilgrims, coming slowly from the ground until they formed into a long and glinting column. He led them forth to new life, and they swarmed over the flat, waving their weapons in the very joy of living, and scattering broadcast in safety to take peaceful possession of the land that was now their own.

The Rejected Suitor

By Dorothy Canfield

JULY in the flower garden of the Great Trianon. It seems in the tranquil security of its scented and glowing luxuriance a charmed spot, a garden blooming forever in a deathless loveliness. Every reminder of inevitable decay is hidden, every trace of the passage of time is overwhelmed in confident maturity and vigor. The long extent of the Orangerie hides in a heavy mantle of wistaria the wounds of century-long battles with winds and rains, and the stone bench before the door is so warmed by the sun that its mossy and venerable surface no longer hints of the dead and gone beauties who have sat there in a sunshine as serene as that now bathing the old garden in a golden haze.

Behind the bench is a thick cluster of rhododendrons, the stiff, waxy leaves insolent in their strength, and so closely set that they almost hide the marble head of a laughing satyr, who turns his pointed chin and sly, oblique eyes in an odd, amused grimace toward the gate. Before the bench a large bed of heliotrope stands motionless in the sun, the heavy purple blooms erect and hushed, as though concentrating their life in a still, passionate effort to exhale the essential perfume that floats about them like an invisible halo. The roses, flaming their reds and sunset pinks along the wall, are outdone, their rich, sweet breath serving only to add a vague intensity to the joy of life that holds the place entranced and enraptured.

And yet on the bench are seated two people who talk of disappointment and weakness and death. The words sound unreal and unbelievable, like the threats of the witch in a fairy tale. The older of the two, a woman with white hair and dark eyes, is speaking, and the other, a young—a very young man, with a silky blond beard, listens sympathetically, his blue eyes troubled and his smooth, young brow crossed with lines of condolence.

"You must remember her, Raoul; she has done the plain sewing for us ever since you began coming to the house, when you were a little boy. She is really only thirty-five now, but she seems like an old woman; a wizened, stoop-shouldered little creature. She always sat in the anteroom to your uncle's study, with a pile of mending."

"Yes, yes, I remember her distinctly; a pathetic little figure always. How wonderful that she should have done all that you say! That is a man's work, to shield children from necessity—three, did you say?"

"Two brothers and a sister. She has brought them up decently and almost happily, but at the cost of her life! The doctor says this heart trouble comes directly from long-continued nervous strain, but she says what matter, now that her three charges are at last established and guaranteed in good positions. She told me she was even happy to think that her life of constant toil and care is almost over. She said, 'I *should* die content, since I can see what few people can be sure of, the success of my efforts, victory in the one thing I was sent into the world to do, to cherish and protect my mother's children.' I thought of the colorless, empty life she has always led, so utterly devoid of all personal pleasure, and I said, 'But you, too, are your mother's child—what have you had for yourself?' I can still see the little smile with which she answered, 'For me there will soon be rest.'"

There was a silence; the young man, his lips compressed in romantic sympathy, looked out unseeingly on the beautiful garden quiver-

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ing in its still ecstasy of vitality. The woman went on: "If there was only something—*really* something—one could do for her! Of course I will see that she is materially comfortable. I have a little room for her near the park, on one of the most beautiful avenues in Versailles, so that she can come here every day; but the doctor says she can live only a few months longer; and what are a few months of empty leisure to a lifetime of heart-breaking toil! Poor thing! She has never known for the space of a breath what it is to be happy, she has never for an instant had a taste of personal life. She told me, blushing like a girl, that she had never had the shadow of a romance in her life; and that it seems hard to her to die without having really lived. 'I know I am plain and small,' she said, 'but other women no better than I . . . If only for a moment some one had given me even a look that I could remember now, it would seem that I do not die so alone.' It is as though she had passed along the highroad of life so insubstantial a figure that she has cast no shadow, and already she is almost entering the gate at the end."

She stood up and opened a purple parasol that glowed in the sun like a gigantic heliotrope bloom. The light, richly colored by its passage through the tensely drawn silk, cast a shimmering iridescence upon her white hair and pale face. She gathered her skirts in one hand, poised the parasol delicately in the other, and seemed about to pass down the graveled path to the gate, but stood motionless, entranced by the beauty of the spot. Her eyes traveled from the green velvet of the large central lawn to the noble and vigorous old trees on either side. A faint, wandering breeze brought a sudden gust of perfume from the honeysuckles, pale gold and white, against the wall. She looked at the young man, drooping on the bench, with blue eyes brooding, and sensitive slim hands clasping his knee. 'I'm almost sorry to have troubled you for a moment with my poor sewing-woman, Raoul, but my mind is full of her, and all this"—she swept her parasol in a gesture including the flowers, the trees, the blue sky, and the invisible cloud of perfume—"all this made me think of how much there is to live for—how much poor Angélique is losing. I think we can well spare a few moments' thought for her—even sorrowful—from our long, secure life of happy hours."

Although she spoke in a doubtful, half-apologizing tone, her nephew did not attempt to reassure her, but she saw that suddenly his eyes were clouded with the quick mist of generous and youthful sympathy. She smiled a little at this, half amused, half touched, and crying, "Ah, it's easy to see that you are but nineteen and the son of a poet!" she turned away and swept softly out of the gate in a gentle murmur of silks. From his hiding-place in the rhododendrons the marble satyr cast his sidelong, eternal smile at her in a joyous slyness.

After she had gone there was no sound to disturb the silence in which the garden exhaled its soul in a still rapture. The youth on the old bench sat motionless, lost in a profound reverie. His head, thrown back, showed a triangle of white flesh between the points of his collar and revealed the smooth, round throat of a boy, below his silky, delicate beard, although the broad shoulders were those of a man. But the eyes, fixed on the pointed top of a huge old poplar, were the eyes of a poet; that is, one who is at once prematurely man and eternally boy. He seemed turned to stone like the satyr behind him, so still he sat.

LOST IN A PROFOUND REVERIE.

Down the gravel path came a small figure, lamentably clad in garments evidently not hers originally, moving slowly with a weak, ungraceful step. The youth did not see her until she had passed him, the light sound of her uneven gait penetrating tardily to his preoccupied mind. Then he started up and rushed after her, crying in a voice full of emotion, "Oh, Mademoiselle Angélique! Mademoiselle Angélique!"

The little woman turned, showing a white, drawn face, redeemed from hopeless lack of beauty only by soft and deep brown eyes.

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She exclaimed on seeing the young man, "Why, Monsieur Raoul, I didn't recognize you. What a big fellow you have grown to be since last summer!" She looked up at him, a faint smile on her pale lips, a smile which faded away into surprise at the strange air with which he regarded her. His face was glowing with some mysterious exaltation, his eyes soft with an indescribable tenderness. "What is it? Why do you look at me so oddly, Monsieur Raoul? Are you ill? Have you had bad news from your *maman*?"

HE POURED OUT ROMANTIC PHRASES.

Raoul shook his head. "I was just thinking how unkind you were to pass me so — not even to recognize me!"

"But I did not dream of seeing you here. I did not know you were in Versailles. And then you have grown so since your last visit to your aunt—your dear aunt who has been so kind to me!"

The young man gave a serious nod of acquiescence. "Yes, I have grown since you saw me last. I have grown to be a man and I know now the meaning of many things that were mysteries to me before." Suddenly he broke into a graceful, impulsive appeal, motioning her to the bench. "Mademoiselle Angélique, atone for having passed me by resting here for a time and allowing me to sit by you." He took her hand, her knotted hand with the roughened forefinger of the sewing-woman, and led her to the bench with a gallantry which the old garden must have found familiar. She seated herself, on her tired face a bewildered expression, which deepened as the young man began speaking in his warm, throbbing voice.

"*Chère* mademoiselle, perhaps I should not tell you what is in my heart, but seeing you so unexpectedly has broken my reserve. At the sight of your beautiful eyes, all the emotions which have so long shaken me at the mention even of your name rushed over me—pardon me if I seem brusk—I cannot hide my love longer—pardon me!" He threw out his slim boy's hands, in a gesture of excuse and ardor, and looked at her eagerly.

The pale, deeply lined face of the workwoman expressed nothing but an incredulous confusion. She passed her hand over her eyes as though to awaken herself from a dream. "What are you saying?" she stammered. "You must be out of your senses, Monsieur Raoul. Don't you know who I am?—just Angélique Bréart, your aunt's old sewing woman. Why, you never looked at me—you——"

The young man interrupted her with an eloquent burst of words and exclamations. He called upon her as his boyhood's ideal not to refuse to listen to him now that he was a man. He described what she had always been to him, the patient, devoted saint, giving up her life uncomplainingly in an endless series of daily martyrdoms that others might live. He painted in glowing colors his eagerness to see her, the frightened shyness that had always kept him from speaking to her, the rush of emotion that had suffocated him as he passed through the little room that her presence made a sanctuary to him. He poured out before her the hoarded treasure of his most romantic phrases, phrases which had come to him in the dreamy hours of his adolescence, phrases which he had been instinctively preserving for his first expression of love—like a golden flood he poured them out upon the ugly little woman by his side. She tried to speak, to interrupt him, to exclaim, but he overwhelmed her by a yet more ardent utterance. Her eyes deepened and glowed, her pale, sickly face became almost transfigured. She seemed in a vision where all combined to intoxicate her with beauty, the handsome youth scarcely more palpable than the invisible vapor of heavy perfume which troubled her senses. Raoul continued to talk, but with pauses between the sentences, sweet silences, when the humming of the bees seemed the audible breath of summer. The heliotropes sent out their rich odor as though they were trying in one passionate hour to express themselves for eternity, and the young man strove in one burning effort to enrich a starved life with all the glory of romance. All that a woman wishes to hear from the lips of a lover during long years of devotion he tried to say in one flaming hour. The essence of love—at least the suggestion of every phase of it which his boy's imagination presented to him—he wished to leave no word of it unsaid, no

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thought unexpressed. He forgot himself, he forgot her, he was carried away by the intoxication of his first open voicing of passion.

When he finally stopped, and Angélique turned to look at him in the silence which followed his words, his face expressed even more than his impulsive eloquence. His blue eyes glowed with a very flame of worship, and from all his eager, exalted countenance there shone the infinite relief that comes from the expression of a profound emotion. It had been a relief to him at last to utter aloud, to any one at all, the vague and impersonal though inexpressibly sweet turmoil of a heart made for love and still without an object. He looked through the sick, half-dying woman at his side to his ideal and he seemed nearer her than ever before, from having given expression to his longing.

As Angélique began to speak in quiet tones, no longer even surprised, so dream-like was the whole experience, Raoul came to himself with a start, and dropped his head in his hands, an attitude which exactly suited the nature of her answer. She thanked him —oh, more than he could ever know!—for what he had said; she told him it was like a ray of sunshine entering a dark prison. "But I am only leaving my prison for the scaffold," she said plaintively. She told him of the doctor's verdict, she reminded him of the great difference in their ages and stations, and she sent him away. Gently, kindly, she sent him away, with the suave grace of a great lady, so transfigured was she by the sudden dignity of knowing herself loved. The ignorant sewing woman found phrases of an exquisite delicacy to express her pride, her joy, her regret, the inestimable consolation which had come to her at the mouth of the grave and which she would carry with her into darkness and corruption. "It is like a long bright ray of light shining not only on me now, but back on all the dark, unhappy years I have lived, gilding the recollection of them. How wonderful that I never knew! How blessed that I know now!"

Raoul groaned aloud, shamed by her *naïveté*, transfixed with mingled remorse and triumph at what he had done, and touched to the heart by the pathos of her joy. She laid her hand gently on his smooth, blond head. "Go now, Raoul, dear. You leave me happy—happy! For you it can be but a passing fancy, a boy's love, but for me, since I shall never see you change, for me it is immortal."

The youth felt his heart burn with a sudden fire of pity and sympathy so poignant that for an instant it was almost love, and catching up her hard and work-worn hand, he covered it with kisses that he meant she should remember on her death-bed. And then, with a sudden resolution, he drew her to him and gave to her pale and withered lips the first kiss of love of his life, the salute he had jealously preserved for his ideal. Then murmuring brokenly her name, mingled with excuses and farewells, he fled down the path to the gate.

At the threshold he stopped to look back at her, still sitting motionless and entranced. From where he stood he could not see the amazed and incredulous joy that had given her face a strange, passing beauty. He saw only the shrunken, misshapen little figure, clad in grotesque garments, huddled in a forlorn heap on the old stone bench. A sudden violent reaction from his unnatural exaltation swept over him, a reaction as deep as the exaltation had been uplifted. He drew his breath in a quick gasp. "Good heavens!' he exclaimed to himself, "suppose she had *not* sent me away!"

A little wind stirred the rhododendron bushes a moment and showed the marble satyr, turning his pointed chin and sly, mocking eyes in an amused and ironic grimace toward the gate.

IN A FORLORN HEAP.

But the little sewing-woman did not see the satyr. He was behind her, and before her was only the bed of heliotropes, flooding her with their steady, rich perfume.

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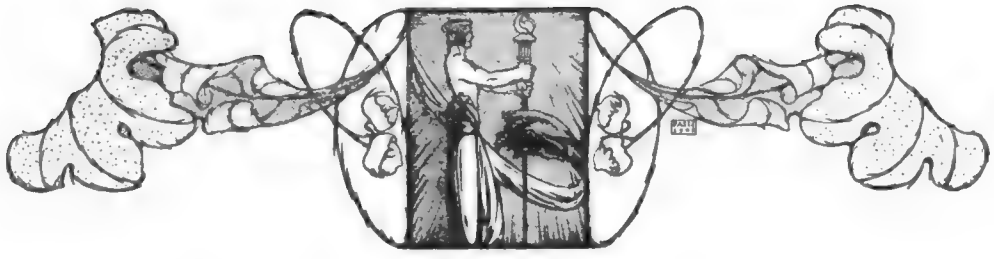

With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

IO, BRYAN!

It is a long time yet till the meeting of the Democratic National Convention; and many a boom is born too early. Still, the Democrats of State after State cry for Mr. Bryan. The West is always his; and now a new light has come to the "reorganizers," the Easterners of well-filled pockets who in 1904 exhibited a handsome vestryman from Esopus as the savior of the Democracy from the restless and radical Mr. Bryan, and of the country from the equally radical and restless Mr. Roosevelt. Now Mr. Bryan, with whose dreadful name and fee-faw-fum reputation Republican children were frightened into being "good" in 1896 and 1900—this same eater of capitalists, destroyer of the nation's credit and honor, enemy of thrift, and variously false and dangerous demagogue, is clasped to the bosom of "Wall Street."

A LITTLE JUSTICE

Democrats and even Republicans admit that Mr. Bryan is a decent citizen and not so red as he has been painted. He is a great "conservative" now, not because he has changed essentially, not because both parties have not been growing radical, but simply because the excellent gentlemen with money-bags are scared green by the yellowness of Mr. Hearst, who has money-bags himself, is not afraid to reach for anything that he wants, and takes a positive delight in throwing respectable figureheads and "financial interests" into fits. These worthies fly for refuge to Mr. Bryan, not because they love him more, but because they hate Hearst more. Turn back to 1896 and read what wild words were said against Mr. Bryan by Democrats, many of whom voted for him in 1900, and most of whom will be glad to vote for him in 1908, if he is a candidate. Remember how the Republicans regarded or sought to regard him as a sort of public enemy. Let us confess it, brethren, with some sense of humor and a little sense of shame: the United States would have continued to do business at the old stand, and successfully, even if Mr. Bryan had been elected in 1896. A different set of men would have had the offices, and the course of the stock-market would have been different for a time; but even that horrible bogy, "free silver," would not have been ruinous. In fact, there would and could have been no "free silver." In 1908 nobody will recall those fierce political and economic St. Vitus's dances. All Americans will be "doing" the St. Vitus "act" just the same; and Mr. Bryan, should he be the Democratic "standard-bearer," will be all sorts of a pestilential character to the very Republicans who now acknowledge that he is a good sort of chap. Indeed, it looks as if each side would try to outbid the other as the original and deadliest foe of the trusts, and accuse the other side of being secretly in sympathy with them or unable to do anything to "bust" them. But will there be any trusts left? Mr. Roosevelt seems to be whacking them without fear or favor; but of course the Democrats will have to say that they are the only boys

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that can be trusted to tackle trusts. Nice, fair, gentlemanly thing, politics. No humbug and nothing feverish about it.

FOR THE SOUTH TO DECIDE

BUT what do the Southern Democrats, so patient, so faithful, so unselfish, giving their votes steadily—what do they say about the Bryan "boom"? It is for them to decide. Will they assert themselves? Do they want Mr. Bryan? How much longer will they consent to furnish the votes and let the Northern and Western Democrats furnish the candidates—for the candidacy of Mr. Davis, of West Virginia, for Vice-President, was essentially humorous, able and hearty as he is. Why should a Southern man like Mr. Bailey, of Texas, a man with ability, experience and training, be shut out of the running? We say this with no prejudice against Mr. Bryan, whose ability and engaging characteristics are evident. We say it simply because we believe that the notion that a Southern Democratic candidate for President would be "cut" in the North is absolute stark, bedlam craziness.

WHAT, AGAIN?

IT is no impeachment of Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity to say, as many persons do, some friends and some enemies of his: If Mr. Bryan should be the Democratic candidate in 1908, who but Mr. Roosevelt would have any "show" against him? Might not the Republicans—and most of their leaders hate him heartily—have to take Mr. Roosevelt "by right of eminent domain" and as an absolute political necessity? Bryan *vs.* Roosevelt: That would be worth ten years of crowded life, and it would ratify or smash forever the "third-term tradition."

THE PALACE OF PEACE

VERY beautiful is the prize design for St. Sandy of Skibo's $1,500,000 "World's Palace of Peace," where the International Tribunal and Congresses at The Hague are to meet. Château-like, medieval-townhall-like; crowned with its tiara of proud towers. But just as St. Sandy's library buildings contain no books (till the obliged beneficiaries and taxpayers furnish them), so the peace building will not be apt to contain much peace, and may be dedicated pompously just when some great European war is breaking out. Peace, and there is no peace. A suggestion to the haloed one of Skibo: Tear up the Steel Trust bonds after buying up the Steel Trust. Without steel for ships and cannon, where would war be? Stop the steel, Sandy! and thereby stop war; and when there are no more bonds and advertising privileges for you to reap, being poor at last, sing your *nunc dimittis*.

ÆSCHYLUS AT HARVARD

THE performance of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus at the Harvard Stadium was a conscientious archeological effort to repeat and restore, with due allowance for necessary modern demands, such as the removal of the mask worn by Greek actors, a Greek dramatic representation. The music, composed for the occasion by a son of Senator Lodge, was more or less tentative; and many problems, and indeed the very shape of the ancient Greek stage, are not and probably never will be settled. The Greek chorus is more or less of a bore usually, even to the most ardent students of the Hellenic drama. The language is, of course, almost absolutely unintelligible when spoken, even to men with some knowledge of it; but do people not dilate and thrill, or pretend to, at Duse and Bernhardt, and tell you that they—the humbugs!—"could understand almost every word"? The students who took part in the Harvard Greek play and those who encouraged and trained them deserve honor. Anybody who will tackle Greek in this grafting age should be respected as a devotee of the ideal. We should like to see the "Agamemnon" produced in New York and other cities. In spite of obscurities, awkwardnesses, anachronisms, and the unfamiliar language, one does derive from seeing "Agamemnon" that most mournful, grand,

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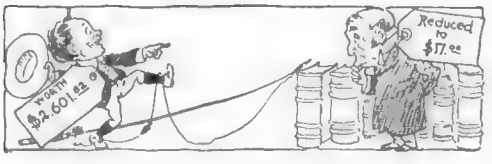
hopeless, and yet somehow consoling Greek idea of irreparable fate—just as one finds it in Shakespeare, for instance, or in Thomas Hardy's Wessex novels. "It was to be." A Greek play is an hour or two with the most brilliant and artistic people in the world. Those who remember M. Mounet-Sully's performances in the United States will recall how, even seen through French darkly, those high, heroic creations of Greek myth and legend had a religious and ethical as well as a poetical and merely archeological interest.

FREE ALCOHOL

If the removal by act of Congress of the tax on denatured alcohol produces all the beneficial results expected, light, heat, and power in many general and useful applications are going to be a great deal cheaper. The odious smell of gasoline will vex the nostrils no more. Kerosene will be an expensive illuminant in comparison. We shall wash, iron, drive on land and water, read, plow, harrow, and generally live and move by means of denatured alcohol. Doubtless there was some exaggeration in the "claims" of its friends, but much has been done with it in Germany, and the petitions of all sorts of persons and interests for the removal of the tax showed how wide was the expectation of good results from free denatured alcohol.



WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

At the meeting of the American Medical Association in Boston, Dr. Erastus Holt, of Portland, gave, in the form of tables, the money equivalent of a boy and man at different ages. At ten, a boy is worth $2,601.62; notice and admire the mathematical plausibility of the cents. At fifteen, the youngster is equal to $4,263.66. At twenty-five, an ordinary young man is worth $5,488.03; pity he can't "realize" on himself. The value of a professional man at twenty-five is $25,898.94; at forty, so Dr. Holt oslerizes, the same man is worth $29,344.68. Then he goes down-hill. The economic value of a boy of seventy is only $17.13. At eighty, instead of helping the community he is actually a drawback on it to the amount of $872.84. Profound and moving figures. Mr. Joseph H. Choate, for instance, is benefiting the commonwealth somewhat less than $17 a year; and Mr. Russell Sage is a burden and charge on it; owes it nearly $7,000 and compound interest already.

THE END OF A RELIGION

The weakness of Nicholas II, the absolute blindness of his advisers and of the autocracy and bureaucracy in general to the situation; massacre of the Jews here, assassination of an official there; famine mutinies in the army, the sole hope of the Romanoff dynasty; the duel between the Duma and the throne; in the Duma, most significant of all figures in this great tragedy, the peasant members of the Duma in their blouses and the proletarian members in their jackets; outside, the millions of land-hungry mujiks, and unseen, but more potent than the visible actors, the great Jew financiers who hold the fate of Russia, at least of the imperial house, in their hands—what story so poignant and so powerful has been shown to the eyes of man since "Mother Guillotine" got to work in the French Revolution? One touching if noxious belief of that great, imaginative, neurasthenic nation, has crumbled already: The "Little Father" who loved his people, the god on earth for hundreds of millions, the crowned image of wisdom and goodness, superhuman, who would redress all wrongs, if he could be reached by his people—what figure does he cut now? Slowly, slowly, the mujiks will learn or are learning from their brethren in the Duma what clay their idol of gold is. The generous, childlike idea, nourished for ages, is on the way to die. When it is dead, the Russians will have put away forever childish things. The All-Wise Czar and demands for a responsible ministry cannot live together.

INTERCHANGEABLE VEINS AND ARTERIES

A suspicious world sometimes regards with doubt accounts sent from Chicago, a center of the inventive and imaginative intellect, of marvelous scientific discoveries made at the University of Chicago. This is not the fault of that eminent institution, but of the creative instinct of Cook County. Not we, then, but

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the Chicago poets build the tale, if tale it be, and not a matter-of-fact medical bulletin, of the experiments of two surgeons in the Hull Laboratory of the University. According to the tale or bulletin, these surgeons, experimenting with animals, "transform veins into arteries, and arteries into veins, and reverse circulation." Five dogs so changed in their midsts are now under observation and thriving heartily. The discoverers, turning with large hopes from dogs to men, dream of transplanting a vein on another vein, thus directing the blood from one part of the system to another, and curing incurable softening of the brain, for example, by sending good red blood into the diseased brain cells. They even hope, it is reported, to cure gangrene by reversing the circulation. This looks like "newspaper science"—too good to be true; but in these days of wonder, what is impossible?

COMMISSION-GOVERNED CITIES

EVERYBODY knows that the District of Columbia is governed, and excellently governed, by three appointed commissioners. It is perhaps not generally known that the municipal government of Nashville has been administered successfully under a commission for some twenty years. The citizens are satisfied. The city charter has been changed more than once, but nobody proposes to abolish government by commission. It has already been mentioned in these columns that Galveston, after the great calamity of 1900, felt the need of a strong and concentrated city government. The Texas Legislature came to her relief. Her municipal government was abolished, and a commission of three, elected by the people, was substituted. So well did this commission rule that Houston decided to borrow the system, merely increasing the membership of the commission to five. Last spring Dallas, with full knowledge of the workings of the experiment, voted by a majority of four to one to ask the Legislature for permission to try it. Mr. Burleson, a Texas Representative in Congress, predicted in a speech in the House that within twenty years the chief American cities will be governed by commissioners. A rash prophecy, doubtless; and as yet no great city has adopted the plan. However one may regard the commission system in theory, it is worth remembering that, in Houston and Galveston, taxation has been lowered, bonded indebtedness decreased, unparalleled improvements made, and graft stopped absolutely. By their fruits ye shall know them.

NEW WAR-SHIPS

THE Dreadnought, the new British battleship, has a displacement of 18,500 tons, carries as her main battery ten 12-inch guns, and has a speed of twenty knots. If the Naval Appropriation Bill prepared by the House Committee on Naval Affairs passes, the United States will have a battle-ship of 20,500 tons, of twenty-one knots speed, and carrying twelve 12-inch guns. The Dreadnought is an experiment, the value of which may be better known by the time her American bigger sister—it is proposed to call her the Constitution, after Old Ironsides—is started. More immediately interesting, perhaps, are the two first-class battle-ships, the Michigan and the South Carolina, bids for the construction of which will be opened June 2. Their displacement is to be 16,000 tons, their contract speed eighteen knots, although it is expected that they will make nineteen. There is a difference of opinion among "naval experts" as to the expediency of building a monster outdreadnoughting the Dreadnought. Some of these sages insist that the trouble with the American Navy is too little homogeneity. There are some eight classes of vessels. Strengthen the South Carolina-Michigan class, say they, and make an effective fighting group instead of beginning a solitary colossus for the sake of outclassing the Dreadnought.

A BACHELOR'S CONSCIENCE MONEY

RAPHAEL WEILL is a San Francisco "millionaire"—a good profession, a little crowded at present, but there is always room at the top. Mr. Weill is unmarried. Perhaps that's why he is a millionaire. He has never had to pay any bills for hats, frocks, gowns, and all the pretty somethings and nothings of feminine adornment. As he puts it pleasantly, so as to diminish the credit of a good deed, his "conscience troubled him somewhat." Proportionate to his means, what share of female

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fixings ought he to have bought or to buy? He decided that 5,000 complete "outfits" would be his due contribution. He appointed a committee of fifty charitable women. Five thousand needy San Francisco women have been clothed from head to heel by this repentant "old bach." Young or old bachelors, go and do likewise, according to the dimensions of your heart and pocket. Or, marry a wife, so as not to have so much to give away.

THE INVESTIGATOR

Mr. Charles E. Hughes, whose analytical and logical mind won results so brilliant for the Armstrong insurance investigation committee, is one of the counsel retained by the Department of Justice to consider the facts relating to the transportation and sale of coal in interstate commerce and to conduct, under the direction of the Attorney-General, such prosecutions or suits as may be warranted by the evidence. The character, the intellect, and the reputation of Mr. Hughes are notice to all his fellow citizens that the investigation of the interstate transportation and sale of coal will be thorough. He has also been retained by the Attorney-General of New York in the suits brought by the Gas Trust in its resistance to the "Eighty-cent Gas" law. Though he slay me, yet will I trust him, the Life Underwriters might have said as they welcomed him heartily at a dinner where he told them frankly that the companies must obey the new insurance laws. Mr. Hughes is a human and likable person. He looks Irish, Scotch, and like a professor; has the Irish determination, the Scotch shrewdness, has been a professor, and is not a bit of a prig. Mr. Hughes may never hold public office, nor do we know what are his talents for legislative or administrative business. He holds a place better than office; he has the confidence of all.

THE ST. PETERSBURG-NEW YORK LINE

Is "there anything in" the much-talked-of proposition of the American Transalaskan Siberian Company to build a railroad through Alaska to Cape Prince of Wales, thence to be connected by a southern extension with American and Canadian transcontinental lines; Cape Prince of Wales to be connected by tunnel with East Cape, the northeast corner of Siberia, which is to be joined by a railroad 3,000 miles long with the Siberian line? Nice little project, isn't it? East Cape and Cape Prince of Wales are some thirty-six miles apart, but there are three islands in the middle of Bering Strait, so that two tunnels, eighteen miles long apiece, could be built. An easy job for Russian imagination, but possibly not attractive to American or any other capital, and especially since the proposed railroad would run for some 2,000 miles in Siberia and 1,500 miles in Alaska through a barren country, in much of which railroad building would be about as hard as it can be anywhere in the world. The "through trains from St. Petersburg to New York"—they would have to cross a 500-mile stretch of Canadian territory, or make a long steamboat voyage—these trains of this gorgeous "American and Russian" enterprise belong, perhaps, to the Oriental "Pipe" Line Express.

"GIVING THE LIE"

Not so many weeks ago many potent, wise, and reverend seigniors at Washington were yelling "Lie!" and "Liar!" until their throats were peeled and their collars wilted. Politicians are so polite. It seemed as though they counted that day lost in which some eminent official or humble correspondent was not "denounced" as a "deliberate, unqualified, and malicious" liar. In fact, no other kind is worth notice. And soon the "fall campaign" will be sizzling, and the fall crop of "lies," "falsehoods," and "liars" will be gathered. Really, we have known many persons to forget things or give an inaccurate account of things. We did not call them "liars," qualified or unqualified. For one reason, they were not liars. Nobody "gets anything straight" entirely. Nobody can tell anything or remember anything without some percentage, negligible or not, of error. For another reason, we are deliberately and unqualifiedly attached to an unqualified whole skin. Of course, when we get an office, we shall yell "Liar" as loud as anybody else. It will be etiquette.

ESPERANTO

The London Chamber of Commerce has put Esperanto among the subjects for examination in its educational department. This international language, successor of the unlamented Volapük, was introduced to the

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world by Dr. Zamenhof, a doctor in Warsaw, Poland, in 1887. His pamphlet, "An International Language by Dr. Esperanto," published in that year, lay dormant for some ten years. It is said that 80,000 persons can now read or write Esperanto; and there are some forty journals and magazines and some two hundred societies or "centers" for propagating it. About half of the roots in Esperanto are of Latin origin, twenty-five per cent. of English, and twenty-five per cent. of German. There is no English "q," "w," or "y" in the language. There are no silent letters. The accent is always on the syllable next to the last. At present, Esperanto consists of about 1,000 roots and from 2,000 to 3,000 words. Dr. Zamenhof holds that by the use of some thirty prefixes and suffixes, 900 root words are enough. Its grammar ought to be learned in an hour by anybody who knows one of the Latin languages. There are no irregular verbs [blessed be Esperanto!]. The plural ends in "j"; nouns in "o"; adjectives in "a." "Ino" is the feminine ending. For example, "patro," father; "patrino," mother. Will Esperanto go the way of Volapük or will it prosper?

A CZAR FROM DANVILLE

SPEAKER CANNON is said to have said that "this country is a place-of-future-punishment-for-the-wicked of a success." We translate and Bowdlerize his language out of sulphurous Cannonese for the benefit of ears polite. Mr. Cannon as "Czar" is also much of a success, but there have been plenty of murmurings and little insurrections in the House. And John Sharp Williams has found frequent occasion to toss his martial top-knot and rouse the applause of the rebellious. On the Statehood bill "Uncle Joe" can hardly be said to have "saved his face." In the matter of meat inspection, too, he had to come down from his high horse. Powerful as the Speaker is, there is an entity or abstraction called "public opinion" that can and does spank him into submission relentlessly—if it is proper to say spanked of one who wears so reverend a beard. To tell the whole truth, in the recent session of Congress, the Senate, "with all its imperfections on its head" was more popular, as it always was more intelligent than the House. A bitter fact to the House, which is the Speaker. In spite of his faults and his language, "most everybody" likes Mr. Cannon, and he is wise enough to keep on good terms with the newspaper correspondents, who naturally like him, because he is a very human and salient person. No matter how many bills he squelches and how many toes he treads on, the House dotes on him; and why shouldn't he be nominated for President, as he was, to wild cheering, in the House two or three years ago? Too old? Then let us go into solemn consideration of Beveridge, of Indiana.

SOME DARK STATISTICS

THE number of homicides and deaths by violence in the United States in 1905 was 9,212, as against 8,482 in 1904. Suicides, 9,082, as against 9,240 in 1904. Killed on steam railroads, in 1905, 3,142; injured, 15,904. Killed on electric and elevated railroads, 464; injured, 2,622. These statistics, collected by the *Chicago Tribune*, are unofficial, but perhaps they are none the less trustworthy on that account. We murder and manslaughter nine times as many as the Germans; four times as many as the English, Scotch, and Welsh. America seems to be a little careless, to put it mildly.

THE ENGLISH "SUFFRAGETTES"

THE English call their militant woman-suffragists "suffragettes"; and very fierce, fulminating, and man-quelling the noisiest of these ladies are. They disturb the proceedings of the House of Commons. They yell and shriek. They mob a Chancellor of Exchequer, who has to flee for his life in an automobile. The majority of British woman-suffragists must not be judged by the standard of these irrepressible and bellicose fanatics, who seem to have disordered nerves. But who can blame an Englishman for objecting to giving a vote to such candidates for the violent ward? Would a man's life, let alone his other possessions, be safe under the rule of these Attilas in petticoats?

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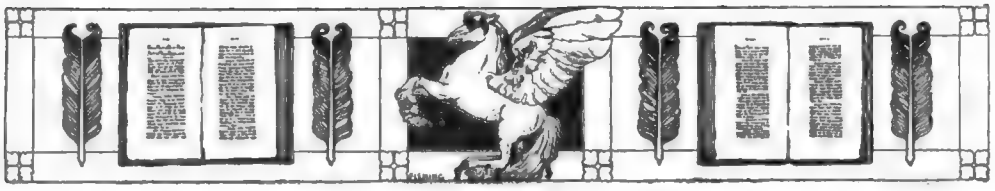

A Row of Books

MR. CHURCHILL'S NEW STORY

Mr. Winston Churchill has written another admirable story in "Coniston" (The Macmillan Company). Jethro Bass here is an unusually interesting figure. He has been fashioned with care and skill, and he will provide the reader with an abiding impression. Jethro was the political boss of a New England State. Care is taken not to tell what State it was, but it was mountainous and not desperately far from Boston, and if it was not Maine or Vermont we should not be surprised if it was New Hampshire. Jethro was boss of it for thirty-six years. So late as the time when Grant was President he wore a coonskin hat and a Daniel Webster blue coat with brass buttons. Add to this that he was an enormous man, rugged and powerful, who would have attracted attention even in a Turkish bath, and it will be understood that people looked at him when he took his walks abroad.

But bosses are not ornaments merely, and Jethro's power was founded in something besides his personal appearance. The clue to his character, we are told, lay in the circumstance that he could wait. Not that he ever failed to seize opportunities. When these presented themselves he could not have been more spry if he had been two feet shorter and weighed half as much; but he was perfectly patient in attending upon the general evolution of a scheme. "He could wait for his love, he could wait for his hate." He was thirty-one years old when he entered upon his career of political power. At that age he held mortgages to the amount of nine thousand dollars on the property of his neighbors—their houses and farms, their horses and sheep. There were thirty of these indebted neighbors, all voters, and there is a beautiful account of how Jethro persuaded them all to vote the Democratic ticket at the town meeting for the election of selectmen and moderator. At that meeting Jethro himself was elected Senior Selectman of Coniston. Through all his period of power, he held that office, and no other. As Senior Selectman of Coniston, he ran the whole State—Legislature, governor, United States senators, railroads, everything.

The story is very ample. It is full of a detail with which the reader will be far from quarreling, since it is so good. Politics was Jethro's dominant passion, but his bosom was large. He loved Cynthia Ware, the minister's daughter. She was beautiful, cultivated. He was unlettered, uncouth. But obviously he had strength; the author is at pains to bring out that quality, spelling it with a capital. Cynthia perceived the strength, and it conquered her. She loved Jethro. She started to educate him, lending him the "Life of Napoleon," a work in which he promised to be interested. But when she learned about the mortgages and the town election she went away to Boston to be a teacher; and there she married William Wetherell, a gentle character with literary ambitions that never blossomed; and it is the child of this pair, a second Cynthia, who is the heroine of this story. The tale has a twofold main motive—the love of Jethro for the political game, and his love for the second Cynthia. From this, thanks to the author's equipment in knowledge and imagination, and to his skill in narrative, there flows an abundance that does indeed—as the author says the attempt was to do—picture an era.

It was proper to supply this story with woodcut illustrations. Woodcuts are a pleas-

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ure after all the wash (and occasionally washed-out) pictures that we have in books nowadays. There are thirty woodcuts here from drawings by Florence Scovel Shinn. They have character, and unquestionably belong with the era. Of course they are queer; we should be sorry if they were not. We have liked them; and even if we tried not to we should still cherish the story.

HE THREW BACK A MOUNTAIN

ARTHUR HENRY LEWIS in "The Throwback" (The Outing Publishing Company) relates a generous series of highly glittering deeds performed in Texas in the early days by Alan Gordon, "a scion of an old Virginian family," who reverted to the type of a savage Scottish ancestor, and who is called a "throwback" for that reason. Everything that Alan did was fairly wonderful, but we think that we were impressed most by his recovery of jewels of fabulous value that had been buried for centuries under a sand mountain. The mountain had been piled up by the wind. It had been some three hundred years in forming, and had grown to tremendous proportions. "The wind brought it, the wind shall take it away," we dare say Alan said to himself; and he set up a wind-break so that the wind blew upon the mountain the other way, and off it went—of course a good deal faster than it had come—and he got the jewels, which had been buried by a Jesuit priest who had come over with the Spanish discoverers. We are glad to say that the jewels were worth a round million, and that they well repaid Alan for his trouble. If Alan had not been a throwback because he was a reversion to a savage ancestral type, we should have thought him a throwback because he threw back a mountain. This will show that it is not well to leap to conclusions.

DEVILTRY IN FIFTH AVENUE

A SUBTITLE in Edgar Saltus's novel called "Vanity Square" (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia) tells us that this is "a story of Fifth Avenue life." It was near being a story of death in Fifth Avenue, for Miss Sixmith, the beautiful Canadian trained nurse (she was so beautiful that she had to wear a thick veil to protect herself whenever she went in the street), all but poisoned the lovely Mrs. Uxhill as that wealthy lady lay ill upon her silver bedstead in the luxurious chamber just above the magnificent drawing-room where painted Cupids smiled as they looked down from the lofty ceiling at the costly carpet. We speak within bounds when we call Miss Sixmith a devil. With astonishing calmness, looking all the while as cool and innocent as a veritable lady of the snows or snow lady, she administered to Mrs. Uxhill the subtle poison known as orsere, which slowly exaggerates some slight malady to fatal proportions—as, for instance, simple biliousness to hobnail liver. Fortunately the faithful and properly suspicious New England lady who had nursed Mrs. Uxhill in childhood (Mrs. U. was the daughter of a Massachusetts bishop), and who was permanently retained in the Uxhill family service, discovered this poison (which she called horsehair) in time. Mrs. Uxhill was saved, and a dreadful scandal was averted (there were complications, involving Mr. Uxhill, into which we shall not go), and Jones, friend of the family, lawyer, and athlete, came often and renewed his amusing habit of turning somersaults on the parlor carpet. Mr. Saltus is an ingenious and a stirring novelist, and this is a characteristic tale.

REAPPEARANCE OF PAM

PAM returns to us. We did not read all of Bettina von Hutten's earlier book about her. There is a saying, from the Spanish or from some other language in which wisdom has been embodied, that it is not necessary to drink the whole cask in order to learn the flavor of the wine. Fair excuse for a busy reviewer; but since "Pam" came into our hands—and rather incontinently escaped from them—we have heard so much about it, have found it so famous and so well approved, that we have feared more than once that we should have retained it longer. We remember Pam in a thunder-storm, much frightened and driven to seek shelter in the arms of a gentleman engaged to be married to somebody else, and a jealous Australian named Burke, to whom she had been rather nice, and who, happening upon her at precisely that awkward moment, saw her revealed by a flash of lightning in that compromising attitude, and felt much cut up in consequence; and Pam, full of some sort of hopeless sorrow, going off in a railway train at the end of the story, and bearing away with her a pet monkey with liquid and melancholy eyes. We remember that she had a young cousin who was called Ratty, and that the name was not pleasing to

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us, and that she was a girl very fluent of speech, and that her mother was not married, and that she herself regarded the ceremony of marriage with an iconoclastic eye. Now, in a supplementary volume, entitled "Pam Decides" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), we have Pam at the age of twenty-seven, living in a Bloomsbury boarding-house, and writing novelettes for ten guineas apiece (twenty-two of 'em in six years), and we follow her through a number of experiences, and find her at last in love with Jean de Lensky, of the Russian Embassy, and willing to marry him. That is the meaning of the title; she loved de Lensky very much, and, since he was particular in the matter, and would not have her otherwise, she decided to marry him. Surely that may be accounted as satisfactory; and we do not doubt that those who thought highly of the other story will also like this one.

NO MERCY

FREDERICK PALMER'S story of "Lucy of the Stars" (Charles Scribner's Sons) contains much that is interesting. Lucy was a clever girl, and she called herself Lucy of the Stars because her father would not tell her who her mother was. Her father was rich, but she did not know it. Had she known it, it is likely that she would have married Arthur, son and heir of the Earl of Carniston. The earl put the matter plainly before the young man. He said, speaking of Burbridge, the ancestral home of the Carnistons: "Either we must have money, or alien footsteps will soon sound in this hall." There was nothing for it but for Arthur to marry an heiress. Everybody came away to America—everybody, that is, of importance in the story. Arthur, Lucy, Frane, the American politician, and Geraldine Hodges, the American heiress, all sailed aboard the same ship. The story relates the experiences of the four in this country. We have Frane at his political work and see him elected Governor of Pennsylvania. Alas! as soon as he was elected the author killed him in a railway accident. He and Geraldine loved each other, and of course she was left unhappy. As if this were not enough, Lucy and Arthur, who had been brought together again, were separated a second time, and Lucy went traveling with her father and died shortly, and Arthur and Geraldine, who did not love each other, were married, and were of course very unhappy. We have asked ourselves why so generally pleasant a story should have been brought to so ruthless a conclusion. Perhaps the finish is what is called "logical." That is a precious word. But what desperate and flinty fellows the "logicians" who write fiction sometimes are!

"THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WATSON"

MR. WILLIAM WATSON, the English poet, was menaced with a place of considerable eminence, not so many years ago. His good friends offered to put him in a niche so high as to be calculated to make any but an extraordinary poet dizzy. For a reason that we do not pretend exactly to divine, Mr. Watson escaped this friendly and vertiginous altitudination. We suspect that Mr. Rudyard Kipling usurped the niche, though we are not sure. It remains true that Mr. Watson is a poet of no mean capabilities, and we are satisfied that many friends of his will welcome "The Poems of William Watson," published handsomely in two volumes (The John Lane Company). We remember Mr. Watson's poem in which he spoke of the shattered Spanish Armada as "the ruined dream of Spain." It was a ruined dream, and it was a dissipated and, in part, a comminuted armada. We have been glad to find the poem here. It unwinds itself in sonorous and exalted phrase at considerable length, under the title of "The Father of the Forest," and runs in part:

Old emperor yew, fantastic sire,
  Girt with thy guard of dotard kings—
What ages hast thou seen retire
  Into the dusk of alien things?
What mighty news hath stormed thy shade,
Of armies perished, realms unmade?

Already wast thou great and wise,
  And solemn with exceeding eld,
On that proud morn when England's eyes,
  Wet with tempestuous joy, beheld
Round her rough coast the thundering main
Strewn with the ruined dream of Spain.

TROUBLE FOR THE READER

THE style is so peculiar and so deterring in G. B. Lancaster's story of "The Spur" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) that we have not been willing to go through very many pages of the book. Impressionism is a valuable method and habit, no doubt, and a story-writer may reasonably essay to be both spirited and unusual; but every performance should be tempered with discretion; our bones are precious to us; and we'll be blessed if we

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like to be jolted till our senses ache. At page 15 we find a paragraph purporting to explain the title of the story. Here it is:

"The Hindoos have invented a particularly ghastly and effective method for fighting the demons that come with sleep in the night-time. It has the recommendation of being a very simple method, for it is just a spear or a long-roweled spur or a thorn fixed endwise in the curve of the charpoy—which is to say, bed; but the man who falls to sleep on that bed must beforehand be very unequivocally dead."

Perhaps some kind reader will undertake to explain to us the meaning of this explanation. We have read of the brown girls of Oude and the beautifully dancing virgins of Budjpootnah, and of deeds of scandal done on the coast of Coromandel, and of Danny Deever and the Soldiers Three, but we do not pretend to know everything about India, and we do not see what this device for the protection of a dead Hindoo has to do with the story. Kin Severne, the hero here, was very much alive. He was a skilful sheep-shearer who came to be a newspaper reporter, and he had adventures in Australia and Samoa which we should have been glad to follow if the way had been a little smoothed for us. A gentleman who was down in the Australian sheep country looking for people who were qualified to write good newspaper and magazine stories bound Kin by a contract so strange and nefarious that we shuddered while trying vainly to understand it. He went to Samoa as war correspondent for an Australian newspaper, and here is just a very little of what happened to him there:

"A red-hot agony seared Kin's striking arm from elbow to the joint of the neck. Eyes glared at him from behind choking smoke. He loosed his revolver at them and they went out. But the squeal of bullets and the pressing, swirling sense of fight turned him suddenly giddy, so that he took three steps, and dropped sideways into an emptied boat, horrible with blood and bilge-water. . . . He roused to slow painful understanding of the feet that trod on his body length where it lay in the bilge of the boat. . . . An iron-shod heel ground into his shoulder, and he caught at it in waking fury, bringing the man down atop of him among the feet, where they fought with the blind animal savagery that lives in every man's soul. It was all the blackness of pain and God's wrath to Kin, until some one smote him on the head with a thing that was blunt and numbing, so that he slid down and down, through the bilge-water and the very floor of the sea, to bring up in a lightening whirling silence where bodiless heads stared at him, nodding, and a furnace lit itself in his right shoulder."

At the risk of seeming fulsome to G. B. Lancaster, we will say that if this had been just a little plainer, and in the present tense, it would have been not unworthy of A. C. Gunther, a master in the depiction of battle scenes. The story, as our quotation will indicate, is all right, or pretty nearly all right, in places. Naturally at such places we felt ourselves encouraged, but the dissuasion remained strong, and it prevailed with us.

VENGEANCE UPON LADY JIM

Fergus Hume's story of "Lady Jim of Curzon Street" (G. W. Dillingham Company) is calculated to send shivers along the spine of the reader. It was a dreadful vengeance that was visited upon Lady Jim by the man that she promised to marry and caused to be sent to Siberia instead. The injured Demetrius returned from his exile. He was obviously dying as he lay enshrouded in blankets in the darkened cabin of a ship moored in the Thames. Lady Jim was persuaded to bestow upon him a single farewell kiss. Horrible laughter broke from his lips as the kiss was bestowed. Lady Jim was rich. She was young. She was beautiful. She enjoyed life. Alas! she was doomed. Demetrius was a leper. There is no shirking of strong effects in the story. The dreadful things are not abridged.

FROM DR. MITCHELL'S BUSY PEN

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's story called "A Diplomatic Adventure" (the Century Company) has its scene in Paris in the year 1862. In that year Napoleon III was busy in a way not pleasing to the United States Government. He was setting up an empire in Mexico, and he was regarding the Southern Confederacy with a friendly eye. There were papers that revealed clearly certain of his schemes. An American lady ran off with the papers and hid them. Three duels threatened and one took place. The papers were safely conveyed to our minister in London. There was a happy marriage, and a dinner several years later, at which everything was explained. The story is told with lightness and humor, and is readable.

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Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

A traveler in Pennsylvania arrived late one night at a small village hotel and asked for a room. He was told that the only vacant one was next to that of a very nervous man whom he must be careful not to disturb. After going to his room the newcomer thoughtlessly let fall one of his shoes; then, recalling the warning he had received, placed the other very carefully on the floor. He had put out the light and retired when there was a knock on his door. Opening it, he faced the nervous occupant of the adjoining room, who demanded excitedly:

"Why in thunder don't you take off that other shoe?"

The Hon. John Sharp Williams had an engagement to speak in a small Southern town. The train he was traveling on was not of the swiftest, and he lost no opportunity of keeping the conductor informed as to his opinions of that particular road

"Well, if yer don't like it," the conductor finally blurted out, "why in thunder don't yer git out an' walk?"

"I would," Mr. Williams blandly replied, "but you see the committee doesn't expect me until this train gets in."

The little daughter of the house awoke one morning to be greeted with the tidings that she had a new little brother, who had arrived the night before. "You can't imagine who brought him," said the nurse. The little one thought a moment, and then said brightly:

"Oh, yes, now I know; it was the milkman."

"Why the milkman?" was asked in a surprised tone.

"Because it says on his wagon, 'Families Supplied,' of course," was the answer.

When the late Senator Wolcott first went to Colorado he and his brother opened a law office at Idaho Springs under the firm name of "Ed Wolcott & Bro." Later the partnership was dissolved. The future senator packed his few assets, including the sign that had hung outside of his office, upon a burro and started for Georgetown, a mining town farther up in the hills. Upon his arrival he was greeted by a crowd of miners who critically surveyed him and his outfit. One of them, looking first at the sign that hung over the pack, then at Wolcott, and finally at the donkey, ventured:

"Say, stranger, which of you is Ed?"

"Medicine won't help you any," the doctor told his patient. "What you need is a complete change of living. Get away to some quiet country place for a month. Go to bed early, eat more roast beef, drink plenty of good, rich milk, and smoke just one cigar a day."

A month later the patient walked into the doctor's office. He looked like a new man, and the doctor told him so.

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"Yes, doctor, your advice certainly did the business. I went to bed early and did all the other things you told me. But, say, doctor, that one cigar a day almost killed me at first. It's no joke starting in to smoke at my time o' life."

A Revolutionary veteran, running for Congress in days before the Civil War, had as his opponent a young man who had never been a soldier. In his speeches the Revolutionary hero made the most of his "record."

"Fellow citizens," he would say, "I have fought and bled for my country. I have helped repulse the British tyrant; I have helped repel the savage Indian. I have slept upon the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have plodded barefoot over the frozen ground until every footstep was marked with blood."

At the close of one of these speeches an old man, wiping the tears from his eyes with the ends of his coat tails, elbowed his way up to the speaker.

"You've fought both the British an' the Injuns?" he asked.

"I have, sir."

"An' you've slept on the ground without kivver?"

"I have, sir."

"An' ye say that your feet have covered the ground ye walked on with blood?"

"They have, sir," said the speaker, delighted that his words had made such a profound impression.

"Well, then," said the old man, turning away with a sigh of deep emotion, "I'm a-feered I'll have to vote fur that other feller, fur I'll be gosh blamed if you ain't done enough fur yer country already."

The attenuated, almost cadaverous appearance of Senator Ingalls was once the occasion of turning a joke on him in a most unexpected manner. A friend of his, a doctor in Atchison, had been much pestered by a newsboy who was accustomed to rush unceremoniously into his office and persistently urge him to buy a paper. One day the Senator and his friend were seated in the latter's office when the boy was heard coming up the stairs, and the doctor determined to play a trick on him. Going to a closet he got an articulated skeleton and placed it in his chair. Then the two conspirators quickly withdrew to an inner room. In came the newsboy, and his precipitation carried him directly up to the desk before he saw what was in the chair. When he saw the skeleton grinning at him he waited for nothing more, but, with a cry of terror, fled through the door and down the stairs to the street. The doctor, who had suffered from the boy's persistence, was highly amused; but Ingalls felt some sympathy for the unfortunate boy, particularly when he saw him standing below crying.

"Come up here, my boy," he called from the window. "I'll buy a paper."

But the newsboy, crying harder than ever, blubbered out between his sobs:

"No, siree! I won't come up. You can't fool me, even if you have put on your clothes."

The Kaiser, when annoyed at anything, has a habit of tugging at the lobe of his ear. While in England at the time of Queen Victoria's funeral he received a telegram and opened it in the presence of one of his small cousins, a boy of six. Something in the telegram did not altogether please his Majesty, and he at once began to tug at his ear. The little fellow noticed it.

"Why do you pull at your ear?"

"Because I am annoyed, my lad."

"Do you always do that when you are annoyed?" asked the boy.

"Yes, my lad."

"And when you are very, *very* much annoyed, what do you do?"

"Then," said the great war lord, "I pull somebody else's ear."

A poor Jew boarded a Delancey Street horse-car in New York with his son. The boy was tall and ungainly. He seemed at least twelve years old, but when the conductor called for the fares the Jew slowly counted out five pennies.

"Here," said the conductor, "where's the fare for the boy?"

"Vy, he ain't yet five——"

"Five!" growled the conductor. "He's fifteen easy."

"Sure, no," pleaded the father. "He can't yet be five. He——"

"Well, he looks a good deal older," the conductor insisted.

"Certainly," said the old man, "certainly. Vy shouldn't he? He's had a lot of trouble!"

A young physician in a thriving Western town was awakened at midnight by a violent ringing of the door-bell. He scrambled into his clothes and hurried down-stairs. A well-dressed man was standing at the door.

"Doctor," said the stranger breathlessly, "you're wanted immediately out near the Country Club. Can you come right away?"

"Certainly, sir. Just step inside a moment

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while I 'phone for my horse. We'll be there in a jiffy."

It was a good five miles to the Country Club. Just beyond stood a cluster of suburban homes.

"The yellow house on the left there," said the stranger as he alighted from the buggy. "By the way, I forgot to ask the amount of your fee."

"Four dollars," said the doctor.

The stranger peeled off four one-dollar bills and passed them to the doctor.

"That'll be all, thank you, doctor. None of those pirate hackmen up in town would do it for less than six."

Two New England farmers met at the post-office one morning:

"Mornin', Si."

"Mornin', Josh."

"My hoss is ailin', Si. What did you feed your'n on when he wus ailin'?"

"Benzine, Josh."

"Mornin', Si."

"Mornin', Josh."

Two days later:

"Mornin', Si."

"Mornin', Josh."

"Say, Si, my hoss died."

"So did mine, Josh."

"Mornin', Si."

"Mornin', Josh."

John Fiske, the historian, was once interrupted by his wife, who complained that their son had been very disrespectful to some neighbors. Mr. Fiske called the youngster into his study.

"My boy, is it true that you called Mrs. Jones a fool?"

The boy hung his head. "Yes, father."

"And did you call Mr. Jones a worse fool?"

"Yes, father."

Mr. Fiske frowned and pondered for a minute. Then he said:

"Well, my son, that is just about the distinction I should make."

At a recent Confederate reunion in Charleston, S. C., two Kentuckians were viewing the Atlantic Ocean for the first time.

"Say, cap'n," said one of them, "what ought I to carry home to the children for a souvenir?"

"Why, colonel, it strikes me that some of this here ocean water would be right interestin'."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed the colonel delightedly. From a rear pocket he produced a flask, and, with the aid of the captain, soon emptied it. Then, picking his way down to the water's edge, he filled it to the neck and replaced the cork.

"Hi, there! Don't do that!" cried the captain in great alarm. "Pour out about a third of that water. If you don't, when the tide rises she'll bust sure."

Little Polly, coming in from her walk one morning, informed her mother that she had seen a lion in the park. No amount of persuasion or reasoning could make her vary her statement one hairbreadth. That night, when she slipped down on her knees to say her prayers, her mother said, "Polly, ask God to forgive you for that fib."

Polly hid her face for a moment. Then she looked straight into her mother's eyes, her own eyes shining like stars, and said, "I did ask him, mamma, dearest, and he said, 'Don't mention it, Miss Polly; that big yellow dog has often fooled me.'"

In certain parts of the West Indies the negroes speak English with a broad brogue. They are probably descended from the slaves of the Irish adventurers who accompanied the Spanish settlers.

A gentleman from Dublin upon arriving at a West Indian port was accosted by a burly negro fruit vender with, "Th' top uv th' mornin' to ye, an' would ye be after wantin' to buy a bit uv fruit, sor?"

The Irishman stared at him in amazement.

"An' how long have ye been here?" he finally asked.

"Goin' on three months, yer Honor," said the vender, thinking of the time since he had left his inland home.

"Three months, is it? Only three months an' as black as thot? Faith, I'll not land!"

A well-known Virginia congressman, leaving his house one morning, forgot a letter that he had meant to mail. That afternoon something called it to his mind and, as it was of considerable importance, he immediately hurried home. The letter was nowhere to be found. He summoned his faithful old darky servant.

"Zeke," he asked, "did you see anything of a letter of mine around the house?"

"Yessuh. Yo' lef' it on yo' table."

"Then where is it now?"

"Ah mailed it, suh."

"Mailed it! Why, Zeke, there wasn't any name and address on the envelope!"

"Jes' so, suh. Jes' so. Ah thought it mus' be in answer to one of dem anonymous letters yo've been gettin' lately."

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

IT'S A BIG WORLD

FROM our agents in London we have received a letter postmarked at Assiout, in Egypt. It was written on a blank apparently prepared for the transmission of reports to the Minister of the Interior, and it reads as follows:

Dear Sir: This is a certificate from [Ministry of Interior] we can say that the boy whose name, is Mourcos Hanna Habashey in Eleva Street [Assiout] is very, very poor boy & he in the school with out fare and also we can say that his family are the poorest family in Assiout and they are beggars in Assiout & the government appointed some money to help them each month & he is clever in the school the first one in his class his age is about 18 years & he never can't pay the fare of your magazine then we pray you for the sake of his poor father to be kind to him by writing his name down among those who took place in your magazine. Hoping that you will send him EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE every I month.

As best we know how, we have been trying for many months to make EVERYBODY'S a magazine which should appeal to every one who can read. We have had more success than seemed possible perhaps in the beginning—but no more than we hoped for.

After the first amused appreciation of the quaintness of this appeal from Egypt, written as it is on government paper, sealed with the Ministry's seal, significant of the paternal nursing of the Fellaheen by the Anglicized Egyptian Government—it comes over us that here is something we never thought of doing. No advertising we have ever been able to devise for ourselves, or ever shall be able to devise, whether by wall posters or in newspapers and other publications, could bring us a letter quite like this. Mourcos Hanna Habashey (his name tells in itself of a pathetic hunger for things and ideals which are Western) wants EVERYBODY'S because he thinks it will help him. Our message, such as it is, has done more than merely pass over all the distance between New York and Assiout. It has reached through all the ignorance and prejudice and traditional barriers which are piled up in the way of that Arab beggar boy seeking better things. It stirs us and heartens mightily, this queer little letter.

Wherefore, to Mourcos Hanna Habashey, in Eleva Street, Assiout, greeting; and as a reward for your diligence in school, and with firm belief that the grievous poverty of your good father is greatly alleviated by the possession of such a son, we are glad to write your name down on the list of those who get EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE every one month. And may you, and every boy like you, in every land between the poles, into whose hands EVERYBODY'S may come, always look to its pages for something which will help make you and the world better. And may you never be disappointed.

AND A GOOD WORLD

JUNE 19, 1906.

TO THE PUBLISHERS OF EVERYBODY'S.

Gentlemen: I enclose a letter from your May number which seems to me very pathetic. Can we not do something to help this woman and her boys? Why not start a fund among your readers to educate the boys with? I will give, say, $100 toward it, or $25 a year for four to six years, or whatever seems best. Only it should be managed by some one like The Ridgway-Thayer Company.

Yours sincerely,
G. F.

For those who did not see our May number, or whose memories are short, we should like to say that we printed in May a letter from a mother, betraying the grimness of her life in a tiny shack in a remote corner of the

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country. It described briefly but with dramatic force the life of a woman with tuberculosis. A woman with two boys, one of them crippled; and with an income of $40 a quarter. We printed the letter because the courage which faced so desperate a situation seemed to us both appealing and rare. A number of our readers wrote enclosing substantial evidences of sympathy, which it gave us great pleasure to forward. Some mention was made of this in our July number. Now, however, comes this letter which proposes a more systematic way of tackling the problem. We should be glad to take part in this ourselves, and to hear from any of our readers whose hearts and pocketbooks are big enough to make an expenditure of this sort a pleasure.

GRATIFYING BUT MISLEADING

JUNE 4, 1906.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE,
New York City, N. Y.

To the Editor and Managers: In my earnestness about Mr. "Gene" Wood's articles upon consumption, I forgot to include the marked influence which EVERYBODY'S has exerted upon the course of recent developments. Within my own knowledge there is not another periodical that has so much to its credit; the insurance investigations together with the unspeakable cesspool of corruption laid bare by Lawson, and the legislation that has come of it; the practical shutting up of *Town Topics;* the remedial measures in the management of things pertaining to the Isthmus and our railroad there instituted immediately by the President upon Mr. Palmer's showing; and now, last, but by no means the least important of them all, the tremendous wave of loathing and disgust at the Beef Trust, the product of Mr. Sinclair's exposé in the June EVERYBODY'S, its imperative demand upon Congress for prompt and drastic action to correct its modes of doing business so as to protect us from the possibility of feeding upon carrion, and Congress's energetic response to the demand—all this is directly due to the work of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. And I think we may give credit to it also for a large measure of the influence that secured the enactment of a pure foods law after nigh to twenty years of hemming and hawing on it by the Senate in its tender solicitude for the well-being of the "business interests" that might be hurt if compelled to label their products true to contents and character. There is little room for wonder at your immense circulation.

With sincere regard,
W. B. E.

There's the kind of letter to warm the cockles of your heart.

At the same time we were conscious of something illusive about it, something that suggested something else, as faint and far away as a half-forgotten scent of lavender in the unused drawer of an old Colonial highboy. A second reading gave us the clue. Our correspondent had been too good to us; there was not only enough in his letter to warm up our hearts, but some left over. With the single-mindedness of a direct and forceful character, he seems to have read on the subject of good government anything he could, anywhere he could get it, and then to have emerged from the mass of his reading with a copy of EVERYBODY'S in one hand and a generous if not wholly authentic impression in his mind that if anything has been done to "save the nation" within the last few years, we have done it. Of course we are glad to have produced an effect on the writer sufficient to have called out so generous a letter of appreciation; at the same time, with an idea of rendering "unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," we feel compelled to content ourselves with extracting from this exceedingly bountiful letter the meed of praise which is honestly ours, and to invite some of our esteemed contemporaries to draw up their chairs and help themselves to pie, as it is very evident that more than one publication is represented in the grand total.

"EVERYBODY'S" SPECIAL HOTEL SERVICE

Which is the best hotel in Painted Post, Arizona?

For that matter, which is the best hotel in any town or city in which you are about to set foot for the first time?

EVERYBODY'S Hotel Directory on page 6 of the advertising section of this number aims to answer your question; or a postal card addressed to EVERYBODY'S Special Hotel Service will give you information in detail.

Experienced travelers know that it is almost impossible to secure good hotel accommodations at times of the year when the hotels are filled to their capacity. In many of our cities it seems as though all the hotels were full all the time, or at any rate that the best accommodations were always "already taken."

It is the purpose of EVERYBODY'S Hotel Service to remedy this condition of affairs—in so far, at least, as its interested readers are concerned.

For full details of the plan by which you may always be sure of a good room awaiting you at the end of a journey, see Advertising Index Talk, just preceding The Hotel Directory.

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